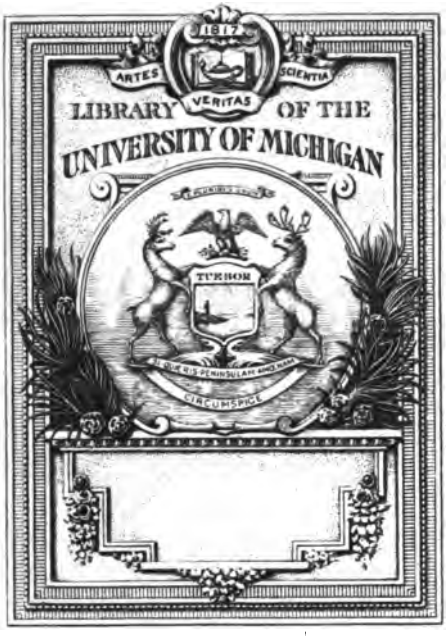


THE

ESSEX REVIEW:

AN ILLUSTRATED QUARTERLY RECORD

OF EVERYTHING OF PERMANENT INTEREST

IN THE COUNTY.

EDITED BY

EDWARD A. FITCH, F.L.S.,

AND

MISS C. FELL SMITH.

VOLUME IX.

He who recalls into existence that which has vanished, enjoys a bliss like that of creating."—NIEBUHR.

CHELMSFORD:
EDMUND DURRANT & CO.,

LONDON:
T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1900.

Colchester :
BENHAM AND CO.,
COLCHESTER PRINTING WORKS,
24, HIGH STREET.

INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

*** *Entries in Italics refer to Notices of Books.*

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

From a Painting by their Father, Rev. Isaac Taylor of Colchester (1759—1829).

THE

ESSEX REVIEW:

A Quarterly Journal for the County.

No. 33.] JANUARY, 1900. [Vol. IX.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

OUR Frontispiece represents these writers for children as they appeared about the year 1790. Ann was born in 1782, and Jane a year later, but they both began literary composition at an early age, and in 1796, much against their father's wish, some of their poetry appeared in print, and at once became popular.

The picture was painted by their father, Rev. Isaac Taylor, in his garden at Lavenham, Suffolk, a few years before his removal to Colchester in 1796. In this town, nearly all their literary work was done, in the house in Angel Lane, now West Stockwell Street, on which a memorial tablet has now been placed. The family moved from Colchester to Ongar in 1811.

In the distant arbour are shown the father and mother, and two of the brothers, Isaac and Jefferys, who both subsequently became eminent in literature.

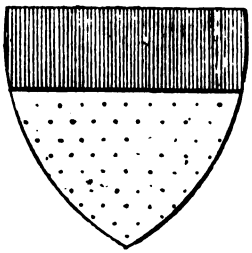
A copy of the picture has recently been given by one of the Taylor family to the Corporation of Colchester, to be hung in the New Town Hall. The original is shortly to be presented to the National Portrait Gallery, where a portrait of the Taylors' brother, the late Isaac Taylor of Stanford Rivers, may be seen.

The life of Jane Taylor, with those of many of her kith and kin, has recently appeared in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Ann was noticed with her husband, Rev. Joseph Gilbert, in an earlier volume of the same work. An appreciative article on "The Essex Taylors," by the late J. Ewing Ritchie, was printed in this *Review* in April, 1898.

BARDFIELD GREAT LODGE AND THE LUMLEYS.

BY MISS C. FELL SMITH.

Photographs by E. Bertram Smith.



THE number of ancient seats now falling to decay in Essex is year by year increasing, and soon the memory even of those once notable and familiar names borne by their by-gone inmates will have vanished likewise. New faces, new names, new mansions have taken the place of nearly all the historic seats of our county, save and except of that remnant which has been suffered to fall into a total disrepair, or has been converted into homely farm buildings, and useful barns or granaries.

To this latter class belongs the massive pile of red brick built by Sir Martin Lumley a mile from the small village, once a market town, of Great Bardfield, in the N.W. corner of the county, nine miles from Braintree, and twelve from Saffron Walden. For just over a hundred and fifty years this family abode in considerable state in the elegant mansion, which the first of four successive Sir Martins erected in the fine park of which now hardly a trace remains. Then the bearer of the family name, another Martin, died young, the spell seemed broken, and with Sir James, the last baronet, who died unmarried, the fortunes of the Lumleys fell, and their very name became extinct.

The park, as I have said, no longer exists, but a narrow strip of grass land borders the drive of half a mile in length, which leads from the road to the dwelling, and the remains of venerable thorn trees, white in spring time with a wealth of blossom, bear witness to their ancient tenancy of the soil. Seventy years ago, as one now living well remembers, twenty or more deer roamed at large under the trees. Nearer the house, a veritable grove of magnificent chestnuts stands in an undulating park land. Each Maytime they hang out a pageant of creamy spikes, unrivalled even by Bushey or Hampton Court. Over the front of the long low rambling building, a giant wistaria

spreads its brawny arms from end to end, its massive trunk matching in size that of a gnarled oak or thorn tree. This is the western aspect. Back from this front, towards the east, there runs all that now remains of the ancient splendour of stables, store-houses, and armoury, crowned with a clock tower in the centre, midway between the two vast gables. From end to end this great facade measures 240 feet. The eastern extremity of it was always store-house and barn. The original narrow slits which give the building the air of a fortified garrison remain intact. They are twelve in number, measuring four feet high, by about one broad. These are continued in the second storey

WEST FRONT.

at regular intervals to past the clock tower, but the western gable and half of the intervening length was appropriated to the dwelling house. Eight two-light windows can still be traced, although some of them have been bricked up, and others replaced by the modern and unpicturesque sash. In the third storey under the roof, are three dormer windows, with the original leaden casements still in repair. The clock tower has evidently received more attention than the remainder of the building, and one wonders why a new timepiece became necessary only a hundred years or so after the first Sir Martin Lumley built his mansion. The present clockworks, manufactured by George Clarke of Whitechapel, London in 1719,

remain in excellent going condition, and the full-toned sound of the bell resounds afar in the stillness of a summer evening. The stairway ascending to the second storey and thence to the clock tower proceeds from a projecting portion, built out on the north side, in what was doubtless formerly court-yard. Some of the paving stones in the neighbourhood of the house are evidently remains of the original pavement. It is probable that the north wind was effectually shut out from the mansion by giant trees, the enormous hollow trunk of one of which remains. A large deep pool, dark with the shadows of its surrounding trees, bounds the premises on this side.

The course of the moat, or water conduit, of the place is not difficult to trace. A long narrow strip separates the garden from orchard, and runs parallel with the great wing. It is supplied by a small stream which rises on Long Green, and runs down to Shalford and Braintree. Its course was once extended by sluices under the old wall which now bounds the garden to the west. On the park side of this wall the deep trench running parallel to, and at right angles from, the wall points to a continuation of water right below the walls of the principal portion of the mansion, whose site is generally supposed to have been here.

The use of a certain amount of stucco, or cement, as facing upon the brickwork must have given the mansion, when originally built, a lively appearance, but it has worn very badly, and most of it has fallen away. Sufficient, however, remains to show the handsome raised cable pattern of an alternate square and oval link, which followed the base line of the second storey, on either side of the long wing. No trace remains of arms or shield, although the Lumley arms—the same as those borne by the city of Naples—or, a chief gules, as represented at the opening of this paper—would easily have adapted themselves to this style of decoration. Nor does the Lumley crest—on a wreath an eagle displayed sable, beaked, legged, crowned, or—appear anywhere in the fine old church, to which, from all appearances, the Lumleys were no great benefactors. Or at any rate they were not solicitous to perpetuate their own name.

To pass, however, from the interesting house itself, with its suggestions of departed grandeur, to the history of its owners.

Dominigo Lomelini, the founder of the English house of

Lumley, was by birth an Italian. One or two writers and genealogists have gone so far as to claim for him noble birth; it seems more likely, however, that he was just a clever amusing and wealthy merchant, who somehow came to the notice of the young King Henry VIII., during the early days of his reign. One of his "diverting vagabonds" he has been called, and we find him mentioned as a loiterer about the Court of Greenwich so soon as 1513. Great and wide-spread dissatisfaction was felt in London at that time against foreign traders.

"The English Merchant," says an old chronicler, "can have no utterance, for the merchant strangers bring in all sylks, clothe of gold, wyne, oyle, Iron, and such others merchaundise that no man almost buyeth of an Englishman, and they carry out so much English wolle, tynne, and lead, that English that adventure outwards have no liveing for the strangers compass the city about and forestall the market."

Another grievance against them was that they did not observe the sabbath, "they shoot at ye Popinjay with cross-bowes on Sunday." Much effort was made by a public proclamation to excite the people of London to rebel against the strangers, and the chronicler continues:—"And as the devell would, the Sunday after at Greenwich, in the King's gallery, were Domingo, Antony Caveler, and many more strangers, and they talked with Sir Thomas Palmer, who said, 'Sirs, you have too much favour in England.'" At which the Italians laughed derisively, and one William Bolt, a mercer, retorted, "Wel, you whoreson Lombardes, you rejoyce and laugh. By the mass, we will one day have a day at you, come when it will." Riots among the evil-disposed of the young of London against the foreign element, had been of frequent occurrence, since the days of Edward I., when practically all the banking affairs of the kingdom were in the hands of Italian merchants.

"Domingo," as he is familiarly called, became a somewhat notorious character. His superior skill at cards and dice

wiled away many an idle hour for the king, albeit the latter was generally the loser. In the *Account of Privy Purse Expenses* of Henry VIII., edited by Sir Harris Nicholas, occur frequent payments to him of sums lost at play. Indeed, in three years no less than £620 was won by the Lombard. When Henry was at Calais in 1532, Domingo was his constant companion, being by this time appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Some of his wealth was put to loyal uses, for it is asserted that he raised a troop of horse at his own expense, and commanded it at the siege of Boulogne. He remained long in favour with the fickle Henry, and if a story of him told by Sir John Harington* be true, he must have had at least the qualities of tact and good nature. A game of primero was

EASTERN GABLE.

SOUTH FRONT.

Treatise on Playe in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ed. 1804, vol. I. p. 222.

nearly at an end between the two, when the King, deeming himself the winner, threw down his 55 upon the open board, with great laughter. But Domingo held in his hand the winning flush, yet, seeing the King so merry, he would not, for a rest at primero, put the royal player "out of that pleasant conceit, and put up his last card quietly, yielding the game lost."

The ebb and flow in Domingo's purse is also the subject of an epigram in *Humors Ordinarie*, by Samuel Rowlands (1607, 4to). His attack of the small-pox, and his subsequent disfigurement, is celebrated in some humorous lines by Skelton, the poet laureate, in his "Why Come ye not to Court?" Dr. Balthasar was a celebrated court physician, and Wolsey is the theme of the poet's wit :—

> He [Wolsey] is nowe so overthwart
> And so payned with pangis
> That all his trust hangis
> In Balthasor, which heled
> Domingo's nose that was wheled [waled].
> That Lumberdes nose mean I
> That standeth yet awrye.
> It was not heled alder best
> It standeth somwhat on the west;
> I mean Domyngo Lomelyn
> That was wont to wyn
> Moche money of the kynge
> At the cardys and haserdynge.
> Balthasor that helyd Domingo's nose
> From the puskylde pocky pose,
> Now, with his gummys of Araby
> Hath promised to hele our cardinals eye;
> Yet some surgions put a dout
> Lest he wyll put it clene out,
> And make him lame of his neder limmes,
> God send him sorowe for his sinnes.

Skelton here supplies us with Domingo's surname, Lomelin or Lomelini, from Lomellina, the valley or district in the S.W. of Lombardy, whence his family came. After a time this became softened into Lomely or Lumley, perhaps in imitation of the "lofty Lumleys," the great northern family of Lumley Castle, Durham, whose first baron, Ralph, was summoned to Parliament in 1385, killed in battle at Cirencester, 1400, and whose present representative is the Earl of Scarborough.

One of the first graceful acts of Queen Elizabeth was to grant to Domingo an annuity of £200, presumably for the services rendered to her father. Burke, who, by the way, gives Bardfield as Bradfield, does not allude to Domingo's wife. She was probably an English lady, as his son James became a prosperous London merchant before his death at the age of eight-eight. The burial register of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, gives "James Lomely, gent., the vith day of Januarye, vnder the stone next before the pulpitt, Anno dmi., 1592." William Lomely, buried 16th September, 1593, may have been his brother, and we can imagine that "Alice Lomley, widdow, buryed the x. Feb., 1606 [7]" was a sister-in-law. James's wife was Joan Litton, of Derbyshire, and as "Johane Lomelin, widowe," was also buried at St. Helen's, on the xxv. day of September, 1613.

In the person of James's son, the first of the four Sir Martins, puritan proclivities became strongly developed, whatever may have been those of his ancestors. Rising to high positions in the city of London, Sir Martin Lumley was Knight Sheriff in 1614, and Lord Mayor in 1623. His wife, whose maiden name was Witham, was buried at St. Helen's, where the register gives "Margery the wyfe of Mr. Martyn Lumley Alderman was buried the 20th day of January 1619." Two years previously, according to Morant, he had purchased of John Wrothe, heir of Sir Thomas Wrothe, an estate in Essex, consisting of the great and little parks, with several farms surrounding, all lying within the parishes of Great Bardfield, Bardfield Saling, Finchingfield, Wethersfield, and Shalford. Here on the site of the old keeper's lodge, he built an elegant and substantial mansion, of the principal part of which no trace now remains. Our famous historian further relates that at the time of his death, 3 July, 1634, Sir Martin owned ten messuages, one mill, three dove houses, ten gardens, ten orchards, six hundred acres of arable land, sixty acres of meadow, bordering the little stream which runs along the valley to Shalford and thence through Panfield to Braintree, a thousand acres of pasture in two parks, a hundred acres of wood, and two hundred of heath and furze. Doubtless the latter was an extension of the high breezy common land, now known as Long Green, and familiar to the gentlemen of the Essex hunt. The gardens, it is safe to conclude, were hop gardens,

for until quite recent years hop poles were to be seen at several points along the valley before mentioned, where rich black soil favoured the production of such a crop, and where abundance of the wild hop is now to be gathered.

But a careful examination of Sir Martin's will* fails to reveal any mention of Bardfield whatever, and I can only conclude that Morant had seen the will of the 4th Sir Martin where these details actually occur, and had attributed it to the earlier man. The absence of any allusion to property in Essex by him forces me to the conclusion that he either conveyed it by deed of gift in his life-time to Martin the Second, (alluded to only once in the will to commit the marriage of his grand-daughter Sara Hall to " my sonne and heir Martin Lumley,") or that in defiance of Morant and all tradition to the contrary, not he, but his son Martin was the purchaser and builder of the Great Lodge. The fact that Martin derives no benefit under his father's will inclines me I must say, to the former conjecture.

The former Lord Mayor was magnificently interred at Great St. Helen's in Bishopsgate Street, where his funeral was directed with all the panoply of rouge dragon and white croix, by Sir Henry St. George, Sir William LeNeve, and other heralds. The entry in the register states that he was buried in the church, " wrapped in lead, within a coffin, under his ancestor's stone close to the reading pew, about a yard deepe, the VII. Day of August, 1634."† By his will, dated 1 September, 1631, he bestowed upon the churchwardens of St. Helen's, a rent-charge of £20 per annum, to be issuing out of his messuage, the Black Boy, in the parish of St. John the Evangelist, in trust, for establishing a lecture or sermon for ever, to be preached in that church on Thursday evening weekly from Michaelmas to Lady-day. The churchwardens for the time being were to pay the same to a goodly divine for preaching the said lecture, but the selection of the lecturer was to rest solely with the heirs of the testator. Since 1805 no claim has been made on their part, there being, in fact, no heirs left, and the parishioners have usually appointed the vicar. The inn was burned down at the great fire, but

*P.P.C. 65 Seager.

†The Rector, Rev. J. A. L. Airey, to whose invaluable transcript and index of the Registers I am indebted for these entries, tells me that no trace of this burial appeared when the place was disturbed during restorations some years back. He has, however, photographs of the leaden shrouds of Lady Langham and others.

subsequently rebuilt (and re-named the Bear and Ragged Staff), payment of the annuity being suspended for thirteen years.*

Sir Martin's will is long and of more than usual interest. To his granddaughter Sara Hall he leaves £400 on her marriage with consent of Martin, his son and heir; to his sister, Elizabeth Archer, £10 to buy a token of remembrance and mourning "to wear at my funeral"; to the poor in Wood St. Compter £5; and the same in Ludgate and Newgate. To Mr. Lowther, parson of the parish church of St. Peter, "whereof I am a parishioner," £5 and mourning; to Mr. Walker, preacher, £10; to 20 poor householders, 10d. each; and annuities to Frances, wife of John Booren, and Edward Litton. A curious clause follows:—"To my sister Alice Woodrove two partes of my now wiffe's gold chain in three partes, being divided, that is to say, soe much thereof as was my late deceased wiffe's and her sister's chain." By a codicil added 23rd March, 1631-2, he leaves £200 each to the seven children of his son-in-law, John Hall, and revokes the bequest of £400 formerly bequeathed to grand-daughter Sara Hall. To grandchild Prudence, daughter of son Martin, by Jone, his late wife deceased, he gives £100 "to buy jewels." By a second codicil added, 30 June, 1634, he leaves to "my kind and loveing wife, dame Mary, my mansion in Wood Street; but son Martin, and such of his family as he shall think fitt to bring, are to have the use of it." To her also he bequeaths his house at Northall, Bucks, another estate in the same county, Mulshoe, having been formerly devised to his daughter, Sarah Hall. Other bequests are to his nine servants, amongst whom "the cooke boy" is specially mentioned; to the members of the Draper's Company; and to Christ's Hospital, Newgate, "whereof I am president," £150, to be paid out of land in Kent.

No published genealogy of the Lumleys assigns to Sir Martin a second wife, but I have found at Somerset House, her will, dated 14 June, 1643. From it we learn she was a daughter of William Hales, of Bildeston, Suffolk, at which place she was born, and where she owned property. Her first husband was Thomas Simonds, merchant and Alderman of London, as is recorded on her tombstone in Shelley Church, Suffolk. She died 13 June, 1650, aged 75 years.† To her two daughters,

* Cox's *Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate*, p. 79. † *East Anglian*, new. ser. iv. 90.

Susan Kerridge and Hester Hales, she leaves " the pearles of my pearle chaine some time used as a hat band, in number sixteen score or thereabouts, to be equally divided." To four " daughters-in-law "—Lady Elizabeth Courtrapp [? Courthope] Mary Peat, Ann Middleton, and Joan Middleton—presumably children of Simonds by an earlier wife, she leaves mourning,

THE CLOCK STAIR.

as also to her son-in-law, John Hall and his wife (Sarah Lumley, daughter of Sir Martin). Other legacies are to Mr. Cotton, of Hornchurch, Mr. Attwood, of Grays, and Richard Rochdale, who is also a beneficiary under Sir Martin the second's will. No person of the name of Lumley is mentioned in the document, which was proved 17 June, 1650.

Sir Martin's first wife was Margery Witham. She was buried at St. Helen's, 20th Jan., 1619. He was succeeded

by her son Martin, created a baronet by Charles I., on 8th January, 1640-1. In February of that year, he was returned to parliament as knight of the shire in succession to Lord Rich who was called to the upper house. Throughout the Long parliament Sir Martin Lumley represented Essex, having as colleague for part of the time, Sir William Masham of Oates. He espoused the cause of the parliament, and is frequently heard of during the struggle between King and Commons. He was a D.L. for Essex, and Commissioner, and active in raising both money and militia in the County.* He was buried 22nd October, 1651 at Great Bardfield, in the vault he had caused to be made in the south aisle.† His will, dated 9 Oct., begins with a rather unusual variation of the then customary puritan preamble:

"I, Sir Martin Lumley, knight and baronet, of Great Bardfield, in the county of Essex, weak in body, in good and perfect mind and memory, praise bee therefore given to God, Doe make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and forme followinge. ffirst and principallie I doe comit and comende my soule to God, hopeing and steadfastlie believinge to bee saved by the merrittes bitter death and passion of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and by noe other meanes."

He then bequeaths to his second son Thomas, the sum of £6,000, £1,000 of which is lent out, and the securities taken in Thomas's name, to Sir Edmund Pye, Lord Lucas, and Mr. Vincent, by bond. To Thomas also he leaves "two suites of damask, one of them being of the longest sorte, and one suite of diaper side boarde clothes and towelles to bothe the said suites, and six dozen of napkins." To his "kinde and loveinge wife, dame Mary Lumley," he devises the sum of one thousand pounds current English money, and his coach and four horses. To the poor of Gt. Bardfield £10; and to his sister Sarah, "now the wife of Abraham Wraxall, formerly the wife of John Hall," £20 for a ring. All his other goods, chattells and estates (those in Kent charged with the payment of an annuity of £100 left by his father, deceased, to Sarah Hall for 3 score years if she should so long live) he devises to his elder son Martin, his sole executor.

Sir Martin the second was twice married, first to Joan, daughter and heiress of John Meredith, of Denbighshire,

*Hist. M.SS. Com. Rep., vii., pp. 554-6.

†The whole floor is now covered with ornamental tiles, and it is only from elderly residents that I have been able to learn the situation of the vault, above which, up to about 1865, the large square pew belonging to the Great Lodge stood.

by whom he had an only daughter Prudence, wife of Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn, Flintshire. Secondly, Sir Martin married Mary, daughter of Alderman Edward Alleyn, of London. This lady was the mother of the third Sir Martin Lumley, who was born about 1628, and was High Sheriff of Essex in 1663. She was an intimate friend of Mary Rich, the good Countess of Warwick, and frequent interchange of visits took place between Leighs Priory and Great Lodge, as Lady Warwick's manuscript diary relates. Lady Lumley died in the end of September, 1678, and her burial is almost the first recorded under the new Act for burial in woollen (1 Aug., 1678) in the Register Book, 1662—1722, of Great Bardfield, where so many successive "curates" have left their uniformly neat, if varied, handwritings,—"Lady Mary Lumley in Linnen, Octob.2."

By her will (dated 17 July, 1672, proved 7 Oct., 1678) she desired to be laid in "the vault made by my deare and Loving husband deceased [twenty-seven years previously], in the parish church of Great Bardfield." She makes a number of bequests of small sums for mourning to various people, including sons Martin and Thomas, and their servants; her brother, Sir Thomas Allen, and nephews, Thomas and Edmond Allen; Mr. Meriton, lecturer of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Mr. Hale, apothecary. She leaves £10 to be distributed among the most necessitous of the poor of St. Martin's "the same day that my body shall be carried away from the place where I shall happen to depart this life," and an equal sum to the poor of Great Bardfield. The minister of the latter place is to receive £5 and mourning, "and the black cloth which shall be hung about the Pulpitt and reading place as his due."

To the first female child born to either Martin or Thomas, Lady Lumley bequeathed her "necklace of pearles, containing five and forty pearles, and my two diamond pendants, to be delivered to such child at the age of seven years." And in case there is no such child, the jewels are to remain with her executors in trust for her grandchildren. Thomas died within two months of his mother, and was buried Dec. 11, 1678; Martin's only daughter died young, so the pearls doubtless descended to his eldest grand-daughter, Ann Lumley, afterwards Lady Anderson, wife of Sir Stephen, of Eyworth, Bedfordshire.

The third Sir Martin married at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, on

16 July, 1650, Ann, daughter of Sir John Langham, of Cottesbrooke, Northampton, an Alderman, and a wealthy Turkey merchant, of London. She was a lady of character and distinction, and when she died in 1692 her funeral sermon was preached by a former chaplain of the Lumleys, Thomas Pritchard, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, fourteen years rector of Lindsell, and for a few months before his death, rector of West Tilbury. The manuscript sermon was given by Pritchard to the lady's son, shortly before his death about January, 1693, and was published at London, 1693. From a preface contributed by a friend who signs himself T.F., it is apparent that the preacher, who had been tutor to young Martin, only son of the deceased lady, was indeed very ill at the time the sermon was delivered. His estimate of the lady has a genuine ring, unlike most of the platitudes of the seventeenth century funeral sermon. "I have often heard him," says the friend, addressing Sir Martin, "with great concern, lament the loss of your excellent lady, who was a person of that exemplary Piety, Strict Virtue, and undoubted Charity; she was so discreet and ingenious, so affable and courteous, so free from Pride (a Vice which renders Greatness contemptible) so kind and useful even to the meanest persons; in short, she was so universally qualified both as a Christian and as a Person of Quality, that she exceeded most, and was equalled but by few of her Sex." The entry of her burial in the register runs: "1692, Ann, the Lady of Sir Martin Lumley, Bart., buried in Linnen, September ye 20, paid to ye use of the poore, 2.10."

The fourth Sir Martin Lumley was born at Bardfield. The entry of his baptism stands first in the interesting vellum register aforesaid, printed in unmistakeable characters. "1662 Martinus filius Martini Lumley et Anna uxoris bapt. Mar. 27." The vicar of Lindsell was his tutor as we have seen. Perhaps, like other Essex boys, he went afterwards from Felsted to Cambridge. He married three Elizabeths, the first being a daughter of Sir Jonathan Dawes, a wealthy merchant, and knight Alderman of London, by his wife Ann, a daughter of Sir Thomas Bendish, of Steeple Bumpstead.* The marriage took

*This family was established at Radwinter in the reign of King John. Sir Thomas Bendish, Ambassador to Turkey, 1647—1661, when he was re-called by Charles II, died at Bower Hall, Steeple Bumpsted, in 1674, aged 67. His wife Ann, daughter of Henry Baker, of Shoebury, had previously died at Constantinople, whither she had accompanied him on his embassy. Her body was brought to England and buried at Steeple Bumpsted. She left six sons and six daughters. The baronetcy expired in 1717.

place at St. Dionis Backchurch, on 3 June, 1683. The bride was about 15 years of age, the bridegroom is described as 21.* Dawes died when his children were young. Their mother had brought up her two daughters with unusual care and accomplishments. The younger, Mary, seems to have been universally admired. She, too, died young, and a funeral sermon was preached for her by the same worthy, Mr. Pritchard. In the register is this entry: — "1690 [1691]. Mary, the daughter of Sir Jonathan and his wife Lady Ann Dawes, was buryed in Linnen January 15. Martin Lumley, Esq., informed and pd fifty shillings to the poore, jan.

NORTH VIEW.

19." A few months later, on 21 Aug., 1692, Martin buried her sister, his wife. Her only son, Martin, baptised at Bardfield, 31 August, 1688, was buried there on 11 March, 1701 [2]; so Martin, his father, took to wife a second Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Chamberlayn, of Grays Inn, London. By her he had a son James, the last of the name, and the final owner of the Lumley estates. Martin had waited long for his inheritance. Although a man in the prime of life, his father was still hearty, and at forty he found himself in embarrassed circumstances. He buried the old man at Bardfield on 11 Sept., 1702; his second

*Harl. Soc. Publ. Reg. of St. Dionis Backchurch, p. 40; and Marriage Licenses of the Archbp. Cant. (Faculty Office), p. 166.

wife on 20th April, 1704; and then married a third heiress, Elizabeth, daughter of Clement Rawlinson, of Lancashire. He only enjoyed the title and property for eight years, and was gathered to his fathers at the age of forty-eight.* Thomas Barnard enters the burial thus :—1710. Sir Martin Lumley, Bart., burd in Linnen Jan. 7, 19. Myself Informer." Sir Martin was churchwarden, as we find by an earlier entry, curious also. " Dame Susan Hooker buried in velvet, Jan. 6, 1708, paid to the poor £2 10s. by Sir Martin Lumley, who was informer. Thomas Barnard, Curate, Sir Martin Lumley, Churchwarden." One would have thought that the poor might have reaped a dole of even greater value for the luxury of such a sumptuous shroud.

Before quitting the old vellum register book, with its substantial re-binding, one or two other entries connected with the Lumleys may be quoted. For instance, the burial of Lady Dawes, mother of Elizabeth Lumley, and of the accomplished Mary. " 1717, Feb. 20th, The Lady (Ann) Dawes buryed in Linnen. Capt. Roberts inform'd and paid to the Churchwardens for the use of the poor, 50 shilings." Then on Sept. 4th, 1713, was buried Dorothy Lady Langham, who was doubtless some relation, and may possibly have been mother of Ann, Lady Lumley, who died in 1692. Earlier we find " Philippa Lumley ux. Thomæ, Jan. 12, 1662," and with that we will couple " 1678, Thomas Lummley, Esq., buryed in Linnen, Dec. 11." This was the next brother of the third Martin, born two years later, a pupil of the far-famed Martin Holbeach at Felsted, from whence he passed in April, 1646, to be admitted a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. Thither his younger brother James followed two or three years later.†

To return to James, the last Lumley, over whose fate heretofore an impenetrable mystery has seemed to hang. It is satisfactory at last to have pierced the gloom, even through it is to discover the hopeless tragedy of the end of this race. The only child of Sir Martin's second marriage with Elizabeth Chamberlayn, he was born, it seems, at Greenwich in 1697. Perhaps that was the residence of his mother. She died when

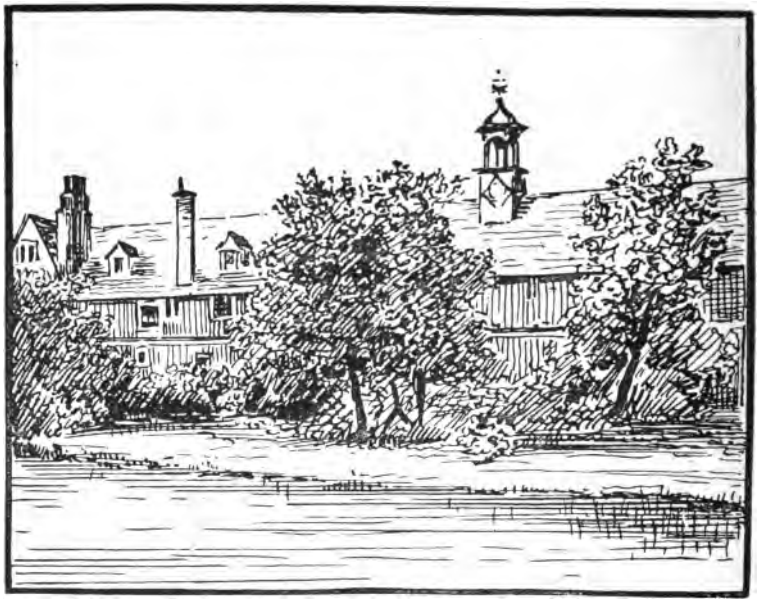
*I fear to have already presumed on the testamentary interest of the reader, and as the will of the 4th Sir Martin, although long, abounds in local information, I propose, instead of quoting from it here, to print it *verbatim* in a future number of this Review. C.F.S.

†Mayor's *Admissions to St. John's College.* Pt. I. pp. 77 91.

the boy was seven years old, his father on 19 Jan., 1710 [11], leaving this James his only son, then about thirteen. He was sent to Oxford, and matriculated at Christ Church, 15 March, 1714 [15], but never graduated. Soon after, a cloud began to settle down over the unhappy young man. Apparently there was a project for his marriage in 1720, for a private Act of Parliament (6 Geo. I., cap. 34) was passed to enable him to settle a competent jointure upon his proposed wife. Also the Bardfield folk endeavoured to make something of him, perhaps for the sake of his parentage, for once or twice in 1721 he added his feeble signature to the registers as Churchwarden. But debts and mental weakness were laying hold of him from within and without, and in December 1722, he executed a demise of Blue Gate Hall, Little Lodge, Gt. Bardfield Hall, and his other farms to two trustees at a peppercorn rent, to pay his creditors £600, and to advance £400 a year to himself for his own maintenance. His estates at Great and Little Bursted; in Romney, Kent; and in Westham, Pevensey, and Hailsham, Sussex, they were to sell at the earliest possible moment for the same uses.

By June 17, 1725, a Commission had found him a lunatic, and that he had been so for four years. The custody of his person was granted to one Elizabeth Neville, of whom I have no further information, nor do I know where or how long she lived. Nearly fifty years later, her hapless charge was still alive. An inquiry into his affairs elicited the fact that his own debts amounted to about £21,000, while the unpaid debts and legacies of his father amounted to another £20,000. The latter were chiefly mortgages carrying interest at 5 per cent., which would involve many expensive suits. A sale of part of the estates was therefore effected in 1727, when such of the farms as were not entailed were purchased by the Governors of Guy's Hospital for the sum of £28,000. The house in the City, the Kent and Sussex property, which was still unsold, were also disposed of, but the sum realized fell short of the liabilities by £8,000. James being still a lunatic, and likely to remain so, and seeing that in his present unhappy circumstances he would be left destitute, and that the mortgage creditors were very pressing, as the Act recounts, another private Bill was carried in Parliament (3 George II., cap 16) to

cut off the entail, according to the recommendation of the Master in Chancery, who had heard the creditors, and reported on 28 Jan., 1729. It is to be supposed that the remainder of the property was shortly after sold. It consisted of Blue Gate Hall, which at the death of James's father had been taken out of the park, and was then let at a rental of £200; the rest of the park, let at £340; and the mansion, gardens, outhouses, etc., the quit rent of which was £30, then in the occupation of



Drawn by W. G Benham] *[from a photograph.*

THE MOAT.

Robert Straite. The latter was purchased by Mr. Edward Stephenson, a former governor in the East Indies. The lordship passed very soon to one Raymond, the Lumley mansion was pulled down, the stables converted into a farm house, and the enclosed land disparked. A few acres of rich pasture land to the north west of the house, upon which stand the remains of venerable elm, acacia, and lime trees, are all that remain of it. The Great Lodge itself, and its 500 acres of desirable land, lying compactly in about a mile square, with the

advowson of Great Bardfield, eventually passed by marriage into the family of the present Vicar of Bardfield, the Rev. W. E. Lionel Lampet.

Reminiscences of the former glory of the place exist in the nomenclature of the neighbourhood. The name "Paradise," attached to one of the largest and best wheat-growing fields converted out of the ancient park, expresses perhaps some farmer's ambition, or his satisfaction during years—now alas, far distant—when corn was golden produce. A modern residence built on a wooded knoll above the stream that feeds the moat but half a mile away is called Park Hall; a farm with a good dwelling house nearer Bardfield is Park Gate. Between this and Blue Gates runs the green walk, shaded by hazel and hornbeam, that starts from the Lodge, and, meandering through pastures all the way, emerges opposite the gate of Bardfield Church. Down this silent green-sward three Sir Martin Lumleys were borne to their last sleep. The unfortunate James lies buried in some unremembered grave amid the din of the city, an alien from his fathers, having dragged out his hopeless existence until Dec. 11, 1771, when he had passed his 75th year. Scarcely identified then in living memory with the celebrated "Jemmy Lumley," whose private affairs, alike fiscal and amatory, had been bandied in everyone's mouth five and forty years before, he died, unnoticed, in Great Russell Street, London. His last remaining relative, the half sister Elizabeth, Sir Martin's daughter by his first marriage, and wife of Charles Cecil, bishop of Bangor from 1734 to his death in 1737, had already predeceased him.

The fact that to the building up of the history of this family, not a single item of information has been added by monumental inscriptions is surely remarkable. Memorial slabs, tablets, brasses, tombs and effigies play so large a part in what a quaint writer has called our "History in Marble," that I have been much surprised to find neither in the beautiful "Abbey of the City," St. Helen's, or in the fine edifice that from the hill looks down upon the village of Great Bardfield hanging around its slopes, any monument raised by the piety and devotion of the Lumleys. Not even the worthy example of Serjeant Bendlow fired them to such deed.

CROSSING THE SANDS:

AN ESSEX CLERGYMAN'S RETURN FROM A RURIDECANAL MEETING IN 1899.

[*The following private letters, written without the least idea of publication, having come to our notice, seem to present an opportunity too good to lose, of enlightening residents in hum-drum inland Essex, concerning the excitements, dangers, and hardihood accidental to a dweller on one of its outlying islands. The rector of Foulness has been good enough to allow us to print the narrative exactly as it stands, and we think our readers will agree it reads like a record from a far-away country and clime, in spite of its matter-of-fact allusions to evening schools, admission books and prayer desks—Eds., E.R.*]

FOULNESS ISLAND RECTORY, *October 5th*, 1899.

DEAR MR. NICHOLAS,

I have only just received your letter, having been away for two days at a clerical meeting in London, getting in a winter store of everything for Evening School, Sunday School, etc. Thank you very much for your kind letter. It would give us the greatest pleasure to see you at the rectory any Monday or Thursday. It would be absolutely impossible to get back either by Shoeburyness or Burnham the same night, unless you like to risk such a journey as I had last night.

Leaving Shoeburyness at about 5.30 p.m., I walked in a drenching rain to Wakering Stairs, reaching that spot about 6.30, almost completely wet through. Here I took off my boots for a four mile walk across the sands, all under water. As I turned my trousers up over my knees, the rain poured out of them down my legs like a wringing machine.

It was raining hard, and the sands were nearly dark, but I thought if I could reach the first broom, I could find my way across. Brooms are placed about every 30 yards, and there are 366 of them (perhaps you have a son who will calculate how far this means). I floundered through the mud more than ankle deep, till I reached safely the first broom. I was wet through with fresh water downwards, pouring down from hat and coat sleeves, and salt water upwards, my boots slung over my neck, and in my hands two heavy bags of books which I could not put down in the sea even to turn up my trousers again when the rain had forced them down.

However, I trotted along very happily for a couple of miles. I had crossed one creek and reached the second when suddenly the rain changed to a sort of Scotch mist, and I could not see

the next broom. But I trudged on in a straight line for 90 steps when I found another broom. Two must have been washed away. I was very pleased, and went gaily on again, but it got hopelessly dark, and after going about 40 steps and not finding the next broom, I turned back as I thought to find the last, but I missed it. The mist was then quite bewildering, and I thought I would make straight for land whatever happened.

On I went for ever so far, quite lost, when suddenly to my joy I came upon a broom. I did and do feel thankful. Just then a black darkness came over, and I could see nothing, but I stuck to my broom, if only I could find the next. For half an hour or so, it alternated between mist and blackness. In the mist I could only venture a few yards in various directions, hoping to see the next broom, but never unfortunately could. I knew the tide was rising, and unless it cleared a bit my only hope was in feeling carefully which way the waves came, and so perhaps finding the shore. Once I ventured a little too far and returning lost my dear broom. I think then for the first time my spirits fell. Then came another heavy dark cloud of rain. I was afraid to move, having lost my direction as I feared, and as it turned out. The time seemed terribly long to me, for it was too windy to light a match, and I could not tell how time went.

What puzzled me most was the wind. It had been in my face; now if I was right in my conjecture of the sea and land, it was at my back. I waited anxiously till at last, surely, I thought that I saw a glimmer of light. It disappeared instantly but I kept my eyes strained in the dark. Yes! it came again. A mere spark and out again, but I knew it was a revolving light. I was thankful.

Soon it got clearer. But which one was it?

The Swin should be exactly in front, if I were on the broom way, the Mouse (green) on my right, the Nore behind. It was just about where I expected the Swin, but I dared not take it for granted. It really was the Nore. By this time I had found my broom again, and would not leave it. The light was very dim, and was periodically hidden by the mist and the cloud. I waited long and patiently, gazing into the darkness for the Mouse light on the right. After a long time, another small light appeared to the left of my revolving light. This puzzled me completely. It must be a ship, and it could

scarcely possibly be to the left of the Swin. Still I felt it must be the Swin, but I did not dare to leave my moorings.

Soon, or after a long time as it seemed to me, another light appeared to the left of my ship; a revolving light, first very dim but gradually brighter. That must be the Swin. I looked at the other again and again, and tried to think it was green, but it certainly was not, neither apparently was the new one—which for a long time only just appeared and disappeared in the mist as it revolved. Soon it got darker than ever, and the rain came on again. I knew my light would soon disappear again, and after some hesitation I made straight for my new light. I trotted towards it for a long distance, when to my great astonishment I came to a fish kettle, a long net, a hundred yards long, and about a foot high. I knew then I was quite out of my course, but had no idea where. The kettle turned at right angles,—so did I.

When I got to the end, I debated whether I should leave it, and if so which way. I watched my light for several revolutions. It got a little brighter; and once I thought, "is it possible that that is green?" But I concluded it was yellow. The mist had certainly taken away the green rays, or else it was another light which often is not visible, and is not nearly so bright as the Mouse. Again I felt almost hopeless, when to my left appeared a third light. I would not believe it for a long time. I had actually at first taken the Nore for the Swin, and thought it was just in the right place. However, here certainly was the Swin, but why was the Mouse still yellow instead of green? I am not colour-blind as a rule. However, I made for the Swin, and then struck straight for Foulness. Soon, to my delight, I reached the black mud. I pushed through it, over my ankles in black slime, and every now and then stepping into a small rill, and nearly pitching head over heels into the mud on the other side.

At last I reached the Saltings. They looked blacker even than the mud, and I was not certain of them at first, but sure enough I put my foot on firm vegetation. I was truly thankful. I walked up the Saltings, which are cut here and there by sharp gulleys two or three feet deep in thick mud. I could not see these in the dark, but I hurried on, so anxious to reach *terra firma*, that a fall into them with perhaps a roll over at the

bottom of the gulley in the mud, seemed only a trifling amusement. My bags would fly out of my hands as I tumbled down, but I always found them again. My poor Evening School Admission Book, I fear, suffered a bit; it was fastened by a string to one of the bags. At last I reached the wall and clambered up. I did not know where I was, but that did not matter. I knew I was on Foulness, and walked along the wall until I found a Headway. I went down it and groped about, and at last decided I was at New House Headway.

The island was so dark, I could see nothing, and we have no roads; so I floundered about in mud and over grass fields, and across one or two bridges which are solitary planks (sometimes two planks) and which were very slippery. However I crossed them safely, though not very easily. I should have walked easier without my boots, but I had been obliged to put them on at the headway, for it is composed chiefly of broken glass, and tin, and iron rubbish. However, beyond one tremendous tumble, which sent my bags flying over and over, I reached the Rectory without further adventure, although wet through, smothered with mud, and my shoulders so stiff that for some minutes I could not move them. It was four hours since I had left Shoebury. I had not been able to put my bags down once in the sea. However I felt full of thankfulness on reaching home.

I will not ask you to go back that way at night, but we shall be delighted to put you up. Burnham is not much easier. Are you a good walker? From Burnham you walk four miles along the sea wall, and then look out for a small oyster watch-boat. You shout to the man, and he will put you over for 4d., unless it is too rough. I have had to sleep on the boat owing to the wind, and my servant once had to do the same owing to fog, but as a rule you can cross. About two miles over fields and ditches will bring you here after landing. I can only promise a warm welcome to atone for a rough journey. For a fortnight I am living a hermit's life, but that need not prevent you coming. I could get you a room if I could not put you up myself. It is possible to get a cart from Southend for 15s. or £1, or I could send a cart to Shoebury for about five or six shillings.

A cart cannot cross to Shoebury within two or three hours

of high tide, so if you choose that way, take the moon at 14 or 28 days old. I think through Burnham is preferable. Our average attendance at Evening School was twelve, not eight.

October 9th.

I thank you so much for your very kind letter. I am none the worse—I hope much the better—for that night. My excellent schoolmaster, Leeds, and myself have often had some very strange experiences getting on and off to the Technical meetings. I do not mind. I enjoy a little adventure. Last week was rather too much. I shall look forward very much to your visit and hope it will be fine. I am expecting a Mr. Martins of Threadneedle Street, Chelmsford, in a few weeks with a prayer desk for the church. I should probably meet him at Burnham-on-Crouch, and row down.

If you could meet us we might row down the Crouch together. It is very pleasant with tide, but a very hard pull against. The King of our Island, as he was always called, C. C. Harvey, Esq., has just passed away. For nearly 70 years he has been a leading spirit of Foulness. He will be greatly missed. I do not think my journey is worth publishing. I was returning from the Ruridecanal Conference at Leigh on-Sea.

(Signed) R. H. MARSH.

Our Evening School has made a very fair start.

COLLECTIONS IN THE ESSEX AND CHELMSFORD MUSEUM.

BY WALTER CROUCH, F.Z.S.

THE early history and main facts concerning the establishment, growth, and career of this Museum during a period of 65 years have already been recorded by Mr. Edmund Durrant in the *Essex Review* (vol. ii., 1893, pp. 113-118.)

Since that time, the whole of the collections—then in fair order—have been packed away, and many of them removed to a cottage where they remained several years; while last autumn they again suffered removal from the old head-quarters—the premises having been required by the owners for the enlargement of the Chelmsford Club—to vacant rooms, in the Mechanics' Institute, then defunct; on the other side of the bridge. Having lately spent some time in cleaning and re-arranging

a portion of the collections in their new abode, so far as space and conditions availed, it occurred to me that a short account of some of the contents might well be written; and perchance serve to excite some interest in the proposed re-instatement of this County-town Museum.

The catalogue of the contents as in the old Museum building is unfortunately not available, having been mislaid; but I have gone through some of the earlier MSS. and lists, though many of the unnumbered objects are difficult of identification.

The collection of books is stored in the library of the old Institute on the ground floor; and of these I can say but little, not having worked there; but a goodly number of volumes fills the shelves, many of them being presented by Mr. Neale the founder, and Mr. John Disney, F.R.S. the first President. A few are rare, and some of great interest locally; such for example as the *Publications of the Antiquarian Etching Club*, 1849-1853, of which Mr. H. W. King, the late hon. sec. of the Essex Archæological Society, was hon. secretary. As might be expected the larger number of the plates etched by him—36 in number—are views of places and antiquities connected with the county.

The most valuable volume in the collection is a small one dated 1575, the Commentaries of Cæsar, *Cæsarius Commentarii ab Aldo Manutio*. This copy of the Aldine classics is copiously annotated in MS. by the young Aldus; it is illuminated with coloured sketches, and contains portraits of Aldus, the father, son, and grandson. The MS. notes have been authenticated as the work of Aldus the younger (the grandson) by reference to the British Museum authorities, and by comparison with a Tasso there, annotated by the same hand. The opening fly-leaf of this volume bears an inscription in Italian by the annotator, stating that he commenced noting the work at Pazenzo in Istria, in May 1578, being then secretary for the Republic of Venice to Marco Venerio, and finished his work in the Cibi Palace at Rome, in June 1579. This book was purchased at a bookstall in London for 1s. by the late Colonel W. J. Lucas of Witham, who presented it to the museum; it has been valued at 100 guineas. There are also some old prints, engravings, rubbings of brasses, maps, and a collection of blue Books.

The most interesting and valuable map is one presented by Edward Mildmay, Esq., being the large map prepared by John Warburton, Somerset Herald, and engraved in 1722. It contains the three counties of Essex, Middlesex. and Herts, with about 700 coloured shields of arms of the principal families and subscribers in those counties. This rare piece of cartography is framed in oak; but has unfortunately been varnished over, which has not improved its value.

It is now hung over the mantel-shelf in the upper room, which is the best lighted and most suitable for the accommodation of cases. The larger ones have been arranged here; and in them I have placed such objects of Natural History as the collection holds.

In the largest case, which contains some fossil and recent bones of mammals, with a few reptiles and fishes, the most notable object is a small tusk, and the lower jaw, with the two teeth *in situ* of the extinct mammoth, *Elephas primigenius*. These were found in the brick-earth in Mr. Brown's yard on the London Road in 1890. The former measures from the root to the tip, in the curve 5ft. 8 inches, and the largest circumference is about 11 inches. This tusk is of course from a small animal, and cannot compare with the huge pair attached to the cranium found by the late Sir Antonio Brady in the Ilford brick-earth at Uphall, which is now in the Geological Gallery of the British Museum of Natural History. The latter is the only complete head yet discovered in Great Britain; but as such remains are extremely friable and easily ruined in excavating, such a find as this though small, is of great interest. From the same locality there are also a few bones of rhinoceros and hippopotamus; a leg-bone, *tibia*, of the latter having been found 40 feet below with other bones in the clay.

Above this case are several skulls of the Indian buffalo, *Bos bubalus*, and one of the Cape Hartebeest, *Bubalis caama*; a scapula, a cervical and one of the lumbar vertebræ, with a portion of the lower ramus of a whale; the latter being presented by Mr. M. J. Sheppee of Chelmsford. In the rough catalogue this whale is stated to have been stranded at Leigh, but no date is given. There is also a rib-bone which measures in the curve 6ft. 1 inch; and all these are probably from the same animal, and referable to a common rorqual, *Balænoptera*

musculus, which must have measured from 60 to 70 feet in length.

In another wall case I have placed a series of good skulls and horns of ram; therein are also such birds as remain; a very meagre collection, among which is the razor-bill, *Alca torda*, and the rare common hoopoe, *Upupa epops*. It must be remembered, however, that the numerous specimens of English birds and cases in the old museum were loaned by Mr. Charles Smoothy, of Old Riffams, to whom they were returned. There are also some large cases of tropical birds, mainly African, above the wall cases; a pretty specimen of a very young Cape ostrich, *Struthio camelus*, and an egg, both presented by Mr. Edmund Durrant; together with a small cabinet of various birds' eggs. On the landing outside is a large case containing many fine samples of owls, given by Mr. G. P. Hope, M.A., J.P., of Havering Grange.

A forest wolf (so called but probably a jackal), *Canis aureus*, or a coyote, *C. latrans*, which was taken in Ongar Woods about the year 1862 is in this room. It was probably introduced through the setting free of young fox-cubs bought in the London market: the similarity of these cubs at a very early stage being a well-known fact.

Over the fire-place (above the Warburton map) are the mounted horns of the red deer, *Cervus elaphus*, and fallow deer, *C. dama*, with small pictures of these animals; and a pretty specimen of the "Colugos" or Philippine fox bat, *Pteropus iubatus*, from Singapore, presented in 1866 by Mr. Harry G. Diss.

The centre is occupied by a fine oil painting in a massive frame, of the famous Essex naturalist, John Ray; a man whom all scientists, especially those of Essex in which county he resided and was buried, delight in honouring as the pioneer of careful and methodical observation. The measurement of the canvas is 29½ by 24 inches; and the following inscription is painted upon it:—

"Johannes Ray, ex dono Ri: Ray, Armig. 1752.
Tho. Hudson pinx. 1747. Copied by R. B. Harraden, 1827."

The portrait is evidently copied from a contemporary original, and portrays a pleasing, thoughtful, countenance, the face turned towards the left, and with flowing hair. He

is habited in a red gown with white bands, and in the background are bookshelves partly covered by a dark green curtain, looped up with cords and tassel.

Contained in the third wall case are a few paleo—and neolithic implements, flint arrowheads, and three ancient iron weapons; the latter having been found by the side of three human skeletons, buried about four feet deep in "The Temples" a field near Witham. In this case are also placed a number of the larger tropical shells; of which an extensive collection is arranged in the four table cases which occupy the middle of the room. This series of molluscan shells was formed some 70 or 80 years ago by the Rev. John Nottidge, a former rector of East Hanningfield; and was presented to the museum either by him, or after his decease, in 1863. The collection was at one time considered valuable, containing as it did specimens which were then rare and costly. Many of these, however, are now of much diminished value, due in part to the more extensive supply, and partly to the absence of wealthy collectors as in the past, who vied with each other in the possession of new and rare specimens. A specimen of one of the "trumpet shells," *Triton australis*, is placed in this collection. The shell is a poor one, but the mouth-piece affixed is of Maori design nicely carved. I only know of one other like this, which is in the ethnological gallery of the British Museum.

The land and freshwater shells, and the larger number of the bivalves (*Pelecypoda*) are contained in the drawers of a light wood cabinet.

A fine series of red crag fossils, chiefly obtained from the cliffs at Felixstowe by Mr. G. P. Hope, and presented by him in 1891, are stored in two cabinets and a small table case.

In this room are also a few casts from the antique, and the death mask of Canova, the eminent sculptor, presented by W. Belsham. There is also a bust of John Disney, F.R.S., F.S.A., of the Hyde, Ingatestone, who was one of the early patrons and first president of this museum and society. He inherited from his father, with the Hyde, the valuable collections of antique marbles made in Italy by the former owner, Mr. Hollis, F.S.A., and Mr. Brand, circa 1748-1753; These, with his own collections of classical antiquities, he presented to the University of Cambridge, where they may now

be seen in the Fitzwilliam Museum. He founded in 1851 the Disney professorship of Archæology in that university, of which he was an honorary LL.D. He was a Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple; wrote several Law Books; and the *Museum Disneianum*, published with engravings of the ancient marbles, in 1846; a copy of which he presented to the Library of this Museum. He died, at the age of 78, in 1857.

In the lower room, which from its small size and many angles is unsuited to museum purposes, the collections mainly consist of antiquities, Egyptian, Roman, and mediæval, English; a few pieces of armour and some old weapons, swords, halberd, partizan, pikes, etc; with a small collections of coins, medals, wood carvings, pottery, and corals. Some of these are displayed, but a large number of cases containing numerous specimens of minerals, fossils, and other geological forms, which require space and case accommodation for arrangement and classification, are still unpacked. Many of these, as for instance, the fossil-plants of the coal measures, are of great interest, especially to geological students.

One of the most valuable exhibits is a series of ten mediæval oak panels from the old church of St. Michael, Latchingdon, of which nave and porch now only remain, the tower having fallen many years ago. On each of these panels is depicted the figure, from 14 to 18 inches in height, of a saint or bishop. Colours and gilding are in remarkable preservation, considering the long neglect they have sustained. Removed from the church as valueless, they had for some years formed part of a summer-house in the Rectory garden, white-washed over, when Colonel Lucas rescued them. The rector readily handed them to Mr. Lucas, who presented them to the museum.

Among the ancient carvings in wood, are two large painted bosses from the ceiling of the old Black Boy Inn, at Chelmsford, presented by Mr. Fred. Chancellor, J.P. They represent the Wild Boar and Tudor Rose, badges of the De Vere family, Earls of Oxford, who owned the property in the olden days. Another piece given by Mr. G. Wiffen is a boldly-carved escutcheon of arms in soft wood, with helmet and richly floriated mantling, deeply undercut, probably late seventeenth century work. The bearings of the shield are, per fess, in chief a lion rampant, in base three trefoils slipped, a crescent for

difference. The wreath on the helmet remains, but the crest has unfortunately been broken away. I have not succeeded in tracing the family who bore these arms, and incline to think that neither coat nor carving is English.

A most interesting domestic relic of Moulsham Hall in the days when the Mildmays held a distinguished position in the county, was presented by the same gentleman. This is a pair of bellows, one side of which is curiously carved in a set pattern within a label or border bearing this inscription; "BELLOWS LIKE A QVIAT WIFE SEND OVT BREATH AND MAKE NO STRIFE 1673." The length from the handle to the end of the iron nozzle

CARVED BELLOWS, 17TH CENTURY.

is 22¼ inches, and the width 11 inches. Of this gift I find the following note in the old catalogue (p. 77).

"The bellows given by Mr. Wiffen are figured in a MS. Sketch book which belonged to Mr. Robert Kelham, of Chelmsford, now in the possession of his son-in-law, Mr. Sharpe, in which book is the following note :—'An antiqne pair of Bellows in the possession of Dame Ann Mildmay at Moulsham Hall, near Chelmsford, Essex,' No. 9, page 21, 'They are of oak, ingeniously carved on the upper side, bearing the date 1673. CF.'"

Miss Bodkin, of the Cloisters, has kindly made me a sepia drawing of this most interesting dated piece of furniture, from which the above illustration is reduced and printed.

The ancient family of Mildmay, which in the reign of the first James, had nine branches in Essex alone, has long disappeared from our midst; the Wanstead branch nearly two and a half centuries ago; while the last *male* representative, Carew Hervey Mildmay, of Marks (near Chadwell Heath), died at the age of 93 in 1784. The ancient quadrangular house remained unoccupied for years, and in 1808 was despoiled and pulled down, the moat and a few picturesque outbuildings alone now marking the site. The principal pictures and furniture were then removed to Moulsham; and in the succeeding year, this hall and its contents also disappeared, the descent of the Essex branch continuing only in the *female* line.

Among other notable objects may be mentioned a small carved marble Ossuarium from Cæsar's household, Rome, given by the Rev. A. Pearson; a large and perfect amphora 34 inches in height and 43 in circumference, which was found at Heybridge, in digging for the foundations of Mr. Bentall's house "The Towers;" an early copy of the Portland Vase by Wedgwood, presented by Mr. Disney; an earthenware flagon from Barking Abbey, by J. Britten, F.S.A. with Samian pottery; a few Bellarmines (or grey-beards); a costrel with holes for slinging; and a Leather Bottel.

"God grant his soul in Heaven may dwell
Who first invented the Leather Bottell."

A collection of fossils and geological specimens made by the Rev. H. E. Wright, Rector of Vange, is contained in a small cabinet; at his death these were presented by his daughter Margaret, and his son, Mr. Justice Wright. Another small cabinet contains a most interesting series of fossil remains—now alas in a very dirty condition—which were carefully collected and arranged by the well-known geologist Mr. John Brown, F.G.S., of Stanway. There is also a good specimen of the fossil *Lepidotus semi-serratus* from the Whitby Lias; and a number of Kent cavern remains given by the late Mr. Pengelly, of Torquay.

These are of immense interest in connection with the evidence of pre-historic man in Great Britain, and are deserving of careful arrangement and classification. It was at Kents Hole that the Rev. J. McEnery, between 1825 and 1841, made discovery of flint implements in association with the bones of extinct animals, while the later researches carried on by

Pengelly, Vivian, and others, under a committee of the British Association, with a more complete and extended investigation of the accumulated layers of the cave-floor, resulted in the finding, not only of worked flints, but of human bones. Further discoveries in the cave of Brixham (on the other side of Torbay), in Cornwall, Derbyshire, and other places, as also in the caves of Dordogne, and parts of France and Belgium, have all yielded undoubted proof of the early antiquity of man.

Many specimens of ethnographical interest are also packed away, which when properly exhibited and described would be of use to the student in that direction. For many tribes and nations even yet in an early or embryonic state, and with them the varied and oft-time curious products of their handicraft, are now rapidly disappearing before the huge strides of modern civilization.

Her Majesty the Queen has recognised this museum by a gift of 20 Anglo-Saxon coins of the reign of Charles le Chauve, and eighteen cunnetti, being a portion of the treasure trove from Cuerdale, Lancashire.

Among the miscellaneous objects we may mention, in conclusion, an old basket of straw and leather strapwork with the initials R.D. and date 1690; and a somewhat repulsive and dilapidated "mermaid" (probably Japanese), a made-up curiosity which is now rare, and therefore perhaps worthy of preservation as a relic of the old times when our sailors professed to believe in these fabulous creatures, and brought home (or manufactured) such objects to convince the credulous of their actual existence.

The foregoing remarks give after all but an indication of the more striking objects accumulated since the foundation of this museum, which has unfortunately drifted into low water. Some effort surely might be made to re-instate it; to preserve what is good; and to add still further to its utility and value by bringing it up to the level of modern times. In other places the need of well-organised and instructive collections especially in the various departments of Natural History and Science, is recognised. Here is the nucleus for a Public Library and Museum, which should be worthy of the Town and Corporation; and we may yet hope that such may be among the attractions of the county town in the near future.

REV. THOMAS COMPTON,

RECTOR OF GREAT HOLLAND, 1725—1761.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

AN important historical MS. volume, relating to the Compton family and the parish and church of Great Holland, has lately come into my possession. The following notes thereon may prove interesting to Essex readers.

The MS. is a beautifully written folio of over 300 pages, in pannelled calf, bought from the Hailstone library at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, June 2nd, 1892. It is marked with Edward Hailstone's well-known leather bookplate.

The title reads :—*An Exact /Diary/ of all ye Occuran/ces of my Life/Briefly from / The year* 1698 *and / more particularly from / The year* 1726 *Begin / ing in November.*

The MS. commences :—

The original of ye Compton Family. Compton deriv'd from ye Le Counts of France, or as others say, from Compton Winiate, in Warwickshier. Sir Wm. Compton first rais'd to ye dignity of Earl of Northampton by K. James ye First. This Wm. marry'd Eliz. sole Dr. of Sr. Jno. Spencer, Knight, Alderman of London.*

He had issue one son (Spencer). One Dr. (Ann). Spencer was kill'd fighting for K. Charles 1st, at Hopton Heath, near Stafford, March 19, 1642. Left issue several of wch. four sons were knights [Sir Francis, Sir Wm., Sir James, and Sir Henry, from whom is ye branch of my family] and Henry, ye youngest Bishop of London † 40 years.

James ye Eldest succeeded to ye Estate and Honour, and dy'd at his seat of Castle-Ashby, in Northamptonshire, December 15, 1681.

George his eldest son succeeded, and married Jane, youngest Dr. of Stephen Fox, Knight. Issue 3 sons (James, George, Charles). Daughters six.

James, Ld. Compton, born May, 1687, summon'd to ye H. of Lords 1711.

The above-said Geo. left one Bro. ye Honble Spencer Compton, late Speaker of ye H. of Commons, now created Earle of Willmington.

Rev. Jos. Compton related to Jno. Duke of Marlborough, Capt-General of Gt. Britain, by Eliz. Drake ‡ his mother, sister to my Grandmother, who married to Sr. Winstan Churchill, of wm. was Born Jno. Churchill, afterwards D. of Marlborough, and Arabella, by wm. King James 2d. had James Duke of Berwick, late Maristhall of France, half-Bro. by ye fathers side to ye Duchess of Buckingham, and by ye mothers, Mrs. Arabella Churchill, to ye right

[* He was Sheriff of London in 1583, and Lord Mayor in 1594. At the funeral of this Sir John Spencer his corpse was attended by above 1,000 men, in black gowns and cloaks; among them were 320 poor men, who had every one a basket, in which were four pounds of beef, two loaves, a little bottle of wine, and a pound of candles, a candlestick, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points for shoe-strings, two red and four white herrings, six sprats, and two eggs. He is said to have left the Lord Compton an estate of above £50,000 value. Morant's *Essex*, i. 394, note. ED.]

† Bishop Compton gave half of his books to Colchester, see Morant's *Colchester*, iii. 6, where also see the reason they were not accepted.—ED.

‡ Eliz. Drake, Dr. of Sr. Wm. Drake, of Ash, in ye county of Devon, Kt.

Honble. ye Lady Viscountess Falmouth and Mrs. Arabella Dunch, of Westminster.—Vid. *Peerage of England*, p. 33.

Then follows "The History of my own Life," contained in a dialogue between Honorus, Prudens, Marcus, Pragmaticus, and others, to which names there is a complete key at the end of the volume. This runs to nine chapters; the first is entitled "The Origin of my Family briefly consider'd." The more important facts contained in this autobiography are here summarized.

My grandfather, Lucius Varro [John Compton, Esq.] "in the year 1648 bravely hazzarded his life and lost the greatest part of his estate in defence of his sovereign." My grandmother's name was Matilda. My father, Marcus Cato, was born at Duria [Dorchester] after 1655. "It is certain he Died without receiving any Benefit from ye Restoration of young Cæsario [Charles II.] and left behind him M. Cato, a child, and Marinus [Mr. Benj. Compton] who Traiding to sea was lost in ye remarkable Tempest Anno 1702 on the sands of Cantium [Goodwin Sands] formerly ye Patrimony of Earl Godwin."

My father left Dorsetshire for reasons given, and concealed himself in the suburbs of Augusta [London] where "in a few years he gained considerable by his Trade, and was very much valued and beloved by all men, especially by those of the Dissenting Persuasion called Calvinists." At the age of twenty-six or thereabouts he marry'd Euphemia, eldest daughter and co-heir of Stephen Remnant, Esq., of Bucklebury, Berkshire, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. I, the eldest son, was born Sept. 22nd, 1698, and was brought up, till near the age of thirteen, by my Aunt, Margaret Hardy, my father's eldest sister, who had no children. My second brother, Mr. John Compton, was born in 1700, and Mr. Francis Compton six years after, if I well remember.

Mr. Ward, professor of rhetoric, was my tutor. I was at Merchant Taylors School five years, but upon a prospect of benefit which Rev. Mr. Shipway, my cousin, promised me, I was sent to Oxford University [St. John's College], instead of Edinburgh, where he was brought up, but was removed about the Kalends of October, 1715, to Edinburgh, where I successfully prosecuted my studies, being three times President of the Philosophical Society, until 1719, making physic my chief study.

My father died about the Ides of October, 1719, and finding my predilection for the National church, he made his will in favour of my two brothers after the decease of my mother, cutting me off with the bare acknowledgment of a few shillings.

The Rev. Mr. Wheatley recommended my ordination to Dr. John Robinson, bishop of London, but his illness prevented, and I was ordained, by his secretary's commands, by Dr. Edmund Gibson, bishop of Lincoln. The Rev. Mr. Gledhill, of Braintree, allowed me £30 per annum, and I entered on my charge at Coggeshall under Mr. Boys,* who died in 1723, aged near 80, when I took full orders.

At the beginning of 1718 I wrote *Poems and Translations*; in 1723 I wrote *Articulorum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. † In 1724, I became acquainted with Mr. Samuel Carter, a judicious young Coggeshall lawyer, and failing the preferment of Coggeshall, I was, by his interest, Mrs. Thurston being patroness, presented to the living of Great Holland, in 1725. I was offered Coggeshall soon after, but refused, on the advice of Rev. Mr. Mead. I inducted Rev. Mr. Burnett some time after.

In 1726 I was appointed Chaplain to John, Lord Bellenden, and in the same year required to resign Great Holland in favour of the patroness's son, Mr. Thomas Thurston, but was confirmed in my possession. I settled at Great Holland, and laid out 200 crowns on the repairing of part of the Parsonage.

My love affairs, 1727—8 :—(1) Miss Molly, daughter of Dr. Scrobus; (2) Miss Sally Newton; (3) Miss Lucy Milton; (4) ————; (5) Miss Nanny Brasier; (6) Miss Ann Gledhill, a friend of Mrs. Daniels. I married February 3rd, 1728.

The history does not go further than 1729; it ends with a letter to Mr. William Smith, of Lincoln's Inn, dated Pontosum, 21st October, 1729.

Then follow accounts to 1743; some penitential verses, July 24. 1742, June 8, 1743; loss by fire, February 28th, 1746-7, in my Parsonage House at Great Holland; "Original agreements between ye Rev. Mr. Compton and ye Parishioners of Great Holland," Sept. 29th, 1735 to 1740.

* Rev. James Boys, 44 years Vicar of Coggeshall, died 10th October, 1725, aged 75. See Beaumont's *History of Coggeshall*, pp. 49, 63.—Ed.

† Perhaps these were never published; so far we have been unable to trace them in any bibliography.—Ed.

The state of ye Living of East Mersey, with its Lordship annexd. as Revd. Mr. Lagdon left it, and as it now stands under its present Rector, ye Revd. Mr. Hussey, Anno 1736-7, March 18. N.B. ye Rector is rated to ye King £50.

To Mr. Lagden per ann.....	93	16	6
To Mr. Hussey " "	108	13	0
Increase	14	16	6

N.B. ye Quit Rents of the Lordship of East Mersey are yearly abt. 00 . 16 . 6.

Every parcel is Heriotable, and pays fine of two years on Deaths and one and a half on purchases.

The Rolls begin 4th Qn. Elizbth., and are regularly continued to the present time, 1736.

N.B. There is also an old paper wch. sethe ye Gt. and Small Tithes and Customs of ye Parish from ye Time of Q. Elizbth.

The Tythe Book, Together with other Remarkable Things Relating to ye Parish of Great Holland, and my Daily Expences as also Cash recd. and paid, from March 25th, 1734.

Memorand. Certain Privileges of the Clergy.

An Account of some Lands in ye Parish of Great Holland.

A True and Perfect Terrier of all the Houses, Out Houses, Barns, Stables, Orchards, and Glebe Lands belonging to the Parsonage of Great Holland in ye County of Essex, made tenth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-one—1681, and in ye thirty-third year of ye Reign of our Sovereign Lord Charles ye 2d, and given in to ye Bishops Court to be Recorded. Terrier signed Joshua Nun, curate.

N.B. When I came to this Living, Ann. 1725, the Mansion House was ready to drop—ye Barn in ye same Condition, and stable there was none, neither was there Orchard or Garden. The Chancel of ye Church was alike ruinous, ye Top falling in as my workmen were repairing it, so that wt I have done in repairing ye Parsonage and Chancel stands me in upwards of £300.

Laid out upon Holland Chancel in ye years 1725, 26, and 27.

To pulling down ye old Roof and doing it up new.

Tyling, mortar, and workmanship	25	0	0
Glazing and other repairs	5	0	0
The repairs of ye old House, Anno 1725 and 26	70	0	0
The alteration, Repairs, &c., in 1728	104	10	7
Building a Kitching, 1735	20	15	10
The repairs of ye inside of ye Chancell, 1733 ..	12	6	0
Gave ye workmanship of ye Gallery ..	10	10	0
Towards Beautifying ye Pulpit and Gallery ..	1	11	6
Building a new Barn, 1733	30	0	0
A stable ditto, 1736	20	10	7
Repairs of ye Chancel window from 1727 to 1739	5	0	0
	305	4	6

Levelling, filling up, and shingling ye Parsonage yard 10 10 6

Parsonage yard—

Paling of it in a 61 Rods, at 10d. per rod .. 2 11 0

1741, Novr. 9th.—Planting ye Orchard, Digging it.

Glebe land, measured 1733, "by an able Surveyor." Total, 70A. 1R. 36P.

1730. The several Leases of ye Parish of Great Holland.

Charges in taking up Holland Mag. living, £38 16 8.

1733. Half-yearly Land Tax.

Great and Small Tythes.

The several Compositions of ye Parish of Gt. Holland from Anno 1725 to Anno 1735.

1725. Brasier and Compton Rectors.

Rev. Mr. Brasier's Composition at 2s. and 2s. 6d. in ye Pound, according to the King's Rate. Yearly.

The Order of Master Spencer Compton's Burial, June 21, 1741 [19 items totalled £15 17 6.]

The names of all yt had gloves at Master Spencer's funeral, June 21, 1741.

Then follows a detailed cash account (in which he calls his wife Nanny) to November, 1743; a "List of Parishioners who send Presents at Lady-Day or Michaelmas"; and "Subscriptions to building a church at Wicks."

A sort of common-place book completes the volume. In this we find: Catalogue of gold, silver, and copper coins, collected from 1719 to 1735, with their cost and worth; all Roman, four columns; various agreements with servants and others, to October 15th, 1744. The following persons are alluded to:—

Mr. Millar, an apothecary and antiquary, who lives near Bishopsgate, London. Charles Smith, Esq., in the Tower of London, a collector of English coins. Mr. Richmond, alderman of Harwich, some coins by him; no collector.

Directions to persons of distinction:—

Rt. Hon. John Ld. Bellenden, Baron of Broughton, at Mr. Calvary's in Braston parish, near Puckeridge, Herfordshire.

Earl Tilney, Hanover Square. Lord Castlemain.

"My old friend at Colledge and intimate Companion Sr. Alexander Lander, of Fountain Hall, Bart., dy'd sometime in April by our newspaper, 1729, and is succeeded by my friend and fellow Collegian his Broʳ., now Sʳ. Andrew Lander, Bart."

"My worthy friend Mr. Maddox was created Dr. of D. [ivinity] and Clerk of her Majesty's clossett in Octr. 1729. Made a Bishop, 1736, being at ye time also Deane of Wells."

[Great Holland Rectors:—Thomas Compton, Clerk, 1725, upon Brasier's death, presented by Mrs. Thurston. Thomas Dove, M.A., 21st June, 1761, upon Compton's death.—Morant's *Essex*, i. 479.—ED.]

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

Mayors. On November 9th the following gentlemen were elected as Mayors of our seven Essex boroughs:—*Chelmsford*, Councillor Adolphus George Maskell; *Colchester*, Councillor Edward Thompson Smith; *Harwich*, Alderman William Groom (re-elected); *Maldon*, Councillor John Charles Float (for the third time); *Saffron Walden*, Alderman Joseph Bell (re-elected); *Southend-on-Sea*, Councillor Frederick F. Ramuz (re-elected); *West Ham*, Alderman John Henry Bethell (for the second time). Mr. John Bateman was (for the fourth time) elected Deputy-Mayor of Brightlingsea at the annual "choosing-day" on December 4th.

Church Restorations, &c. GREAT WALTHAM.—The South porch has recently been extensively restored, and is now enriched with fine buttresses, upon which are carved figures of the two saints, SS. Mary and Lawrence. to whom the church is dedicated. Over the gateway is the text *Beati pauperes spiritu*, while other appropriate quotations are carved upon the inner and outer walls of the porch. The flat-headed windows have been exchanged for pointed, and two grotesque heads of bold design form gargoyles at the top of the upright water-pipes. New wrought-iron gates have also been added.

FINCHINGFIELD.—On October 28th a memorial window was unveiled in this church, to the memory of Dr. William B. and Mrs. Owen, by their sons and daughters. The late doctor was in practice at Finchingfield for thirty-five years before he retired to Cleveland Square, London, and although it is now many years since he left, his memory is still revered in the parish. The window represents the angels of Victory, Rest, and Peace, appropriate symbols of a life devoted to the fight against disease and death. Dr. Owen's four sons, two, if not more of whom, are also well-known in the medical profession, were present at the dedication service.

HARLOW.—On All Saints' day (Nov. 1) a window was dedicated in this church by the Ven Archdeacon Stevens, to the memory of the Rev. Charles Miller, for 54 years vicar of Harlow. He died on 10th May, 1885, and it is interesting to record here that his father had previously been vicar of the church for fifty years before him. It is surely an almost unprecedented

circumstance that father and son between them should occupy one pulpit for more than a hundred years. For a similar instance in this county, however, cf. *E.R.* iv. 77.

EAST HORNDON.—During the restoration of this church, a curious relic has been brought to light in the Tyrell chapel, which it is to be hoped our county genealogists and antiquaries will examine and report upon, since there seems some reason to suppose that another and later monument to the same Sir John Tyrell, Knight, already appears in the same chapel. From statements appearing in the local press it seems that the date has given rise to much mystification among persons apparently ignorant of the simple explanation of the old style of reckoning the year from 25th March.

Chapel.

CHELMSFORD.—The re-opening of Baddow Road Chapel took place on 22nd Nov. after extensive repairs. Re-seating, re-lighting, re-flooring, and raising the pitch of the galleries have been the principal alterations to the chapel itself, while the school-room attached has also been satisfactorily renovated.

Canning Town Settlement.

The eighth report of the Settlement of Women Workers in Canning Town, E., lies before us, and gives a fresh proof of the usefulness of this excellent endeavour. An additional residence, and Hall, called the Lees Hall after its donors, was opened by the Countess of Aberdeen, in the Barking Road, on 16th November. The work done by residents among the girls of Canning Town is invaluable, although the short term of many of the residents at the Settlement leads the scholars to deplore that so soon as they get to like their teachers then they go. Miss Cheetham has been obliged to resign her post on the West Ham Board of Guardians in order to devote herself more exclusively to the Settlement, but she has been elected a Manager by the members of the West Ham School Board. The Convalescent Home recently opened at Danbury, to which four or five fresh patients are sent every fortnight, has already proved an invaluable addition to the work, a large proportion of which is naturally the tending of the sick. Girls' clubs, women's guilds, and a free registry for servants are other branches of the effort.

Free Library, East Ham.

Through the munificence of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, who has done so much for the education of the people, and who contributed

£4,000 towards its cost, a Free Library has been erected in West Ham close to the Plashet Park recreation ground. The handsome building of red brick contains an entrance hall, magazine room, lending library, librarian's room, committee room, and ladies' reading room. It is furnished with 10,000 books. On Oct. 6th it was opened by Mr. Herbert J. Gladstone, who in an excellent little speech, referred to the Cottage Hospital which the donor of the Library was also erecting close by. Mr. Passmore Edwards pointed out that for the rapidly growing population of East Ham four such libraries would be scarcely sufficient. Other donors contributed a clock and chimes.

Technical Institute West Ham.

A disastrous fire occured on Oct. 23 at the West Ham Technical Institute, which was practically destroyed by an outbreak from the chemical laboratory. In spite of the speedy help of 13 fire engines, the entire roof of the building fell in. The great hall, the elementary art room, the cookery school, and other class rooms were wrecked, but the library, with its collection of books, was saved by the heroic effects of Mr. A. Cotgreave. the chief librarian, and a large body of helpers. The building was insured, but the interruption to valuable educational work just at the commencement of the winter classes has proved extremely serious, although the West Ham School Board, the G.E.R. Mechanics' Institute, and other institutions generously offered the use of rooms for the temporarily homeless students.

Obituaries.

Mr. Alfred Money Wigram died on October 13th at Shawford House, near Winchester, at the early age of forty-three. The son of Mr. Money Wigram, of Esher House, Surrey, he was born there on 18th July, 1856. From 1894 to 1897 he represented the Southern or Romford division of Essex in the House of Commons, but was obliged through ill-health to retire in the latter year. During that period he resided at the Bower, Havering, and became very popular in the neighbourhood as well as throughout the constituency. He was a Unionist in politics. His liberal expenditure during the three years was said indeed to have exceeded that of any other member of parliament in England. He was first elected, as will be readily remembered, in April 1894, to fill the place vacant by the sudden death at Romford station of Mr.

James Theobald, the former member. Mr. Money Wigram was re-elected in 1895 by a large majority, but retired in 1897. He was a successful business man, chairman of Reid's Brewery Company until its amalgamation with Combe's and Watney's Breweries, since which time he had been director and deputy-chairman of the new association. Mr. Money Wigram married in 1882, Venetia, daughter of the Rev. John Whitaker Maitland, of Loughton Hall. He was buried on Oct. 18th at Loughton parish church, the service being conducted by his father-in-law, the vicar.

MR. SYDNEY COURTAULD, who died at Bocking Place, Braintree, after a few days' illness, on 20th October, was fourth son of the late Mr. George Courtauld, and brother of the former member for Maldon. He was born at Bocking Place, March 10, 1840, and was educated at University College, London. He married in 1865, Miss Sarah Lucy Sharpe, of Highbury, a lady who, with four sons and two daughters, survives him. He was placed on the roll of justices of the peace for Essex 2nd March, 1880, and was a regular attendant of the Braintree Petty Sessions. He was associated all his life with the famous crape and silk manufactory of Halstead, Braintree, Bocking, and elsewhere, founded by his uncle Samuel Courtauld, of Gosfield Hall, a member of a notable family of French refugees. Like many others of the name he was a Unitarian, and the founder, some twenty years or more ago, of the Free Christian Church in Braintree.

To that town he was a generous benefactor, having given in 1888 public gardens to the extent of five and a half acres, which he laid out and cultivated, and upon which he settled an endowment of £80 per annum. The material improvement of Bocking was effected by his offer of ground for a new road to take the place of the old dark and dangerous "Dead Lane." To the Manor Street Schools, and the Mechanics' Institute, presented to Braintree and Bocking in 1863 by his father, Mr. Courtauld also contributed, and acted for many years as a trustee of the latter building. He was for a long time president of the Cottage Hospital, inaugurated by another member of his family. Upon the formation of the first County Council in Essex, in 1889, he was elected as representative for the Braintree district. He was a Governor of Felsted School.

But perhaps it was upon the Urban Council in his own town, that Mr. Courtauld's most valuable work was done; always of a reserved and retiring character, his unfailing courtesy and sound business qualities were brought out during his eight years tenure of the office of chairman in a striking manner.

Mr. Courtauld's name has long been associated with orchid growing, which branch of horticulture he had brought to a great pitch of excellence in the numerous houses over which for many years he had employed a special orchid expert with a staff of assistants to produce. He was a member of the orchid committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, whose bronze medal for the best collection of orchids in bloom he obtained in 1896. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Botanical Society. He was buried beside other members of his family in Gosfield churchyard, on Oct. 24th, the short funeral service being conducted by the Rev. R. H. Fuller, minister of the Free Christian Church in Braintree.

Mr. Richard Hatley Crabb, who died at Great Baddow Place on Nov. 15th was well known in the district where he had all his life resided. Born at Sandon Place, in January, 1820, the son of Richard Crabb, brewer, of Great Baddow, he was in his eightieth year. His interest in the church matters of his parish was evinced by his activity as churchwarden over a period embracing many years. About 1874 or 1875, however, he retired, having a decided objection to the introduction of the book of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, some of which he considered to be of Roman tendency. For thirteen years he withdrew to Sandon, but meanwhile purchased the advowson of Great Baddow from the Rev. A. H. Bullen, and presented the Rev. A. N. Colley to the vicarage. He was interested in the work of the Church Pastoral-Aid Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Scripture Readers' Association, the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and was a supporter and for many years vice-president of the Chelmsford and South Essex Auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society. On the centenary of the Church Missionary Society last year, he gave a sum of £2,000 to the funds of the parent society. He was the head of the brewery at Great Baddow, and a liberal supporter of the funds of many useful and philanthropic institutions. His family had been connected with

the parish of Great Baddow for nearly a century. his grandfather having settled in the village in 1798. At one period of his life he was a noted breeder of shorthorns, and secured many prizes at agricultural and cattle shows. One of his pedigree bulls is said to have realised £2,000 for exportation to America. A fall from his horse while returning from his farm at West Hanningfield resulted in the illness to which he succumbed. Mr. Crabb was unmarried, his three sisters having for many years shared his home and pursuits. He was buried in Great Baddow churchyard on 22 Nov., a large number of neighbours and employees attending to show their respect.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

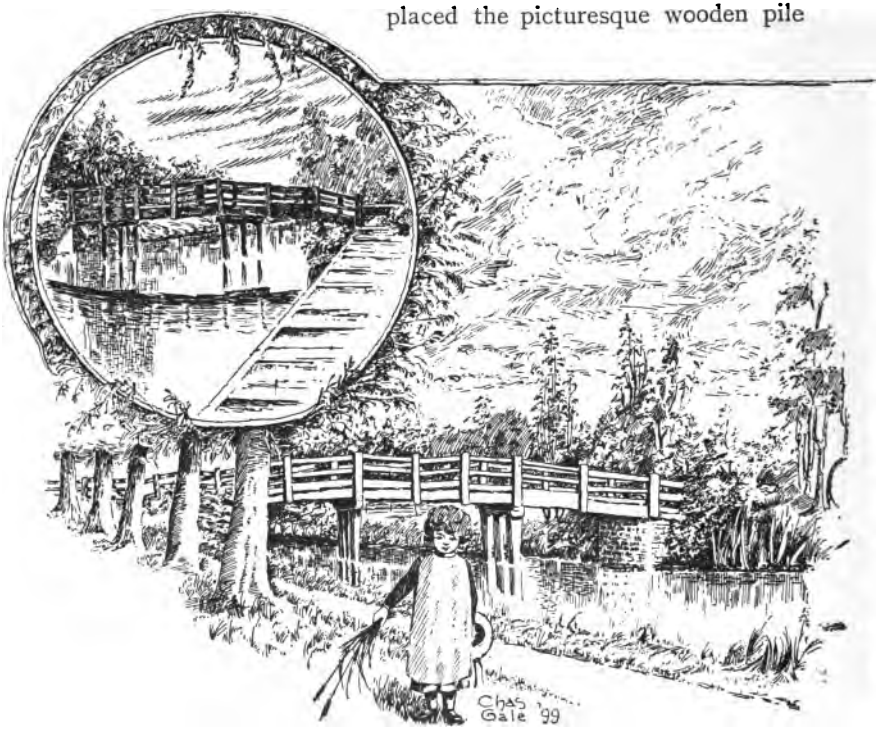
Members of Parliament for Colchester.—(*E.R.*, vol. viii., p. 239.) :—By the accident of a straying pronoun, the origin of the current expression "the three R's," has here been attributed to Mr. A. Spottiswode, when the real credit of it belongs to Sir William Curtis, Tory candidate in 1830.

GEORGE RICKWORD, Colchester.

Duel at Galleywood, April 24, 1806.—This morning a duel was fought on Galleywood Common, near Chelmsford, Essex, between Lieut. Torrens and Surgeon Fisher, both of the 6th Regiment of Foot, in barracks there. The parties, with their seconds, arrived on the spot appointed for the encounter at daybreak; when the preliminaries having been settled, they took a short distance, and turning round fired at the same instant. The Lieutenant received his antagonist's ball in the groin and immediately fell; on which Mr. F. went up and took him by the hand, expressing much regret at the lamentable consequence that had ensued; as from the nature of the wound, he was apprehensive it would prove mortal. Assistance having been procured, Lieut. T. was removed to a windmill at a short distance, and thence as soon as possible conveyed to his apartments in the barracks, where every attention was rendered that his unfortunate situation could require. The ball having lodged on the side opposite to which it entered, was extracted by Dr. Welch at 4 o'clock the same afternoon, but he expired between 9 and 10 the following morning. Coroner's verdict, wilful murder against Mr. F. and the two seconds, one of whom is under arrest; but Mr. F. and the other have absconded.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1806.

Dedham Bridge.—The wooden bridge at Dedham which connects Essex with Suffolk across the river Stour, will in a few weeks cease to exist. Its career of sixty years would have

ended months ago had the County Councils of Essex and East Suffolk been able to agree upon the question of the cost of a new bridge, for this has long been unsafe, and has, indeed, been closed for many months to vehicular traffic. The governing bodies have however at length settled their differences, and the many summer visitors, landscape artists, and bicyclists who visit this delightful vale will next year find that a sturdy modern structure has replaced the picturesque wooden pile



By kind permission of the Proprietors of the Ladies' Pictorial.

they have always associated with "Constable's country." There was no bridge at Dedham until the present bridge was erected, save a footbridge a few yards beyond it, and the floating of barges over the ford was accomplished in by-gone days by means of a stanch. Dedham follows Stratford St. Mary in securing a modern roadway over its stream, and Flatford bridge, whose charms attract scores of artists during the summer months, will be the

sole survivor of an interesting trio. It is not without real regret that visitors have learned of the demolition of the old bridge at Dedham. The sketches I send were made in the past summer, and they may serve to maintain some idea of its predecessor when the new bridge is completed.

CHARLES GALE, Colchester.

To cure King's Evil.—Take a live toad by fore and hind legs; draw it over the sore (to meet the sun) nine times, for three mornings running, then miss three; hang the live toad up the chimney, and as it wastes the sore will heal. I got the above charm from an old inhabitant.

H.W., Little Dunmow.

Trench and Chiswell Families of Hackney.—In an interesting article on Historians of Essex (E.R. viii. 24), mention is made of the connection of the Trenches with Hackney. About two years ago in looking round the old tower of St. Augustine's Church, Hackney, I noticed on a stone slab, which appeared to have been the top of an altar tomb but which is now fixed in an upright position on the east face of the tower, the following inscriptions:—

Here lyes intered the body of
Thomas Trench, Esq.,
who died ye 10th of December,
1699, aged 51 years.

And near this place lies Rebekah and Thomas Trench two of his children who both died very young.

Here also lyes ye body of Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Trench, Esq., and Jane, wife of John Farrington, who died Nov. 4, 1725. Æt. 35.

Close by on another slab (which may have been the end of the same tomb), was inscribed:—

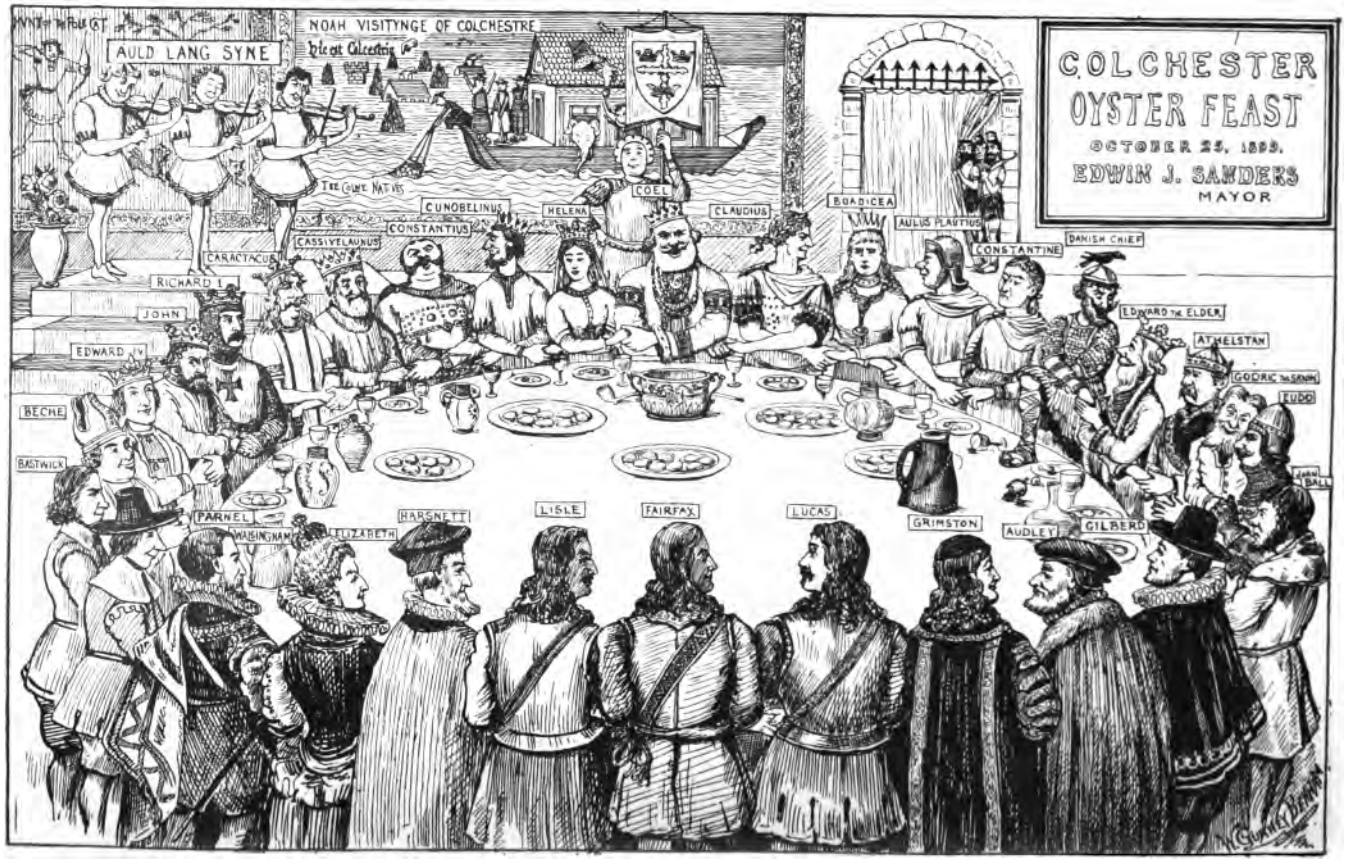
His eldest daughter Mary was married Anº 1702 to Richard Chiswell, Esq., of Debden, Essex, where she was buried Anº 1726 Æt. 43.

The Issue she left by him who are now surviving with him Anº 1737 are V(?7).

Richard and Trench = Elizabeth and Mary are laid. R.C. Esq. Died Anº 1751. Æt. 78.

I might also mention that over the back door of Widdington Lodge, Debden Park, I have had the initials and date, "T.C. 1781," pointed out to me as those of Trench Chiswell. They are set out in small black pebbles.

H. WALTON STARKEY, Apperley Bridge, Leeds.



Colchester Oyster Feast. — October 25, 1899. — The wood-cut occupying the opposite page, and the verses that follow here, are from the ready pen of Mr. W. Gurney Benham, who seems to have received from the historical and antiquarian prestige of his native town a special inspiration for the occasion. The drawing will repay the most careful study, each figure in it being replete with minute fidelity of detail, or suggestion. Nearly all the heads surrounding the board, perhaps with the exception of the much-debated mythical personage of King Coel, we might say all, are portraits reproduced from coins, prints, broadsides, or engravings, and even in those which he has permitted himself to caricature, the artist has succeeded in producing a faithful likeness to the original.

AULD LANG SYNE.

King COEL was the best of kings. In fact, so good was he
That wicked men have doubted whether such a king could be;
But here, within this best of towns, his Kitchen may be seen;
Its noble size proclaims how great and good he must have been.
It tells us unmistakably how well he used to live,
And bids us emulate the royal feasts he loved to give.
What though his fame be shadowy? All fame is but a shade;
And in the realms of Shadowland his glory shall not fade.
In jovial style, there let him hold his undisputed sway,
And feast the Worthies of his town in true Colcestrian way.
And let the famous Fiddlers Three, before that jolly lot,
Strike up the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," which ne'er should be forgot.
The ancient Kings of Colchester, amongst his guests are seen—
CASSIVELAUN, CUNOBELINUS (known as CYMBELINE),
CARACTACUS, whom AULUS PLAUTIUS brought in chains to Rome,
But, like a gallant foe, the Emperor CLAUDIUS sent him home—
So much did he contrive to captivate his captors there
With his high and haughty bearing, and his long and yellow hair.
The famous WARRIOR QUEEN between those festive Romans stands;
Unwillingly, with sullen look, she takes their conquering hands.
By COEL sits his daughter HELEN,—saintly her renown,
The mother of great CONSTANTINE, and Patron of our town.
It's well she *is* a saint—she has so much to answer for;
She's countenanceed our deeds for seven centuries or more. *
CONSTANTIUS, her husband gay, alas! belied his name;
His conduct to his sainted wife was very much to blame.
Observe the raven-crested DANE—he *will* upset the port,—
Just as he did in days of old till EDWARD cut him short.
Bored—very bored—looks ATHELSTAN, beneath his massive crown;
He can't forget the Parliament he held within this town.
The SAXON THANE of Colchester by Norman EUDO stands,

Comparing notes about his rents and confiscated lands.
Upon the other side appear three memorable Kings; †
JOHN BALL, who gazes at them, thinks unutterable things. ‡
A jovial shade is ABBOT BECHE, but, though he loves a jest,
He thinks the Bailiffs took undue advantage of a guest.
That day they asked him to their feast, and, as the records say,
Produced their warrant then and there, and hanged him straight away.
What need to tell of GILBERD, great in scientific fame,
Who entertained ELIZABETH, when here in state she came?
Great WALSINGHAM, the town's Recorder, proved its powerful friend
(Explaining certain oysters which the Council used to send).
Proud of his native town ARCHBISHOP HARSNETT smiles content,
Whilst AUDLEY tackles GRIMSTON in a legal argument.
Great was the fiery BASTWICK's fame, who wrote with such success
That the Pillory or the Prison was his usual address.
PARNEL, the Quaker zealot, had a more unpleasant fate;
He died a willing sacrifice to pious Christian hate.
Three valiant heroes of the Siege complete the noble band—
LUCAS and LISLE and FAIRFAX, now united hand in hand;
Like soldiers and like Englishmen, they vex their souls no more
About the fortune—whether it was good or bad—of war.
Perhaps they see, as we their sons may see with pain and pride,
What godlike faults, what godlike virtues shone on either side.
And now God bless us one and all, and give us more renown;
And send us many a worthy man to serve our ancient town;
To serve our town and country, and to keep our Empire strong
To spread the Right throughout the world, and battle with the Wrong!

W. G. B.

Essex Briefs.—The following extracts relating to Briefs on which collections were made in Hackney Church, is taken from MS. 479 in the Guildhall Library :—

PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, HACKNEY.—*Collection.*

6 July, 1629, for the towne of Maulden, in Essex	0 : 19 : 1
24 June, 1632, for the towne of Tylberry, in Essex	0 : 16 : 1
20 July, 1631, for Robert Wallett, of Fryerning, in the county of Essex	0 : 19 : 0

WALTER CROUCH, Wanstead.

David Ogborne possessed an agreeable and cheerful disposition, was scrupulously just in all his transactions, and was much respected in the town of Chelmsford. When a new organ was required for the Church of that place, in 1770, he received

* The Borough Seal of Colchester has borne the image of Helena since 1189.
† Richard I., who granted Colchester's first charter; John and Edward IV., both frequently at Colchester.
‡ John Ball of Colchester, the celebrated revolutionist; hanged 1381.

an anonymous donation of a hundred pounds towards the expense, with the promise of another hundred if a peal of bells was added. From this it appears that Mr. Ogborne took a prominent part on the occasion. The following copy of his shop bill, used at Chelmsford, which from the corrections the original contains, is shown to be his own composition, may be of interest.

As many Tradesmen of Renown
Parade all parts of Chelmsford Town,
So David Ogborne at a venture
As pitch't his Tent jest in the centure.
Letters of Gold to Grace his shop
Surport a Brazen-head a top,
Which like the oricals of old
His Art and Mystery do's unfold,
So well adapted if each stroke
And plain as is the head had spoke
To you to me and everyone.
Painting in General done.
Ladies and Gentlemen that chose
Their lazure hours to amuse,
Colours prepared of every sort,
For the same use may there be bought;
Also the Art of Drawing taught.
And now my whole success depends
Upon the assistance of my Friends,
For whose kind help and my own striving,
May stand some chance, I hope, of thriving.

H. FAWCETT, 14, King Street, Covent Garden.

The Great Spoon at Ilford.—Can some reader of the *Essex Review* give me any information respecting the "great spoon," which was formerly kept at Ilford, and which is mentioned in the following extract from Will Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder performed in a Morrice Dance from London to Norwich* in 1599? According to a marginal note in the old edition the "great spoon" held about a quart.

. . . . forward I went with my hey-de-gaies [*i.e.*, frolicsome dances] to Ilford, where I again rested, and was by the people of the towne and countrey there-about very wel welcomed, being offred carowses in the great spoon, one whole draught being able at that time to have drawne my little wit drve; but being afrayde of the olde Prouerbe (he had need of a long spoone that eates with the deuill), I soberly gaue my boone companyons the slip.

[A similar query was asked in *E.R.* ii., 63.]

Poplar Beam in Thaxted Church.—There is a striking illustration of the peculiarly durable quality of the poplar to be seen in a main beam in a Church at Thaxted, in Essex. I was informed of it some years since, and it may possibly be there now (1880). Upon this beam, which is large and exposed to view, is written in bold type:—

"Let the heart of oak be ever so stout,
Keep me dry and I'll see him out."

—*The Tree Planter and Plant Propagator.* By Samuel Wood, p. 21.

Mrs. Woolley.—Can any of the readers of the *Essex Review* give me information respecting a certain Woolley or Wolley, who is said to have been a schoolmaster either at Newport or Saffron Walden, from about 1633 till about 1654? He had a remarkable wife, who published books of recipes for cooking and domestic treatment of small ailments, and gave lessons in the ladylike accomplishments of the day. A knowledge of the Christian name of her husband would probably help to further discoveries, and be of great assistance to me. I feel that my notice of the wife, which I am putting together for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, would be very faulty without some particulars respecting the husband.

BERTHA PORTER, 16, Russell Square, W.C.

Sewer Commissions; goats; calcies; luting.—Commissions of sewers date from an early period of English history. They were issued by the sovereign for the purpose of inquiring into the causes of inundations, and the necessity for surveying and repairing sea-banks and walls in order that measures might be taken to protect the land from the inroads of the sea. Many commissions were granted in different reigns for specific

purposes, as the draining of Romney marsh and such like enterprises ; but, the general act from which the present commissions gain their authority, was the Bill of Sewers ; a statute passed in 1531 (23 Hen. VIII. c. 5.). The term, *sewer*, often gives rise to unpleasant associations, because it is confused with the modern usage of the word. Sewers, in every day conversation are generally understood to be carriers of filth, subterranean channels or canals formed to convey superfluous water, soil, ordure, and other disagreeable liquid matter. But the *sewer* in the commission sense is entirely different. Callis says, *The sewer is a fresh water trench compassed in on both sides with a bank, and is a small current or little river.* So a commission of sewers has an entirely different responsibility to that of caring for the drains and culverts which carry off the waste of cities and towns. Really, the most vital and grave charge of a sewers commission is the maintenance of the walls, banks and other ancient defences, which keep back the attacks of the sea, and save the low land which they protect, from being drowned and lost. A *Common Sewer* is a main cut, which runs through a level, and supplies the ditches and gutters with a sufficiency of spring water for grazing cattle. Another archaic or rarely used word in this connection is a *Calcey*. Callis says "a *Calcey or Calsway* is a passage made by art of earth, gravel, stones and such like, on or over some high or common way leading through surrounded grounds for the safe passage of the King's liege people." So where a *Calcey*, calsway, or causeway was on any over-surrounded or low grounds, where danger existed, the responsibility of its repair was laid on the Sewers Commission. Dugdale, in his *History of Embanking*, mentions a *Causey* extending over the plain of Sedgemoor, from Somerset to Bridgwater, eight miles. Such a causeway was made by William the Conqueror at Aldreth, in Cambridgeshire, in order to attack the camp of refuge formed by Hereward the Saxon on the Isle of Ely. In Richard Huloet's old black-letter *Dictionarie* (London, folio, 1572) giving the English, French, and Latin of various words, we find "Calsey=Agger, eris Pauimentum, vide Caucey," and under that word, "a caucie or a way paued. Agger solidus. Also spelt Cauceye." See also *English Dialect Dictionary*, i. 546.

Goat, gowt, gote. A *goat* is known to-day in certain senses,

but not in its original or early sense. Callis tells us "that goats be usual engines erected and built with Percullesses and doors of timber, stone or brick, invented first in Lower Germany, and after brought into England, and used here by imitation and experience, hath given so great approbation of them, as they are now, and that with good reason and cause inducing the same, accounted the most useful instruments for draining the waters out of the land into the sea; there is a twofold use made of them, the one when fresh water flows and descends upon the low grounds where these engines are always placed, and whereto all the channels where they stand have their currents directed, the same is let out by these into some creek of the sea; and if at some great floods the seas break into the lands, the salt waters usually have their returns through these back to the sea. These engines seem to me not to be very ancient here in this kingdom for I do not find them mentioned in any ancient commissions granted before this statute did express the same." Further, this word is well illustrated in a report of Mr. Scribo on the state of the river Witham in the year 1733. He is telling how ports which lie near the deep sea have more spacious and commodious havens, whilst others that are situate on flatshores and foul seas never have a good channel unless they are supplied by large rivers. "I take now the case of the river Witham, between Lincoln and Boston, from Lodowick Gowt or Black Sluice to Tattershall Bane, the river or haven for about twenty miles runs very crooked and winding." Later on, he repeats, "If the new haven be carried down as far as Lodowick *Goat* at Boston, it will answer the end in making good the navigation to Lincoln, and drain all the low fen lands on the west side of the river but the query will be whether the North *Goats* and Anthony's *Goat* will be silted up." Thus the word may be spelt in three ways *Goat*, *Gowt*, *Gote*, and is done so by Scribo in this document of the eighteenth century; later on, the report of Grundy, another engineer, speaks of *Anthony's Gote*, which shows that the word was well recognised, though the spelling varied according to the whim and fancy of the writer.

Luting.—This word our dictionary makers knew little of, and few of them, except Skeat and Walker, deign to notice it. The Latin root, *Lutum*, mud, is the origin, and *Lutarius*, re-

lating to mud, is the nearest approach to the word. These kindred words furnish no explanation, and fail to give the idea which is intended. *Luting* might be defined as moving mud with a rake, or some simple contrivance to push or disturb the mud in preference to digging it away with a spade or shovel. It sometimes offers a better method of clearing away thin mud or slime, which under this process is shoved away into deep water or the receding tide. If mud is discoloured and offensive to the eye near a place of resort, *luting* often affords a way of dealing with it, rather than removing it bodily elsewhere. An illustration of the present use of this practical word appears in the proceedings of a committee report of the Thames Conservancy in November of the past year. The Harbour Master suggested that some mud on a barge-bed should be removed by *luting* in preference to washing it off with water through a hose.

W. W. GLENNY, Barking.

Goat or Gote.—In my glossary of Yorkshire words, I have already given the following references to this interesting word:—

i. Goit. ii. Gooat. iii. Gote. iv. Goute. Hallamshire: Todmorden.

i. Goit: A small artificial water course; a sluice.

ii. Gooat: An opening or slope from the street to the water-side.

iii. Gote: A small bridge over a stream of water that crosses a road.

> "And they further say that there was a way for the inhabitants of Huddersfield to the said miln from one miln called Shower Miln, along the west side of the broad water until anent the Tayle Gote end of the Queens Majestys said Miln, anent the which said Tayle Gote they went over the broad water."
>
> [Answer to Inquisition of the Manor of Almondbury (Yr.) 1584, p. 135, Hobkirk's, *Huddersfield*.]

iv. Goute: used by Camden.

EDW. COOKSON, Ipswich.

Preservation and Custody of Local Records.—It may be taken for granted that no adequate and systematic provision exists in this country for the preservation and custody of local records. If there were anything of the kind, any one who desired to study the history of any particular locality, district, or parish would only have to go to the proper place of custody, and there find a calendar of all the extant documents relating to his subject. Local archæological societies and individual antiquaries have often done much in this department, perhaps in many cases as much as they could. But their efforts are almost necessarily confined, for the most part, to research and record; they can do little or nothing for the adequate preservation and custody of such ancient documents as, often by dint of great labour and patient enquiry, they may succeed in unearthing. Hence many of our local and parochial histories are very inadequately written by writers who are often full of zeal, but are ill-fitted for the study of the distant past, know-

ing neither what to look for nor where to look for it. There is, however, nothing very surprising in this widespread indifference, want of system, and neglect. To extract history from archives is quite a modern idea, and it is only the trained student who can do it. Not one man in a hundred can read an ancient document and even of those who can read it only a very few are adequately equipped for its interpretation. Hence the value and importance of such documents are apt to be very imperfectly appreciated by many of those who are nominally responsible for their custody. They are musty, they are illegible, and even when they are deciphered they are for the most part unintelligible. At the best they are treated carelessly and as of little or no account; at the worst they are recklessly destroyed. The history even of the public records of the State is in this respect a significant warning and example. It is only in quite recent times—practically only within the present reign—that provision has been made for their proper custody and preservation. The deplorable state they were in before that time is well known. It had been a scandal for centuries. The legendary preservation of the manuscripts of Aristotle in a cellar at Scepsis was less of a miracle than the survival of such public records of the State as have survived the moths, the maggots, the rats, the damp, the dust, the decay, and the neglect of ages. William Prynne, the Keeper of Records in the Tower in the time of Charles II., described his charge as being so "foul, dusty, and nasty" that no one cared to touch or sort them; and so neglected were they that it would, he declared, require "Briareus his hundred hands, Argus his hundred eyes, and Nestor his centuries of years to marshal them in distinct files and make exact alphabetical tables of the several things, names, places, comprised in them." So they were then, and so they remained for more than a century and a half before any proper care was taken of them.

It is probable that the state of our local records is, in many cases, not much better now than the state of the public records was in the days of Prynne. But the state of public opinion is now, happily, very different, and every one will appreciate the measures now being taken, as we announce elsewhere to-day, by the Local Records Committee which has lately been appointed by the First Lord of the Treasury "with instructions to inquire and report as to any arrangements now in operation for the collection, custody, indexing, and calendaring of local records, and as to any further measures which it may be advisable to take for this purpose." The Committee is a strong one, consisting of the Bishop of London, Mr. Bryce, Sir Francis Mowatt, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, Sir H. Maxwell-Lyte, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, and Mr. S. E. Spring-Rice, one of the Principal Clerks of the Treasury. As a preliminary to the further consideration of the matters referred to it the Committee has prepared two schedules of questions, one relating to "existing arrangements" and the other inviting "suggestions for the future" to be addressed to various public functionaries and other bodies and persons who may be supposed to be either in possession of local records of a public character or specially cognisant with the subject. The questions relating to existing arrangements practically propound the leading principles on which a rational system for the preservation and custody of public documents, and for affording facilities to those who may wish to consult them, ought to be based; and it will surprise most people if the general tenor of the answers received does not show that no such system exists at present, or that it exists only in rare and exceptional cases. Here and there, no

doubt, the thing has been done by individual enterprise or by municipal public spirit, to which every credit should be given, but for the most part it will, we suspect, be found that the preservation of local archives has been a very haphazard business, and that those who have sought to consult them have generally needed to bring a good deal of patience, perseverance, and research to the prosecution of their studies. To two at least of the questions propounded the answers should be of peculiar interest and significance. "Are there any rules about lending out documents? If so, have they worked well?" To lend out rare documents is a very questionable policy even under the most stringent regulations for their safe custody and return. To lend them out without such regulations is a palpable breach of trust. And yet it would surprise no one to find that many valuable documents have been so lent, while it is certain that, if this is so, some of the documents will have been injured and others never returned. Another very suggestive question is, "Have any of the documents, within your knowledge, been destroyed, or injured by fire, damp, or any other cause?" It would be interesting to know how many local authorities have ever thought it worth while to provide a fireproof or even a damp-proof receptacle for such local records as they have thought it worth while to preserve. Some years ago a proposal was broached at Oxford to construct a fireproof receptacle for the preservation of the unique treasures of the Bodleian Library. A dignitary of the University opposed the suggestion as unnecessary because for centuries the treasures had escaped destruction. "That only proves that the more precious they become the nearer they are to destruction," was the pertinent answer made to him.

The suggestions for the future propounded in the second schedule of the Committee are even more significant of present shortcomings than the questions relating to existing arrangements. It is clear from these suggestions that no systematic organization exists for the preservation, arrangement, and study of documents relating to local history; that there is no clear and uniform understanding as to what documents relating to local administration should be preserved; that competent custodians for such documents as are or ought to be preserved are mostly to seek; in short, that we have never yet adequately recognized the obligation we owe to posterity for the preservation of information concerning our own times and institutions such as in relation to the past we know to be invaluable even in the scanty remnants which time and neglect have spared to us. "In what manner," asks the Committee, "would it be expedient to deal with documents such as parish registers, diocesan registers, churchwardens' accounts, old terriers, old manorial rolls, records of manorial and local Courts, old leases, old enclosure awards, maps, or others?" The question itself is almost enough to make the antiquary and the student of institutions weep. What would we not give if such a question had been asked centuries ago and answered in a practical form? Perhaps a still more important question is, "What inducements can be offered to owners of documents of antiquarian value, whether general, ecclesiastical, local, or personal in their character, to place them in public custody?" If the question were addressed to ourselves we should answer without hesitation that the best and only practicable inducement would be the establishment of such an organized system for the preservation and custody of public documents of the kind as would convince private owners that their documents, if deposited in such public custody, would be safer, better cared for, and more accessible to themselves and to any

persons authorised by themselves to consult them than they could possibly be in their own muniment rooms—where, so soon as they cease to have any practical interest, they are as often as not poked away uncalendared, neglected and forgotten. A precedent may be found in the recent practice of some of the smaller college libraries at Oxford, which have wisely transferred their archives and other valuable manuscripts to the safer custody of the Bodleian Library, where they are quite as well cared for and much more accessible to students. It should, of course, be understood, as the Committee suggests, that private archives so deposited would be deposited for safe custody only, and that full rights of access, control and removal would be reserved for the owner. But perhaps, the best test of the efficiency and public utility of such a system as the Committee evidently seeks to establish would be the readiness of private owners to hand over documents of antiquarian interest in their possession to a local depositary of records under public authority and control. We can only say that the object aimed at by the Committee is deserving in all respects of public encouragement and support, and that we have every confidence in its ability to suggest the best method of attaining it.—*Times*, Dec. 2, 1899.

Seven Kings, Ilford.—The opening of a new station on the main Colchester line of the Great Eastern Railway has brought this interesting name into increased prominence. Can any reader give an explanation of its origin, or any certain reference as to its antiquity? I do not find the name in Chapman and André's, Greenwood's, or Mudge's maps, nor do I think it is mentioned in any of the county histories. In the present Ordnance maps we have Seven Kings water running into the Loxford brook, Seven Kings farm, Seven Kings watering stoup (cf. *E.R.* viii, 117), and Seven Kings cottage. The common legend, that the seven kings of the Saxon heptarchy met and watered their horses here, must be, I fancy, a modern explanation. A similar query was asked by a particularly well-informed antiquary, happily still amongst us, in *Notes and Queries*, (3) vi. 455, December 3rd, 1864, but I cannot find that it has yet been answered.

EDWARD A. FITCH, Maldon.

Essex Portrait Gallery—By the exertions of Messrs. Andrew Johnston and Christopher W. Parker, the walls of the Grand Jury Room of the Shire Hall, Chelmsford, have been hung with thirty-one portraits of distinguished Essex public men. Over the fireplace is the fine marble tablet to Thomas Gardiner Bramston of Skreens. To the left of the fire place are now added portraits of (i.) Baron Braybrooke, John Griffin Griffin, Lord-Lieutenant, 1784-1797—Biagro Rebecca pinxit, Nov. 18, 1796; (ii.) Baron Braybrooke, Richard Aldworth, Lord-Lieutenant,

1798-1825—Drawn by J. Hoppner, R.A. Sept., 10, 1820; (iii.) Henry, Viscount Maynard, Lord-Lieutenant, 1825-1865; (iv.) Charles Gray Round, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, 1837-1864; (v.) Thomas C. Chisenhale-Marsh, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1855-1875; (vi.) Thomas Kemble, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1872-1886, photo; (vii.) Philip Oxenden Papillon, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1882-1890, engraved by Morris & Co.; (viii.) Rev. Edward Francis Gepp, photo; (ix.) Thomas William Bramston, painted by E. W. Eddis; (x.) Sir Charles Du Cane, K.C.M.G., drawn by C. W. Walton; (xi.) John Oxley Parker; (xii.) Charles George Parker, Clerk of Peace, 1822-1847; (xiii) William Bullock, Clerk of Peace, 1785-1822; (xiv) William Gibson, Clerk of Peace, 1847-1860; (xv.) Henry Gibson, Clerk of Peace, 1860. To the right of the fireplace are (i.) Lord Dacre, T. C. W. Brand Trevor, Lord-Lieutenant, 1859-1869 (should be 1865-1869, *cf. E.R.* vii., 249) painted by G. Richmond, R.A.; (ii.) Sir Thomas Burch Western, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant, 1869-1873; (iii.) Lord Carlingford, Lord-Lieutenant, 1873-1892; (iv.) Lord Rayleigh, Lord-Lieutenant, 1892; (v.) John James, 2nd Lord Rayleigh; (vi.) Lord Rookwood, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1876; (vii.) Andrew Johnston, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1880; (viii.) John Martin Leake, Chairman of Quarter Sessions 1831-1862; (ix.) Nathaniel Clarke Barnardiston, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1844-1871; (x.) Richard Baker Wingfield Baker, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1862-1879; (xi.) Admiral Sir William G. Luard, K.C.B., photo; (xii.) Sir Edward North Buxton, Bart., M.P., 1858, drawn by Geo. Richmond, R.A.; (xiii.) Sir John Tyssen Tyrell, Bart; (xiv.) John Joliffe Tufnell; (xv.) Thomas Jenner Spitty; (xvi.) William Cotton, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, 1847-1854. A coloured drawing of the Essex arms is on the left of the fireplace, and in both corners are pedestal busts of John Watlington Perry Watlington, and Lord Rookwood. A large print from the painting by Mr. H. Jamyn Brooks representing the reception of chairmen and conveners of County Councils by Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace, June 23rd, 1897, will shortly be added. Mr. Andrew Johnston, the Essex chairman, in his Court dress, is a prominent figure.

REVIEWS & NOTES OF BOOKS, &c.

CHURCH AND FAITH: *Being Essays on the Teaching of the Church of England.* Post 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

This volume will be welcomed by many at the present time, when there is so much controversy as to what is and what is not the teaching and practice of the Church of England. Not that it can be expected to satisfy all, since it is written from the broader Evangelical point of view of Churchmanship, and runs directly counter to the claims of the Ritualist party in many particulars. But the names of the essayists, including the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Wace, Dean Farrar, Dr. Wright, Professor Moule and others of recognised weight, will command respect from all but hot partisans, even if their conclusions are not accepted. We may be excused for practically confining our attention here to one essay, partly because it is from the pen of an Essex man of deservedly high reputation, and partly because it deals with what is, to most of us, a problem of the highest importance for the practical man. This is the essay on "The Catholic Church," by the Rev. R. E. Bartlett, sometime Bampton Lecturer in the University of Oxford.

As one might have expected from such a source, the historical introduction is done in scholarly fashion. Facts are stated with dispassionate fairness, no attempt being made to gloss over the ugly blows that the church itself dealt at her own unity, and it is with the liveliest interest that the reader who has followed the historical and critical sketch so far listens to the author's own questions, "In the face of all this ecclesiastical division and confusion, what construction are we to put upon the words of the creed, 'I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church?' In what consists the unity of the Church? In what its Catholicity? And in what its Apostolicity?" Here truly are the rocks of stumbling; we read on with keen desire to know how Mr. Bartlett will make it possible to repeat those words with any meaning, after his own statement of the case. One's mind jumps to that most notable rock of all, Apostolical succession. On this we have so often come to grief, having to face the difficulty of accounting for all those earnest and sincere men and women who cannot be denied the name of Christian, yet are wholly intractable to bishops. This Mr. Bartlett sees clearly.

"This definition would of course exclude the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and the Continent, the Nonconformist Churches of England, and also the great non-Episcopal communions of the United States and the British Colonies, which largely outnumber the episcopal churches in those lands." But it is worse than that. There is not only quantity but quality to be taken into account. "It cuts us off by an impassable barrier from the most intelligent and progressive and active Christian Communities which have everything but Episcopacy in common with ourselves." Clearly, then, though Episcopacy is dear to the author as a good churchman, its excellence does not lie in its power of exclusion but in its positive uses. We must look farther. Take then the Westminster Confession, which speaks of "the whole number of the elect that have been, are, or shall be gathered into one, under Christ, the head thereof, &c." The objection to this is that there is no existing Church which satisfies this definition, not even the purest. But it may point us to the solution. The real Holy Catholic Church is the Divine Ideal, not the imperfect actual, nor a select number of persons known to God alone amidst the members of the Church visible. It is the church as it ought to be that we are required to believe in, as a first and necessary step by which to make it actual. "The statement of the Creed keeps before us the perfect heavenly ideal, not the imperfect reality; and it would be a poor religion of which the theory was not higher than the fact." One would have been grateful to Mr. Bartlett if he had developed his position a little more here, in the direction of showing that the ideal is the veritable real, that the actual, in so far as it is imperfect and contains elements of the false, is in the truest sense so far unreal. We need this old Platonic position to be vigorously restated in modern terms.

But after all there is a hardness of fact about the actual that refuses to be ignored in the present, and will not be altogether fobbed off with an ideal. Taking the church as it is, what is it that constitutes its unity? In other words, whom are we to recognise as fellow Christians, and by what test or standard may we know them? Church government obviously will not do, even for those who think that the Episcopacy is the one divine institution for the church. "It is a very unreal unity

which bases itself on an Episcopacy of which the majority flouts and disowns the minority." Nor are all the laborious efforts to find a common creed of any use. All such efforts have proved and must prove vain. But, as this writer reminds us, the Founder of our Faith gave us himself a simple principle of unity, and it is strange that men should have sought for any other. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." The practical allegiance that results in obedience, according to the light within us, is the one real bond of the Church. That light may be varied as the rays of the spectrum are varied by the media through which they pass. No one man, no one organization, no one creed can express the whole Truth of God. But united in the common faith, which is not so much creed as the belief that impels to action, these various rays can be gathered up in a beam which will grow whiter and stronger until the Holy Catholic Church shines out without spot or wrinkle. In this position of Mr. Bartlett's we heartily concur and wish that it may be read and digested by many, Established and Free Churchmen alike.

A Summary of the Services of the Essex Regiment, from 1741 to 1899. Compiled by Captain L. R. CARLETON. Pp. 62. Devonport (A. H. Swiss, 1899). Price 8d. (post free).

Captain Carleton has compiled this handy little resumé of the records of his regiment, which, just as thirty officers, one warrant officer, and 1,084 non-commissioned officers and men of the First Essex are proceeding to South Africa in the transport *Greek*, makes its appearance very appositely.

As an introductory note states, it is not intended that this summary should in any way take the place of the *Historical Records of the 44th Regiment*, which, however, only extend to 1881, when the "Little Fighting Fours" gave place to the Essex Regiment, which now comprises two line battalions, two militia battalions, and four volunteer battalions.

An enumeration of the war services occupies two pages. Then the services of the 44th Regiment and the First Battalion Essex Regiment, the 56th Regiment and the Second Battalion Essex Regiment are chronologically and concisely epitomised. These are followed by the roll of colonels and commanding officers, and a copy of the memorial inscription in

Alverstoke Church to the memory of the 22 officers and 645 men who perished in the disastrous Afghan war of 1841—1842.

This excellent little book concludes with a tabular list, occupying four pages, giving the countries and years in which the two battalions have served. Without extracting the whole, it is difficult to give any account of the two regiments territorially connected with our county, but in our next number we shall hope to publish an illustrated article on "The Essex," and trust to be able to record added lustre to their already brilliant roll of previous war services. It may be well to remind our readers that the 44th Regiment was raised 7th January, 1741, and the 56th on 26th December, 1755; these regiments respectively becoming the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Essex Regiment on 1st July, 1881. As we go to press, we learn that Captain Carleton is appointed Brigade-Major on the Staff of the Seventh Division, which will sail for South Africa early in January.

The *Nineteenth Century* for December contains an interesting article by Mr. J. Horace Round, entitled "Cromwell and the Electorate." It is no less surprising than pleasant to find Mr. Round for once deserting his accustomed early periods, and plunging heartily into so comparatively modern a century as the seventeenth.

Taking the town of Colchester, and the transactions as he reads them narrated in its Borough archives, as a typical example, he essays to show that Cromwell, "the traditional opponent of tyranny," out-did even Charles the Second in arbitrary methods. In Colchester, Mr. Round says, the puritan party were in a minority, the revulsion in 1653-5, against Cromwell and his military government strong. But the former succeeded in obtaining from Cromwell a new Charter, under which, Mr. Round tells us, more than a third of the older governing body were evicted, and two borough members, both friendly to Cromwell, were immediately returned to Parliament. A plea against the old charter was that "too great a power is given to the people." Mr. Round's arguments are somewhat novel, and his paper will certainly attract attention. He loves to be in opposition, and the fact that he here arraigns every living authority upon the history of Cromwell must be a joy to him. Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Mr. C. H. Firth, Lord Rosebery,

John Morley—he has something to say to all. "The facts that Nonconformists are so largely radical, and that Cromwell is the greatest champion whom Nonconformity has produced, are doubtless responsible between them for the strange and persistent delusion that Cromwell was a champion of Radical ideas. . . . I hold that the sheer despotism of Cromwell exceeded anything attempted even by Charles the First. For Charles ruled his people without a regiment to support him, while Oliver could only keep the English people in subjection by means of a standing army 50,000 strong."

Mr. Round will part issue with most of his readers when he goes on to draw a parallel between the "despot of Pretoria" and Cromwell, "two grim Calvinists invoking alike the God of Battles." Mr. Kruger "fighting for freedom to keep the Uitlanders beneath his heel," and regarding his Kaffirs as "existent mainly for the purpose of being hewn by him in pieces before the Lord," at this dawn of the 20th century is a spectacle of deterred civilization and arrested intellectual growth such as finds no parallel even under Cromwell and his Ironsides. If, as Mr. Round says, Cromwell "purged alike the electorate and the commons of those who dared to oppose his will," then it was because his will was on the side of justice and freedom. But Mr. Round tells us that it was from self-deception, and because he had reached at last the inevitable point when for him the enemies of Cromwell had become the enemies of God.

Although the charter granted by Cromwell to Colchester is lost, its substance, Mr. Round finds, was substantially this. "That Cromwell should himself nominate a fresh Corporation; that this Corporation should elect the mayor and other officers, wholly excluding the burgesses from any voice in the matter; that if there were a vacancy it should be filled up by co-optation among themselves; and lastly that this packed Corporation should elect the members for the borough. A plan so simple, yet so perfect, is enough to make Mr. Kruger and his friends turn green with envy. For by no possibility under this system, could the people have any voice in the election of their 'representatives.' Charles the First had given them power: it was Cromwell whe took it away."

These conclusions, as before noticed, are based upon the writer's intimate knowledge of the borough records, and his well-

known assiduity in the investigation of State papers. It may be that after all, the conduct of affairs in Colchester is no basis from which to evolve a general principle. The article should, at any rate, have the effect of producing a rejoinder from one or other of the men who know Cromwell best, and who may re-adjust our startled prejudices. Oliver as a conservative despot rings strangely in our ears.

The adventure of the rector of FOULNESS ISLAND, so graphically described in another portion of our issue, reminds us that the enterprising paper, *The Daily Mail*, not long ago issued in its "Daily Magazine" an article on the same seaboard. Under the rather "catchy" title of "Middle Swin Street, Essex: The Best Lighted Thoroughfare in the World," some anonymous writer describes the entrance to the Thames, and the many light ships and other stationary lights which illuminate this great high road of the sea, up and down which so much of the traffic of the world passes. Mr. Marsh, in his perilous walk from Shoeburyness, might well be confused in the darkness by the number of lights, well as he knows the coast, if, as this writer claims, the Swin Deep is "if anything even more brilliantly illuminated than Regent Street." Allowing however for a picturesque figure of speech, useful enough in its way as contrast, it must be confessed that the lights are many. Starting with the red light at the pier head at Southend, the voyager soon sights the famous Nore lightship, one of the best known around our coasts. It shows a white light and revolves every half-minute. The Mouse comes next in view, with the green light which so puzzled Mr. Marsh, by borrowing from the fog a yellow tint. This is visible on a clear night for exactly ten miles, and revolves every twenty seconds. It possesses a powerful organ, in a fog horn blown by compressed air, and said to own the most unpleasant voice in the whole channel. The Mouse also is a lightship. The Maplin, or as Mr. Marsh has it, the Swin light is situated on the edge of the dangerous sand-bank known as the Maplin Sands. This shoal is dry at low water, and extends for a distance of seventeen miles along the coast between Shoeburyness and the Island, off whose Eastern shore, another sand-bank known as Foulness Sands, continues the environment of the Essex coast. The shifting surface of these sands offering no ground for the erection of solid masonry, the famous Maplin

Light has been built upon an enormous erection of piles. It is a conspicuous object in "Swin Street," for it appears to rise straight out of the sea. Its red rays are obscured every half-minute by a revolution of the shutter.

Beside these principal lights, the channel is brilliantly illuminated by a number of smaller luminaries, which are placed upon the floating buoys that mark out the various safe passages for ships. These burn night and day, and the light is produced by ordinary gas. The great buoys are some of them ten or fifteen feet out of the water, and, being hollow, are filled with gas, which burns in a large lamp at the top. A curious slow-moving craft, with a great tank upon her deck, may be often observed making her way from buoy to buoy by the voyager down channel; this is the gas boat replenishing their stores, and she may well be called the lamp-lighter of the sea.

Altogether this channel leading along beside the coast of our county to the great metropolis and mart of the world, is no representative of the darkness, the loneliness, and the melancholy of the unknown sea. There are many lights to guide the mariner, and, as this writer remarks, every foot of it it surveyed and marked down in charts for his direction.

The Rev. J. W. KENWORTHY, the accomplished vicar of Braintree, has written *A Brief History of Braintree Parish Church* (8pp. C. Joscelyne, Braintree. Price 1d.) to give his parishioners an added interest in their fine church by shortly putting before them its historical associations, to commemorate the 700th anniversary of its foundation. This, in his opinion, dates from Michaelmas, 1199, instead of 1349, as given by all our Essex historians. He alludes to the enlargement of the church during the prosperous time of the early years of Henry VIII. and to the many alterations and improvements in the restoration started by Mr. Browne in 1852, concluding with the improvements and additions made during his own incumbency. Two new bells were hung in the steeple last year. Of these the vicar prints in his pages the inscriptions, while remarking "the history of the bells would form a subject of itself." The pamphlet, in his own words, is "intended as a memorial to future generations of the past and present history of Braintree Church."

Yours, my dear Sir,
Very faithfully yours,
Horace Wright

THE

ESSEX REVIEW:

A Quarterly Journal for the County.

No. 34.] APRIL, 1900. [VOL. IX.

HISTORIANS OF ESSEX.

VIII.—THOMAS WRIGHT.

BY EDWARD A. FITCH.

THOMAS WRIGHT was born at Tenbury, on the Shropshire border of Worcestershire, in 1810. So said the late Mr. Joseph Clarke, of Saffron Walden, upon his own authority,* but the vicar, Rev. William Nicolas George Eliot, writes me that his name does not occur in the register of baptisms.

From his grandfather's *Autobiography of Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw, 1736-1797*, which Wright edited in 1864, it appears that the family had long been settled at Bradford, Yorkshire, engaged in cloth dressing and other processes of woollen manufacture, and owners of several farms and small estates. Thomas Wright, great-great-grandfather of the historian, some time kept the Bowling Green Inn in Bradford, where his son, John Wright, was born. John died, aged thirty, about 1740, when Thomas his son, the author of this manuscript, was left an orphan boy. He also engaged in the manufacture of broadcloth, and soon became inspector for the Gomersall district. Thomas, the historian's father, born in 1771, was his eldest son by a run-a-way marriage, accomplished at Haddington, to Lydia Birkhead, a young lady of nineteen, whose family being strict Presbyterians, disapproved of Wright's connection with the Methodists. To Fletcher of Madeley and other Wesleyans of the district he had been profoundly attracted.

The Scottish marriage did not prove a happy one; the grandfather, however, was not deterred from making a second

*C. Roach Smith's *Collectanea Antiqua*, vii. 245 (1878-1880.)

matrimonial venture, this time with a bride of fifteen. His residence, a substantial farm house, named Lower Blacup, is pictured in a frontispiece to the *Autobiography*, as it was in 1863. It is situated in the hamlet of Birkenshaw, and the parish of Birstall—about five miles from Bradford, and seven from Leeds.

The historian's father, after leaving school, was apprenticed to John and George Nicholson, booksellers and printers, at Bradford. From them, it appears, he derived deistic tendencies, which, combined with an unfortunate affair in his private history, caused his grandfather Birkhead, whose natural heir he was, to cut him out of his will. In 1795 he engaged in business in Leeds. This proved disastrous; he left the neighbourhood and, perhaps after one or two intermediate engagements, became employed in the bookselling and printing establishment of Messrs. Proctor and James, Broad Street, Ludlow.

Here he wrote *The History and Antiquities of Ludlow* (2nd edition, 1826).

The topography of this part of Shropshire was further elucidated by his son's *History of Ludlow and its Neighbourhood, forming a popular Sketch of the History of the Welsh Border* (part i., 1841*; part ii., 1852); "*Our Town*," *a lecture delivered at Ludlow* (1860); *Ludlow Sketches, a series of papers on the Scenery and Antiquities of Ludlow and its Neighbourhood* (1867); and by his editing for the Camden Society (1869), the *Churchwardens' Accounts of the town of Ludlow, in Shropshire, from* 1550 *to the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

In the preface to his *History of Ludlow* (well illustrated, as were all his works when possible), Mr. Wright wrote under date Brompton, July, 1852, "The historical sketch comprised in the following pages was commenced some years ago with the desire of giving a popular account of the past condition of a district which is endeared to the writer as that in which he was born and in which he received his earlier education."

Wright became a pupil at Ludlow Grammar School. At a very early age he had shown an unusual precocity of talent in nearly every branch of learning and science, and thanks to the munificence of Mr. Hutchings, of Broad Street,

*This part was issued separately. In *The Archæologist* (edited by J. O. Halliwell, probably with Wright's assistance), vol. i. p. 185, December, 1841, Wright's *History of Ludlow* is referred to as "now in the course of publication," and it is reviewed at vol. ii. pp. 1-12, March, 1842, of the same publication.

Ludlow, was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1834, and M.A. in 1837. Coming of a literary stock, as we have seen, this ancestral propensity soon developed itself. While still an undergraduate, the career which he unremittingly pursued throughout his long life was commenced by frequent contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Literary Gazette*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and other periodicals. Soon after he entered college he was intrusted, by Mr. George Virtue, with the editorship of the *History of Essex*, one of a series of volumes projected by that firm and which opened with W. H. Ireland's *History of Kent*. The *History and Topography of Essex* was commenced in 1831, and completed in 1835. Wright's well-known volume on the mediæval legends of Purgatory (not published until 1844) was also written while he was an undergraduate.

At this early age, too, Wright must have been very advanced in the study of Anglo-Saxon grammar and literature, as one of his college friends, the eminent Saxon scholar, Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, in the preface to his translation of the epic poem of *Beowulf* (1835-7), pays him a high compliment. This bent was followed up in his *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, published under the superintendence of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, of which the volume treating of the Anglo-Saxon period was published in 1842, and that of the Anglo-Norman period in 1846. His *Anecdota Literaria*, treating of the thirteenth century, appeared in 1844, and *Essays on the Subject connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages*, in 1846. These works certainly gave the most comprehensive and connected history of the literature of those early periods.

In 1836, Wright settled in London and continued his historical researches with more activity than ever. In 1837 he was elected F.S.A., but, unfortunately, was "amoved" about two years before his death, after a fellowship of nearly forty years. In the following year, his first important work, *Queen Elizabeth and Her Times* (2 vols. 8vo.), was published.

Many popular historical and antiquarian papers issued abundantly from his pen, and these contributed largely to form the taste for archæological pursuits which he helped to foster by becoming one of the founders of the Camden (for the publication

of early historical and literary remains), Percy (for the republication of the ancient poetry of our country), and Shakespeare Societies. Of the Camden Society, founded in 1838, he was for some years honorary secretary. In 1844, he and Mr. Roach Smith founded the British Archæological Association, and he continued for several years to edit its journal, and to act as foreign secretary. His *Archæological Album*, the *causa belli* in the Association, was published in 1845. He contributed largely to *Archæologia*, and the first volume of the *Archæological Journal* (1845) contained seven articles and six exhaustive notices of new publications from his pen. His friendship with Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps, commenced at Cambridge; they conjointly edited *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (1841) and a new edition of *Nares' Glossary* (1876). In the preface to his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, the exact number of which is 51,027, Mr. Halliwell wrote in 1847:—

But my chief obligations are due to Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., whose suggestions on nearly every sheet of this work, as it was passing through the press, have been of the greatest advantage, and whose profound knowledge of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman has frequently been of essential service when the ordinary guides had been ineffectually consulted.

As an aid to the versatility of his genius, Wright's capacity for languages was great. He had married a French lady, and François P. G. Guizot, the celebrated French historian and statesman, author of *Critical Notes upon Shakespeare*, was his neighbour at Brompton. They became acquainted, and, owing to his friend's influence Wright was, in 1842, upon the death of the Earl of Munster, elected a corresponding member of the Imperial Institute of France. He was one of the youngest men to attain this grand European blue ribbon of literature and science. He was also elected a member of the "Comité des Arts et Monuments." These distinctions brought him into active alliance with some of the first literary men of Paris, and in 1865 he was entrusted with the translation into English of the Emperor Napoleon's *History of Julius Cæsar*. These two thick octavo volumes were translated with extraordinary rapidity, but the work was done remarkably well; it is said that in one day he passed two sheets (thirty-two pages) through the press.

Thomas Wright's life was one of incessant literary labour; his universal and continued activity make it impossible to enumerate here all the works and papers that have issued from his pen.

The published works exceed one hundred in number. In the British Museum Catalogue there are 129 separate entries, extending over seven pages. The most complete published list of his works is to be found in Allibone's *Critical Dictionary of English Literature*, an American publication. As Mr. Roach Smith observes, this was probably supplied by Wright himself, and it is especially noticeable that the *History of Essex* is not included either in the third volume, or in the *Supplement*. We owe to him the best text of our ancient poets; important volumes of ancient vocabularies; extensive histories of Ireland, Scotland, and France; beside the best elementary treatise on the early antiquities of this island, *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon* (1852; second revised ed. 1861; fourth ed. 1885). This is still the ablest, most readable, and best illustrated book on British archæology.

Wright's *Essays on Archæological Subjects*, 2 vols. (1861); *History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages* (1862); *History of Caricature* (1865); *Wanderings of an Antiquary* (1854); *Guide to the ruins of the Roman city of Uriconium, at Wroxeter* (1859), and the account of his antiquarian explorations elsewhere are well known. He compiled several volumes at the request, and at the exclusive cost, of Mr. Joseph Mayer, a name familiar to all archæologists, to whose liberality he was ever ready to avow his obligations. Very many well-known writers were under serious obligations to the researches, both literary and antiquarian, of Thomas Wright; but without now going into these details it is difficult to say which should be most admired—the marvellous extent of his published works, or the ability with which they are distinguished.

Thomas Wright died after a long and wasting illness at his house in Chelsea, on December 23rd, 1877, and was buried at Brompton cemetery on December 29th. His widow was buried in the same grave on February 10th, 1883. As to the man himself, I will quote only two of his old friends whose names will be known to all.

The late Mr. C. Roach Smith became acquainted with him at the Society of Antiquaries' meetings, Wright being slightly the senior member; their close friendship lasted until Wright's death. He wrote:—*

Wright's physical strength and buoyant spirits helped him to make some long pedestrian excursions; and several of his more popular works are the result

Collectanea Antiqua, vol. vii. pp. 244-255 (1878-1880).

of personal observations. When the vast amount of his successful literary labours is considered, as well as the time they consumed in close research and confinement, it is remarkable that he should have been able to accomplish so much in the open field as a relaxation. His assiduity and perseverance were extraordinary. He was seldom in bed after three or four o'clock in the summer, and five or six in the winter, and worked all day with only slight intervals at meals. The *Wanderings of an Antiquary* will show how he turned relaxation to literary profit; *Uriconium* sprang from his excavations at Wroxeter. It was for the *Archæological Album* he and Fairholt visited Richborough and Reculver.*

When the over-worked mind could no longer guide the pen, and when a reduced income came with bodily afflictions demanding increased comforts and attention, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was the first to render substantial and permanent aid; and that, too, in a quiet earnest manner, such as seems inseparable from high and noble minds. In those years of decline came also Dillon Croker, to his father's friend and his own, and made himself an almost daily companion. These are, indeed, the true and pure works which alone stand by and never desert us.

Men who have thus devoted a long life towards raising the intellectual and moral standard of society claim substantial recognition from their country. To Mr. Gladstone, I believe, is due a pension he received, I think not for many years, but he had no other resources beyond those of his pen, always fluctuating and precarious; and a man who thus works is debarred from almost all other advantages. It was not to be wondered at that at his death, Mr. Wright left his widow unprovided for.

Wright's friendship with Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt dated from 1844, when the British Archæological Association was founded, and remained unbroken to the last. The editor, in an article on "Some departed Contributors and literary Friends,"† thus writes :—

"As a man Thomas Wright was one of the most kindly, genial, honourable, and straightforward of any. Light-hearted and buoyant in spirits when in company (and no one was more the 'life' of a party than he was in the earlier days of our friendship); grave and clear in discussions on literary and antiquarian subjects; fluent in language and pleasing in address; and of perfectly gentlemanly bearing in all things. He was a man to be respected, sought for, revered, and loved. Added to this, Thomas Wright was one of the best of correspondents, and his letters, written in his exceedingly small, neat, clear hand—so small that in "copy" for the printers his writing occupied far less space than when put into type—of which I have preserved a considerable number, are full of information and of friendly kindliness."

Mr. Ouvry, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, bore a high testimony to "the unwearied industry, the learning, ability and research which his works exhibit, and which unquestionably place Mr. Wright among the foremost literary antiquaries of his day."‡

The frontispiece to this number is from a portrait engraved

Loc. cit. pp. 254-5. †*Reliquary*, vol. xviii., pp. 225-7; April, 1878. ‡*Proc. Soc. Ant.*, vii. 385.

by Daniel J. Pound, and published in the *Drawing Room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages* (2nd series, 1859), a publication presented with the *Illustrated News of the World*. The autograph is from a letter in my possession.

I have also letters from Wright to Mr. Joseph Clarke, of Saffron Walden, and Colonel W. J. Lucas, of Witham. In an obituary notice by "an old F.S.A." (*Notes and Queries*, 5th ser. viii. 520) it is stated that in *Fraser's Magazine* is a characteristic portrait of him as a young man, by Maclise. I have searched the eighty volumes of the first series, but failed to find it, unless it be included in the group of "the Fraserians" or of "the F.S.A.s."

The marble bust by Joseph Durham, R.A. (1814-1877), which is said to be an excellent likeness, was purchased of Mrs. Wright by subscription, and is now placed in the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House.

The object of Wright's *History of Essex* is thus set forth in the preface :—

> In the present Work our object has been to supply to the people of Essex a complete and modern History of their County. The only history of Essex which enjoyed any degree of reputation was that of Morant—a reputation by no means undeserved: but it is now an old book; a long chapter of the manorial history has passed over since it was published; many things are changed, and many are changing; and, in not a few instances, Morant himself is in error, and his accounts incomplete. Such being the case, it was not probable that the want of a New History should have been supplied by a bare reprint of Morant, without any additions or corrections.
>
> Generally speaking, in the manorial history, we have taken Morant's account as the foundation of our own, correcting his statements, and continuing the history, whenever our own researches, and the kindness of the gentlemen of Essex, has enabled us to do so. To ensure the accuracy of our descriptions—a point in which Morant is peculiarly deficient—the county has been personally visited, and its beauties and peculiarities noted down. The statistics have been given, in every instance, from the best and latest reports.

These necessary additions to Morant were kept in view throughout, and the topographical, historical, and biographical information contained in Wright's work is a distinct gain, while the full manorial history contained in Morant is faithfully epitomised. Undoubtedly, for general use, Wright's, with its many excellent engravings, is the best history of the county that we have.

It was originally published in forty-eight parts, issued monthly, commencing in 1831, each part containing at first thirty-two pages

of letterpress and two engravings. The price was 2s.; if with the plates on India paper, 3s. The style of the wrapper of the first twelve parts was thus :—

☞ The Bearer is authorised to receive Subscribers' Names; and, as the Orders will be served in rotation, as received, early applications will have the advantage of being supplied with the finest Impressions.

PART III. *Price 2s.*

"WHO WOULD BE WITHOUT A HISTORY OF THEIR COUNTRY.—FRANKLIN."

THE

HISTORY & TOPOGRAPHY

OF

THE COUNTY OF ESSEX:

COMPRISING ITS

Ancient and Modern History,

INCLUDING CIRCUMSTANTIALLY THE WHOLE OF THE WORK OF THE LEARNED MORANT AND ALL OTHER ESTEEMED WRITERS ON THE SUBJECT, AND A CAREFUL CORRECTION OF ERRONEOUS STATEMENTS;

A GENERAL VIEW OF ITS PHYSICAL CHARACTER,

ITS PRODUCTIONS,

AGRICULTURAL CONDITION AND STATISTICS:

INTERESTING BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNTS OF ALL THE GREAT MEN AND CELEBRATED PHILOSOPHERS, WHO WERE NATIVES, OR HAVE BEEN IMMEDIATELY CONNECTED WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT TRANSACTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

AND A TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION FROM AN ACTUAL SURVEY.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ.,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNTY.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A SERIES OF VIEWS,

ENGRAVED ON STEEL,

In the Best style of the Art, by Messrs. H. ADLARD, H. WALLIS, J. ROGERS, &c, &c

From origina Drawings, taken on the spot,

By Messrs. G. ARNOLD, A. R. A., BARTLETT, CAMPION, &c., &c.

London:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE;

And delivered at Subscribers' Houses, Free of any additional Expense

1831.

This plain title was altered, in part 13 and subsequently, to the following, enclosed in a frame with ornamental corners:—

PART 44. *Price* 2*s.*

THE

HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY

OF

THE COUNTY OF ESSEX:

COMPRISING ITS

Ancient and Modern History,

A GENERAL VIEW OF ITS PHYSICAL CHARACTER, ITS PRODUCTIONS, AGRICULTURAL CONDITION, AND STATISTICS: AND A TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION FROM AN ACTUAL SURVEY.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ.,

Of Trinity College, Cambridge, assisted by several Literary Gentlemen of the County.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A SERIES OF VIEWS, ENGRAVED ON STEEL,

In the best style of the Art, by Messrs. H. ADLARD, H. WALLIS, J. ROGERS, &c., &c. From Original Drawings, taken on the Spot, by Messrs. G. ARNOLD, A.R.A., BARTLETT, CAMPION, &c., &c.

London:

PUBLISHED BY G. VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW,

AND DELIVERED AT SUBSCRIBERS' HOUSES, FREE OF ANY ADDITIONAL EXPENSE.

1832.

☞ The Bearer is authorised to received Subscribers' Names; and, as the Orders will be served in rotation, as received, early applications will have the advantage of being supplied with the finest impressions.

The publication was continued until 1836, although the date on the wrappers of the last parts was still 1832; nearly all the plates are dated, the dates ranging from 1831 to 1842 (Faulkbourn Hall in vol. i, and Harwich in vol. ii.), but these do not

seem to have been uniform, as I have met with plates of Faulkbourn Hall with three different letterings, viz., "Faulkborne Hall," and "Folkbourne Hall," both dated 1831, and the one dated 1842.

The publication was apparently irregular, as in some parts the number is overprinted, and the notice referring to receipt of subscriptions by bearer is sometimes omitted. This notice seems to infer that the publication was sold largely through travelling agents.

The list of subscribers is printed on the last page of the wrapper of several parts, being continued at intervals. It does not appear to be complete and in many respects does not agree with the final list.

Of Wright's *Essex*, Mr. Edward Walford wrote* :—"Like all his other works, it exhibits great care and patient research; but he laboured under the disadvantage of having no connection with the county, and therefore felt no enthusiasm in his subject; the work, therefore, fell somewhat dead from the press."

This latter statement does not accord with what is said on a slip which I find in part 36, but being loose, it may not have been issued with that part. It reads:—

The very extensive and distinguished patronage which "WRIGHT'S HISTORY OF ESSEX" has obtained from the NOBILITY, CLERGY, and GENTRY of the County demands the most grateful thanks of the PUBLISHER, who begs also to acknowledge his obligations for the valuable information which the kindness of his Patrons has supplied, and which he will at all times feel most thankful to receive.

Of the eminent success of the Work (to which nearly all the respectable names in the County have already subscribed), and the Publisher's anxious desire to render it worthy of the patronage it has received, the best proof that can be given is the EXTRA PLATE which he this month presents to the Subscribers, and the hope which is confidently entertained that, in a short time, he shall be enabled to give THREE Engravings, of equal beauty, instead of two, in each Part.

Mr. Capel Hanbury, secretary to Messrs. H. Virtue and Co., has endeavoured to ascertain for me the number of copies printed, and who obtained the local information for the editor, but without success; the publication ledgers of the old firm having been destroyed some years ago.

The complete work, of which there must have been a considerable number issued, comprises two demy 4to. volumes. Vol. i., engraved title (Harwich Lighthouse), pp. i.-iv., 1-696;

**Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*, vol. i., p. 74, February, 1882.

(map coloured in Hundreds), 35 plates. Vol. ii., engraved title (Hedingham Castle), pp. 1-836 ; 65 plates.

Eighty-four of the plates are by W. H. Bartlett, eight (Witham, Dedham, Romford, Waltham Abbey Church, Tilbury Fort, Southend, Maldon, Mistley and Hornchurch), by G. B. Campion; three (Dunmow Priory, Easton, the Eagle Snaresbrook), by T. M. Baynes ; two (Danbury Park, Wivenhoe Park), by T. Barber ; one (Harwich) by H. Warren; and two (Riffhams, Moyns) bear no name.

In some cases, the map is uncoloured, and occasionally two title pages dated 1836 or 1842 may be found. In volume i., after the Preface, some copies contain a list of subscribers (895 names), pp. i.-viii.*

The Introduction of seventy pages, published first, is a masterpiece from so young a man, and the whole history more so if, as I have been informed on excellent authority, the editor (with the exception, perhaps, of short excursions from Cambridge) only visited the county once in his life. If it be so, this visit is referred to quite towards the end of his work (*History of Essex*, ii., 816*n*) :—" When the Editor was at Harwich last year, he learnt that the mail-packet had been taken away from Harwich, but that the people there were in some hopes of having it restored. The town had suffered much by the removal of the mail."

The publication was brought well up to date, as at vol. i., p. 76, are references to the county election in 1830, and to the publication of the well-known pamphlet referring thereto. The population of the county at the 1821 census, and the number of freehold voters in 1830, is given at vol. i., p. 26. The population of the 1821 census is given up to the end of all the parishes of Colchester (*cf.* vol. i., pp. 356-7), then on p. 360 is a comparative table giving the population of the 1831 census, and onwards from there the 1831 figures are used as well as those of 1821.

*Mr. Miller Christy has the following slip in his copy :—The Proprietors of the *History of Essex* take the present opportunity of offering their most sincere thanks to the numerous Subscribers to that Work for the high patronage with which they have honoured it, and request that those who are desirous of having their names inserted in the list of Subscribers to be printed at its conclusion will favour them with their name and address, which may be given to the person who delivers the Parts. They also beg to apologise for having been obliged to extend the Work to a few Parts more than Forty, the quantity at first proposed, and trust that the interesting and valuable additional information which has been so freely and liberally communicated by gentlemen resident in the county will be a sufficient excuse for this alteration in the original plan. Any information relating to the Hundreds not yet printed will still be thankfully received.—Ivy Lane, June 30, 1834.

Also a later slip, dated September, 1835, having special reference to binding the Parts.

There is no list of the ecclesiastical benefices of Chelmsford Hundred, as of all the others. The notes in volume i. are mostly records of arms; there are more for Hinckford Hundred, but in parts of volume ii. they become very voluminous, even exceeding the text.

I have been unable to find out who procured the topographical information for this work, unless it was Mr. Bartlett, whose name appears prominently on the title page, when he was making the original drawings.

Salmon, Morant, and Symonds' collections are frequently quoted; other assistance is acknowledged in the Preface:—

> We cannot feel too deeply the liberality and kindness which has been every where shown towards us by the gentlemen of the county of Essex during the progress of our undertaking. Among those to whom we are under more especial obligations are:—The Rev. Charles Fisher, Ovington (*cf.* i. 623 *n.*); the Rev. E. W. Mathew, vicar of Coggeshall (*cf.* i. 569 *n.*); John Nicholls, Esq., Islington; Thomas Walford, Esq., Harsted Hall (*cf.* i. 623 *n.*); the Rev. R. L. Page, Pantfield; the Rev. Thomas Gee, Thaxted (*cf.* ii. 245, Jee); W. W. Francis, Esq., Solicitor, Colchester; the Rev. H. Stewart, Bumsted Steeple (*cf.* i. 638 *n.*); Francis Bannester, Esq., Maldon; the Rev. W. Myall, Finchingfield (*cf.* ii. 87); the Rev. H. Soames, Shelley (*cf.* ii. 357); George Shaw, Esq., Solicitor, Billericay; and the Rev. J. Wilkinson, of Audley End (*cf.* ii. 126), to whom we owe our history of Saffron Walden.

In addition the Editor gratefully acknowledges obligations to T. Perry, Esq., of Moor Hall (ii. 293); the Rev. Edward R. Earle, of Moreton (ii. 354); to G. W. Johnson's *History of Great Totham* (ii. 701). A full use of John Morley's papers was made in writing Hinckford Hundred (i. 539n., 541).

In the list of engravings, two are misplaced. In vol. ii. Beeleigh Abbey is placed to face p. 749 instead of p. 649, and the list is spelled "Belleigh or Billeigh." Layer Marney Hall is placed to face p. 796, instead of p. 726. Consequently, in most bound copies, these plates are wrongly placed. The indices are very faulty; I have noted some scores of additions and corrections.

SOME INTERESTING ESSEX BRASSES.

BY MILLER CHRISTY AND W. W. PORTEOUS.

THERE are, scattered up and down among our Essex Churches, nearly five hundred Monumental Brasses—a number which only one or two other counties are able to equal and none (with the possible exception of Norfolk) to excel.

Of this remarkably fine series, a considerable number have been already figured and described in these pages.* We have selected, for this purpose, those most likely to prove of general interest; and we trust that the further instalment of twelve here presented will be found of not less interest than those which have appeared before.

Although treated in order of date, the brasses chosen belong to widely different classes. Two represent priests—both of early date, but dissimilar in most other respects. Two are inscriptions merely—one of them to a lady who bore a quaint Puritan surname. The main interest of most of the others lies in the fact that they admirably portray not a few of the different styles of civilian costume (both male and female) which prevailed in England between the middle of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. Nowhere are the styles of dress and of armour which have been worn in the past so well portrayed as on Monumental Brasses.

One of the earliest and best of our ecclesiastical figures is that to Robert Fyn, at Little Easton. The exact date of the effigy is not known; for, though the inscription belonging to it remains, it is dateless; but, from information given hereafter, it may be inferred that the effigy belongs to about the year 1425. The priest is represented wearing the usual eucharistic vestments, with the very sharply-pointed shoes of the period. The inscription (which is in Latin) is of a curious rhyming character. It may be freely translated thus:—

In Northburgh was I born: Robert Fyn was I called:
Out of earth was I made: Back to earth am I returned:
O Christ, the intercessor, to Thee my spirit I commend.

*See *Essex Review*, vol. ii (1893), pp. 45-48 and 162-165; vol. iii (1894) pp. 119-131; vol. v. (1896), pp. 213-224; and vol. vii.(1898) pp. 31-50. Other similar articles by us have also appeared in the *Trans. Essex Archæol. Soc*, the *Reliquary and Ill. Archæologist* and the *Trans. Monumental Brass Society*. We may again repeat that we shall welcome any additional information our readers may be able to give us for use in *the Monumental Brasses of Essex*, a work upon which we have long been engaged.

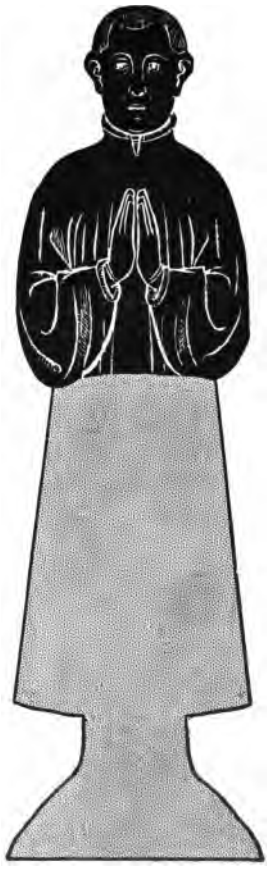
We do not know where Northburgh may be, unless it is the small parish so called in Northamptonshire. There is no town of the name in Essex. It appears from Newcourt* that Robert Fyn was presented to the vicarage of All Saints', Maldon, on some date after January 13th, 1369 (probably about the end of the century); that he was succeeded, on his resignation, on

BRASS TO ROBERT FYN, PRIEST, ABOUT 1425, AT LITTLE EASTON, ESSEX.

January 29th, 1395, by Alanus de Thame; and that, on the same day, he was presented to the rectory of Little Easton by the Lady Alianore Bourchier. The next recorded presentation to the rectory took place in 1431, perhaps on Fyn's death; but it is not improbable that Fyn died earlier and was succeeded by another rector (name unknown) who died about the year in question.

*_Repertorium_, ii. pp. 238 and 398.

At Blackmore, there remains a mutilated effigy of a civilian of about the year 1450, which has, we believe, never before been recorded or figured. It is not a half-effigy, as might be thought on a hasty glance, but the upper half of a whole effigy (originally about 21 inches in height), of which the lower half has disappeared, as has the inscription and also the companion (female) effigy which, doubtless, once accompanied it. It has been detached from its original slab and re-set in the cement which fills a larger matrix in another slab, now lying in the centre of the nave. The man is represented clean-shaven and his hair is close-cropped in a manner which suggests the wearing of a wig. His long gown (which extended, doubtless, to the level of his ankles) has extremely loose baggy sleeves, gathered at the wrists, and is not confined at the waist by a belt, as was usual. The cuffs and collar are narrowly fur-trimmed, as was, doubtless, the bottom edge of the garment. Except in the absence of the belt, the figure almost exactly resembles those of Richard Haddock and John Haddock (1453), at Leigh, near Southend. Another figure of somewhat the same type is that to William Lucas (about 1460) at Wenden Lofts. It is now quite impossible to name the person commemorated.

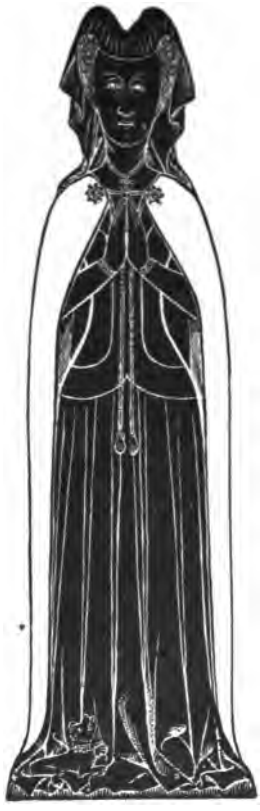


BRASS TO A CIVILIAN, ABOUT 1450, AT BLACKMORE.

An admirable representation of the dress of a lady of position in the middle of the fifteenth century is afforded by a large figure at Upminster. It represents Elizabeth Dencourt, who died about the year 1460, and is all that now remains of a once-fine brass which lay upon an altar tomb in what is known as the Gaynes chapel.* The

*The figure is now mural. A later inscription, now fixed below it, has, of course, no connection whatever with it.

inscription, which was in Latin, has long been lost, but Weever gives* a garbled version (noticed hereafter) of it as he read it in 1631. The effigy of the lady's husband (Roger Dencourt, who died 1455) remained in the Church till about the middle of the present century, when it is said† to have been sold to an itinerant tinker and lost. The lady is represented as wearing a highly-developed and much-ornamented form of the "horned" head-dress, which is covered by a kerchief, the hair being kept in position by a jewelled band. She is attired in a long, plain, tight-sleeved gown, falling upon the ground in ample folds, among which nestles a tiny lap-dog with a belled collar. Above this, the lady wears that very extraordinary garment, the sideless cote-hardi; and, over that again, she wears a long over-mantle, fastened across the breast by means of a cord which connects two jewelled clasps and has long pendant tasselled ends. The outer side of the mantle was once inlaid with white-metal or enamel to represent the heraldic bearings of the lady's family. A necklace, with jewelled pendant, encircles her neck. We learn from the imperfect copy of the inscription given by Weever, and from other sources, that Roger Dencourt (a son of Sir John Dencourt) married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry de la Felde, by whom he had the estate of Gaynes, in Upminster, on which he resided. His arms and those of his wife were to be seen, a century ago, in the windows of the Gaynes chapel.



BRASS TO ELIZABETH DENCOURT, ABOUT 1460, AT UPMINSTER.

The costumes of a well-to-do civilian and his wife of about the year 1470 are well illustrated by a brass at Hempstead. The

Funerall Monuments, p 651. †*Archæological Journal*, vol. xiii (1856), p. 182.

name of the persons commemorated is not known, as the inscription-plate belonging to them is lost. The man (19 inches high) has a clean-shaven face, and (if not represented as wearing a wig) has his hair cut very short in a remarkable manner. His gown is plain, but with fur-trimmed collar and cuffs; it is girt at the waist, but is slightly open down the front below the girdle. From this girdle is suspended, on the left side, either a sheathed knife or a pen-case—Haines thinks the latter—and, on the right side, a rosary of ten beads, having a loop at one end and a tassel at the other. His long pointed shoes are fastened

BRASS TO A CIVILIAN AND WIFE, ABOUT 1470, AT HEMPSTEAD.

in a peculiar manner over the instep. The lady (three-quarters of an inch shorter) wears a long gown, girt by a band just below the breast and falling in folds upon the ground. It is open down the front almost to the middle—widely so at the neck, where it is fur-trimmed and broadly turned back upon the shoulders, leaving an under-garment visible. She also wears the horned head-dress, over which is thrown a kerchief, its edges falling upon the shoulders.*

*A very similar figure is that representing Alice, wife Thomas Broke (1493), at Barking.

BRASS TO WILLIAM KYRKEBY, PRIEST, ABOUT 1458, AT THEYDON GERNON, ESSEX.

Our only ancient example of a priest wearing a cope—a semi-circular, cloak-like, outer vestment, always ornamented by a richly-embroidered pattern on its edges, and fastened across the front of the neck by a large metal clasp called a morse—is a large, fine, and well-preserved effigy (38 inches in height) at Theydon Gernon, which represents William Kyrkeby, a rector of the parish, who died in or about 1458.* It was formerly affixed to a slab which lay in the chancel; but, about the year 1815, the Rev. C. B. Abdy, then rector, had it removed and affixed to the inner north wall of the nave, very high up, together with one of the shields belonging to the composition and a brief inscription cut in stone, the original inscription having been long lost. In this position it still remains, and it is, in consequence, exceedingly difficult to rub. The design on the edge of the cope consists of bunches of foliage, of two patterns, many times repeated alternately, and is both bold and elegant. The shield bears: [*Azure*] *six lions rampart* [*or*], *two, three, and one; on a canton* [*of the last*], *a mullet of six points* [*gules*], for Kyrkeby. The Society of Antiquaries possesses an old rubbing, taken before the brass was torn up, showing another shield (of

*The very large effigy to Archbishop Harsnett (1631), at Chigwell, also represents an ecclesiastic wearing a cope; but this cannot be called ancient.

which only the lower half remained) bearing the same arms. Newcourt states* that a William Kyrkeby (doubtless the ecclesiastic here commemorated) became rector of St. John the Baptist, London, on August 1st 1433 (which living he resigned in July 1445); of Copford, Essex, on December 21st 1439 (which living he resigned in November 1440); and of North Fambridge and Theydon Gernon, both in Essex, on some date unknown, dying and being succeeded at North Fambridge on February 6th 1458, and at Theydon Gernon on January 31st 1458.

At Little Baddow, there is a Latin inscription—never before recorded, we believe—to William Toft, gentleman, who died November 29th, 1470, and was a member of the family from which the adjacent mansion still known as "Tofts" (now the property of Lord Rayleigh) took its name. Originally, no doubt,

BRASS INSCRIPTION TO WILLIAM TOFT, GENTLEMAN, 1470, AT LITTLE BADDOW, ESSEX.

there was an effigy also, but this has long been lost. The plate (measuring 20½ by 4 inches) has been affixed recently to a new slab, which lies in the central aisle of the nave, close up to the steps of the chancel. Its original position is not known. The inscription may be thus translated :—"Here lies William Toft, gentleman, who went the way of all flesh the last day but one of November in the year of our Lord 1470; upon whose soul may God have mercy. Amen." It is curious that, although the inscription is in Latin, William Toft is described in English as a "gentilman." The Toft family came into possession of the manor of "Tofts" about the year 1278 and held it until after the death of William Toft here mentioned, when his daughter (an only child) conveyed it by marriage to Thomas Smith, Esquire, of Rivenhall, whose descendants continued to hold it until the end of the sixteenth century.

*_Repertorium_, vol. i., p. 371, vol. ii. pp. 192, 252, and 584.

The costume worn by civilians in the reign of Henry VII. is well represented by a brass of about the year 1480, to the memory of a man, his wife, and nine children, which exists in the nave at Harlow. It lacks some of its parts, but what remains is in good condition, though poorly designed and wretchedly executed, as were most brasses laid down at that period. The

BRASS TO A CIVILIAN AND WIFE, ABOUT 1480, AT HARLOW, ESSEX.

man (17½ inches in height) is represented in a long, loose-sleeved gown, girt at the waist, and ugly broad-toed shoes. His cuffs are fur-trimmed. From his girdle hangs a rosary of twenty-two beads—nearly twice the usual number. The lady (half an inch less in height) also wears a long gown, girt at the waist, but with close-fitting sleeves. Her cuffs are also furred. The gown is

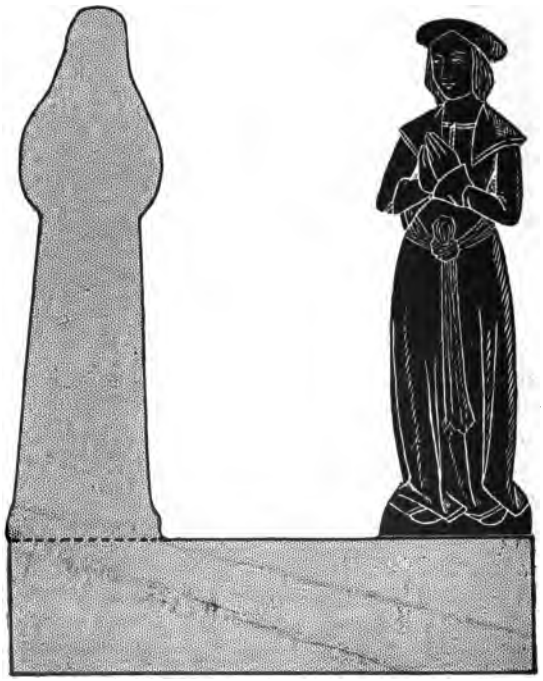
very low at the neck, which is encircled by a broad band, crossed on the chest in front. Her head-dress appears to be an early form of the pedimental. It is very inelegant and highly peculiar —unique, in fact, so far as Essex is concerned. The children—four sons and five daughters—are attired much as are their parents, but the sons lack the rosary and the fur-trimming on the cuffs, while the daughters wear a head-dress entirely different from that of their mother. It is noticeable that, although the principal figures are represented full-faced or affronté, the children are all shown with a half-turn—the sons to the left : the daughters to the right. In absence of the inscription, which is lost, one cannot say who the brass commemorates.

A brass to a maiden lady at Leyton presents certain curious features, though it is of insignificant size, of execrable workmanship, and much worn. It represents one Ursula Gasper, who is supposed to have died in 1493. It is now mural in the nave, but formerly lay in the chancel. The effigy (which is only 11 inches in height) represents the lady in a long low-necked gown, having close-fitting sleeves and large furred cuffs. Her hair (which is long and loose, as is usual in representations of unmarried ladies) hangs down her back in great profusion, nearly reaching her middle. The effigies of Constance Berners (1524), at Writtle, and—Beriffe (1525), at Brightlingsea, are, we believe, the only other instances in Essex in which a lady so represented forms one of the principal figures in a brass, though we have in the county many instances in which, in groups of daughters, those who were unmarried may be distinguished by their long loose hair. The figure is stiff and graceless, while the features are quite grotesquely ugly. The inscription is in very obscure Latin, but may be translated: "I am Ursula. I am the only daughter of Luke Gasper. Do thou, kind [Saint] Ursula, unite me to the choirs of virgins."

BRASS TO URSULA GASPER, 1493, AT LEYTON.

The date (1493) has been added in modern Arabic figures—probably from some external source of information.

We have elsewhere figured* examples from Elmdon and Saffron Walden of ladies of about the year 1530 attired in a curious and unusual costume which is seldom met with except in the vicinity of Cambridge, where the engraver or company of engravers who produced these brasses doubtless resided. We



BRASS (MUTILATED) TO WILLIAM AND AGNES HOLDEN, 1532, AT GREAT CHESTERFORD, ESSEX.

now figure another example (18 inches in height) from Great Chesterford, a parish which adjoins both the other two named above. The peculiarities of the not very elegant costume in question lie mainly in the curious tam-o'-shanter-like cap, the short tippet covering the shoulders, and the broad loosely-tied sash, probably of silk, encircling the waist. No one who

Trans. Essex Archæol. Soc., vol. vii., pp. 214 & 242.

compares the three examples indicated can doubt that all were executed by the same hand. They are practically alike in every detail, except that, in the Chesterford example, the left cuff is shown turned forward, instead of backward, and the sash is tied in a large bow, instead of being passed through the curious three-holed ornament which the other examples exhibit. The effigy (18½ inches in height) of the husband of the lady in question and the inscription are lost. The figures probably represent

BRASS TO MARGARET TUKE, WIDOW, AND FAMILY, 1590, AT TILTY, ESSEX.

William and Agnes Holden (1532) of "Holdens" (now destroyed) in this parish, to whom Weever says* an inscription remained in 1631.

The custom of representing in brass figures kneeling in an attitude of prayer came in during the reign of Elizabeth. A good example exists in the chancel at Tilty. It commemorates Margaret Tuke, a widow, who died in 1590, and her nine children. The lady is represented kneeling on a cushion before a desk on which is an open book. She wears the ordinary costume of a

Funerall Monuments, p. 624.

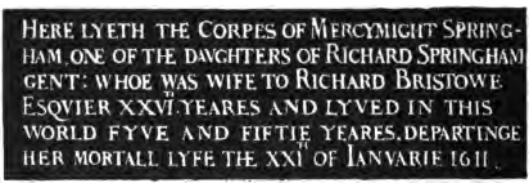
lady of the period—Paris bonnet, large neck-ruffle, and an over-gown, tied at the waist with a sash, below which it is open down the front, displaying the embroidered front of the under-gown. From her mouth proceeds a scroll bearing a Latin inscription which may be translated: "Christ to me is Life: Death to me is gain." Before her, in a group and kneeling upon cushions, are her three sons, represented as lads, all wearing doublet, knee-breeches, hose, and large clumsy-looking shoes, with short cloaks over all. Behind her, also in a group and kneeling upon cushions, are three daughters, all dressed exactly like their mother, except that they lack the veil and the embroidery upon the under-gown. Behind them, again, are the figures of three children who died in infancy—all daughters, probably, as they appear to wear the Paris bonnet. Standing in a row (as they do), swathed in bands from their shoulders to their feet, they have a very comical appearance, looking like chrysalises of some gigantic moth or like babies pickled in barrels from which their heads protrude! Single instances of infants similarly swathed occur, in Essex, at Aveley, Great Chesterford, and Stanford Rivers; but, except at Barking, we have no other group of them. The inscription is in English and is self-explanatory. Above the whole composition are three many-quartered escutcheons bearing the arms of Tuke, Morrice,* and eight or nine other allied families. Margaret Tuke was wife to George Tuke, Esquire, of Layer Marney, Essex (son of Sir Bryan Tuke, also of Layer Marney, secretary to Cardinal Wolsey), who died in 1573. After his death, she continued to reside at Layer Marney, where she had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth from the 1st to the 3rd of September 1597, during one of her Royal Progresses. Later (probably when her eldest son, Bryan, came of age), she removed to Tilty, where she died in 1590 (as stated in the inscription), having been a widow for seventeen years. The other sons (represented above) were named Thomas and Peter.

At Newport, near Saffron Walden, a large brass, still perfect in all its parts and in perfect preservation, admirably portrays the costume worn by both sexes at the beginning of the reign of James I. It represents Geoffrey Nightingale (one of the first Governors of the Charterhouse, London, and a member of a family once

*Mrs. Tuke was a daughter of William Morrice, of Chipping Ongar, Essex (vide *The Visitations of Essex*, *Harl. Soc. Publ.*, *xiii.*, pp. 256 and 508).

BRASS TO GEOFFREY NIGHTINGALE AND HIS WIFE, KATHERINE, 1608, AT NEWPORT, ESSEX.

prominent at Newport) and his wife Katherine (daughter and heir of John (?) Clomp),* the latter of whom died on November 9th 1608, aged 54. Both effigies are undoubtedly intended for actual portraits of the persons represented, as was customary on brasses of the period. The man (26½ inches in height) is shown bare-headed, with beard and moustache. He wears a small neck-ruffle and a capacious over-gown, with large spirally-shaped false-sleeves, through holes in the sides of which his arms protrude. The lady (one inch less in height) wears the Paris bonnet, neck-ruffle, an under-gown handsomely embroidered down the front with a bold conventional floral design, and an over-gown, very widely set off at the hips and open all down the front, exhibiting the embroidery of the under-gown. The shoes of both



BRASS INSCRIPTION TO MERCYMIGHT SPRINGHAM, 1611, AT LITTLE BADDOW, ESSEX.

are fastened in a peculiar manner. Above, is a shield bearing the arms and crest of Nightingale—*Per pale, ermine and* [*gules*], *a rose counter-changed* and *An ibex sejant* [*argent*], *tufted, armed, and maned* [*or*]. One may infer from the inscription that the brass was laid down by Geoffrey Nightingale on the death of his wife in 1608. It states the names of their seven children and the date of her death, and records her virtues in modest terms which are much more convincing than the extravagant eulogy often found on brasses of the period; but the inscription does not refer (except in passing) to Geoffrey Nightingale, though his arms appear. He died in April 1619.†

At Little Baddow there is another brass of late date, which is figured here, though the brass itself is of ordinary character, mainly because it has not, we believe, been recorded before, and because the Christian name of the lady commemorated is

*See *The Visitations of Essex*, p. 258. †*Ibid.*

peculiar. The brass is an inscription merely (there having probably never been an effigy) to Mercymight Springham, daughter of Richard Springham, gentleman and mercer of London, and wife for twenty-six years to Richard Bristow, Esquire, of Pitsea, Essex. She died on January 20th, 1611-2, aged 55.* This brass is one of many which afford evidences of the fact that it was not usual, until a comparatively late date, for wives to take and use exclusively, as now, the surnames of their husbands. The plate (which measures 16¼ inches by 5¼) has been affixed recently to the east wall of the nave, on the south side of the chancel arch. Its original position is not known.

THE ESSEX REGIMENT.

SOME MEMORIES OF A VALIANT PAST.

BY MISS C. FELL SMITH.

AT a time when the heart of the nation is stirred by the willingness for service, no less than by the sacrifice and suffering of its brave soldiers, abroad, some record of the martial deeds of our own particular regiment may not unnaturally find a place in these pages. And although it has been found impossible to secure, in time for this issue, the hoped-for paper by the wife of the Colonel in command at the front, on some present features of the campaign in South Africa, and the part played in it by the Essex Regiment, a summary of the services, and a sketch of the history of its antecedents, may perhaps be accepted as an earnest of better things to come.

Pressure of work, on behalf of her soldiers' wives and children at home, and the despatch of comforts to the regiment in South Africa, alone have prevented Mrs. Stephenson from carrying out what she is good enough to say will be a labour of love. Let us hope that before three months have passed, her anxieties as well as her labours may be partially lessened, and she may be at liberty to write for us the article she has promised Her enthusiasm will infuse that personal interest into the regimental doings, which an outsider, however sympathetic, can never successfully catch from mere printed records.

*After her death, Richard Bristow married, secondly, Katherine, daughter of Andrew Paschall, of Springfield, Essex. He died in 1634, aged 77 (see *The Visitations of Essex*, p. 358).

It is the fate of regiments to undergo changes of title, and the Essex Regiment is no exception to the rule. Under whatever name it has been known, however, this gallant regiment has earned a record of fame on many a hard-fought field.

It was in January, 1741, that the regiment was first raised, under the title of the 55th. That number it retained until the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1784), when, in consequence of ten marine regiments being disbanded, it became the 44th. Its first four years were uneventful, but in '45 it formed part of the royalist force under Lieut.-General Sir John Cope, when he advanced to meet the Chevalier and his 4,000 followers in Scotland. In the early morning of September the 21st, his little army of 2,191 was utterly routed at Preston Pans, and the Pretender's hope for the British crown rose high. In that engagement no less than thirteen officers of the 55th were taken prisoner, including Sir Peter Halkett, who had been Lieut.-Colonel since the foundation. Six years later he succeeded as Colonel, and in January, 1755, he embarked with his regiment from Ireland for Virginia.

Peace had now given place to war. The French aggressions on British territory in North America determined an attack on Fort du Quesne, in Pennsylvania, as part of a scheme to repel their encroachments.

This expedition was attended with inconceivable difficulties. Major-General Braddock, commanding the 44th and 48th regiments, conducted his army across the rugged, pathless country of the Alleghany Mountains, cutting roads across steep mountains and rocks, and bridging torrents. On arriving safely, however, at Fort Cumberland, the General, finding the French were expecting reinforcements, pushed forward with fourteen hundred men, ammunition and artillery, and encamped forty miles in advance of his reserves, and ten from the enemy's fort. Sir Peter Halkett, an able soldier, earnestly urged upon the General the importance of scouting, and the use of Indians for reconnoitring, but, with what seemed to be a blind infatuation, Braddock proceeded through a defile, where, on 9th July, 1755, he was surprised by an ambuscade of the enemy. In the deadly slaughter that ensued, seven hundred of the British fell. The General, who had five horses shot under him, was carried off the field to die four days later, more it is said of grief and

mortification at the disaster than from his wounds, which his surgeon declared were not mortal.

Colonel Sir Peter Halkett, at the head of the 44th, fell at the first fire. His son, Lieutenant James Halkett, was killed, while his second son, Captain Francis Halkett, also of the 44th, escaped unhurt. It is noticeable that George Washington, then a Colonel, and volunteer aide-de-camp to General Braddock, in his most able conduct of the British retreat on this action, first displayed the brilliant military talent afterwards employed against us in the American War of Independence.

The 55th remained in North America, and in July, 1758, took part in the disastrous attack on Fort Ticonderoga. Major-General Abercomby decided not to wait for his artillery, and appeared before the fort, which could only be approached on one side, the other three being surrounded by water. The British were entirely beaten off; the regiment alone lost 205. A prominent part was played by the remainder of the valiant band in the siege of Fort Niagara, which quickly followed, only a year later. In all the operations resulting in the annexation of Canada to Great Britain, our regiment took part, and after the surrender of Montreal it remained stationed in the Dominion until relieved in 1765.

For nine years it was then stationed in Ireland, until the 12th May, 1775, when, on the outbreak of hostilities between the North American colonists and the British Government, it was despatched across the Atlantic to reinforce the troops at Boston, under General the Hon. Thomas Gage, who had formerly commanded the regiment. The 55th took part in the operations against the American army during the years 1776—1779, and at the close of the war was once more stationed for six years in Canada.

It was about this time that the connection of the regiment with our county commenced, the King, George III., in a letter dated 31st August, 1782, conveying his pleasure that county titles should be conferred on the Infantry. The 55th received directions to assume the designation of the East Essex Regiment, in order that a connection should be maintained between the county and the corps, it having been thought that such an arrangement would promote the success of the recruiting service.

In 1794, the regiment, which we must now call the 44th, was

again seeing foreign service, and once more fighting its old combatants, the French. First in the Netherlands, and afterwards in the West Indies, it now spent two or three such harassing and eventful years, that by 31st July, 1797, when it landed at Gravesend, its numbers had been reduced, chiefly from sickness, to twelve officers and 151 men, instead of its former complement of thirty-six officers and 915 men.

Garrison duty on the rock of Gibraltar was next allotted to the force, until in October, 1800, it was again called into action against the French in Egypt. On 13th March, the enemy was repulsed on the heights before Alexandria by the brigade of which the East Essex formed a part, its loss being but two killed, and about twenty-five wounded. Here, one of the subalterns, Ensign John Berwick, was wounded in both feet, a circumstance long remembered in the regiment, it having been celebrated by a poetical private, who on the anniversary of the victory in 1810 produced the couplet :—

"The French that day daren't show their noses,
When gallant Berwick lost his toeses"

The regiment in 1801 received royal authority to bear on its Colour the Sphinx, and the word "Egypt."

Infantry "Colours," it may be mentioned in passing, are two, called respectively the Queen's, orFirst, and the Regimental, or Second Colour. They measure 3ft. 9in. by 3ft., without the pike. The Union Jack is the Queen's Colour of all Line Regiments, while their second or Regimental Colour bears their number, badges, and distinctions. The colour of the second flag is the same as the facings of its regiment; where these are white, the large red cross of St. George is borne in addition. This is now the Regimental Colour of the Essex Regiment, the original yellow facings of the 44th having been exchanged for white on the introduction of the territorial scheme in 1881.

In 1803, as we remember, Napoleon was threatening us with invasion, and every effort that patriotism could then devise for the protection of our country was made. Volunteers and Yeomanry companies were formed; then, as now, loyal Englishmen rallied in a universal effort for the preservation of our interests at home and abroad. A second battalion was placed on the army establishment from the date of 9th July, 1803.

This battalion, on account of the tough fighting qualities and

little stature of its men, was known in the Peninsular War as the "Little Fighting Fours." At the storming of Badajoz, under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Carleton, it gained for the Regimental Colour an additional inscription. In the battle of Salamanca, Lieutenant Pearce and four privates captured the eagle of the 62nd French Regiment, a trophy which is now in the chapel of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. The regiment has been most anxious to be allowed to adopt an eagle as a regimental badge, there being only one other British Infantry Regiment which has captured an eagle from the French in action, the Irish Fusiliers, which long enjoyed the unique distinction of carrying an eagle as a badge. In 1898, however, permission was granted to the officers of the Essex Regiment to wear the coveted emblem. Upon the terrible retreat from Burgos (25th October, 1812), the battalion was practically annihilated, only forty-two men remaining fit for duty. A sergeant of the 7th company said to Lieut. Pearce next morning, "Sir, the mules and the camp kettles are lost, but as I am the only man of the company left, it is not of much consequence."

A few months of recruiting, and the second battalion embarked 500 strong for Holland, on the commencement of the campaign which was to end in blood and glory at Waterloo. Each subaltern, non-commissioned officer, and soldier present on that famous field, was permitted to count two years additional service. Thirty-one officers of the 44th received the Waterloo medal, while silver medals were conferred on all ranks. The loss of the regiment amounted to one-third of its strength.*

Only one incident of this famous campaign can be here related, redounding as it does to the honour of the regiment, which bore with unflinching front a terrible cavalry attack of the French, for which it was entirely unprepared. On the afternoon of the 16th June, at Quatre Bras, the officer in command of the 44th, Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, on finding a squadron of French cavalry, who at first had been mistaken for the Brunswickers they were hotly pursuing, close on his rear, instantly decided upon receiving them *in line*. As they thundered up, his command—"Rear rank, right about face!

*Fuller details of this memorable action are to be read in Captain William Siborne's *The Waterloo Campaign* (4th edition, Westminster, 1895) and in the *Waterloo Letters* (1891), edited by that officer's son, Major-General H. T. Siborne. A model of the Battle of Waterloo, to the construction of which Captain Siborne devoted many years of his life, is to be seen in the United Service Museum at Whitehall.

Make ready" (a short pause to admit of the still nearer approach of the cavalry). "Present, fire"—electrified his own men, who, in their perilous position, stood rooted to the ground, and by their steady and well-directed aim threw the cavalry into great confusion. The remainder rushed past the left flank, which opened upon them a scattering fire. A French lancer gallantly charged at the colours, severely wounding Ensign James Christie, who carried one of them, with a thrust of his lance in the left eye, and endeavouring to seize the flag. But the standard-bearer, notwithstanding his wound, flung himself upon it for the honour of his regiment. As the colour fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off a portion of the silk with the point of his lance. But he paid for his unavailing bravery with his life. The bayonets of the 44th ended his gallant career. The fragment was rescued and subsequently presented to the regiment, who still hold it among their sacred relics.

Early in January, 1816, the battalion embarked at Calais for Dover, having previously addressed to Field Marshal, the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief, a memorial, praying that the proposed disbandment of their battalion as a separate unit might not take place. It was, however, carried out during the same month, when the whole of the men fit for service—51 sergeants, 22 drummers, and 718 rank and file--were transferred to the first battalion. The officers had the silver plate of their mess converted into a handsome soup tureen, which they presented to their brother officers of the first battalion, by whom it is still preserved.

Meanwhile the first battalion remained in Ireland, until in June, 1822, it embarked for India. Disaster befell soon after landing. While proceeding up the Ganges to Dinapore, nine boats in which it was making the passage were upset in a storm, and several men drowned. Next, a fire broke out on the leading boat while moored for the night at the bank of the river, which, spreading rapidly along the line,destroyed the whole of the band instruments, and music of twenty years collecting. The regiment went bandless for a whole year.

In the absence of any knowledge of antiseptic science, and with the imperfect treatment of fever and all zymotic diseases, the climate of India proved deadly to men and officers. The rations supplied were established by the report of a medical

board ordered to sit at Calcutta, to have been extremely faulty, and the regiment was reduced by means of all these causes to nearly half its strength. It was withdrawn in 1825 from Assam and Rangoon, after having contributed to the success of the Ava campaign, and becoming entitled to bear that word on its colours, and to the medal and clasp afterwards conferred.

After ten years in India, the 44th was ordered to Afghanistan, where it was destined to gain an undying name, but to find, too, its grave.

On 1st October, 1841, the strength of the regiment, then at Cabul, consisted of twenty-five officers, thirty-five sergeants, fourteen drummers, and 635 rank and file, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Shelton. The long-expected storm of political intrigue burst a few weeks later, and on 2nd November the British agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, was murdered, his house set fire to, and his brother, secretary, and household consumed in the flames. The insurgents then attacked the fort containing all the British supplies, hospital stores, and grain, and after the unsuccessful attempt of three companies to aid the native guard holding it, the commissariat fort was captured. All through the remainder of the year, severe fighting took place between the rebels and the British and native troops. Serious losses decimated the ranks, for the 44th constituted the sole regular force, with the exception of two squadrons of light cavalry, in addition to the native infantry, and irregular horse.

In December, the British envoy, Sir William MacNaghten, was murdered, and the magazine and forts had to be surrendered by our vanquished troops. The fatal retreat from Cabul commenced on 6th January, 1842. Half the officers and more than a third of the men of the 44th had then already perished. The troops had been on half rations for a considerable time, all had been on day and night duty for many weeks ; the ground was covered with snow, and many of the men had to sleep without tents in a temperature at zero. The story of this terrible seven days' march deserves to be remembered wherever the name of the Essex Regiment is honoured. Pursued by the Afghans, encumbered by a column of baggage three miles in length, the gallant force stumbled on through the narrow rocky pass, protected by the 44th as its rearguard, and with its native contingent dwindling day by day from desertion

and death. Time after time, Elphinstone, who commanded, believing in the offered protection of Akbar Khan, halted his troops, with the sole result that the Afghan hordes overtook and slaughtered them with a murderous fire. Practically all that remained of the retreating army was now the decimated 44th, and the last stand of this gallant remnant was made on the morning of the 13th January.* Outnumbered by fully a hundred to one, and furnished with but a couple of rounds of ammunition, they held "the 44th Hill" for two mortal hours, until the Afghans rushed in with their knives, and annihilated the noble band. Twelve lives only were spared. One of these captives was Lieutenant Thomas Alexander Souter, who had torn the regimental colour from its staff, and wrapped it round his body for protection. Felled by a terrific blow, his sheepskin coat burst open and revealed the sight, so that the natives took him for a great officer endeavouring to hide his rank, and dragged him away for the sake of ransom. For weeks he lived in a tribesman's hut near the hill, and was finally released by Akbar Khan. The fragment of the colour which he so valiantly preserved, having been trooped, was placed in the church of Alverstoke, Hampshire, where, preserved in a glass case, it surmounts a memorial to the memory of the heroic dead, with this inscription :—

Sacred to the memory of Colonel T. Mackrell,† A.D.C. to Her Majesty, Major W. B. Scott, Captain T. Swaine, Capt. R. B. McCrea, Capt. T. R. Leighton, Capt. T. Robinson, Capt. T. C. Collins, Lieut. W. H. Dodgin, Lieut. W. G. White, Lieut. F. M. Wade, Lieut. A. Hogg, Lieut. E. S. Cumberland, Lieut. W. G. Raban, Lieut. H. Cadett, Lieut. S. Swinton, Lieut. F. J. C. Fortye, Lieut. A. W. Gray, Paymaster T. Bourke, Lieut. and Quartermaster R. R. Halahan, Surgeon J. Harcourt, Assistant-Surgeons W. Balford, W. Primrose, and 645 Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the 44th Regiment, who fell upon the field of battle in the disastrous Afghan War of 1841 and 1842. They sank with arms in their hands, unconquered, but overpowered by the united horrors of climate, treachery, and barbarous warfare. Their Colours, saved by Captain J. Souter,‡ one of the few survivors, hang above this stone, which is erected to their memory by the Officers of the 44th Regiment, June, 1844.

An oil painting, "The last stand of the 44th Regiment at

*On the 12th several of the force rode off in a last attempt to reach Jalalabad. Of these Dr. Brydon alone survived.

†This officer was the last survivor of the Egyptian Campaign. A small drummer boy, unable to make head through the deep sand, he had been carried on the march to Cairo on the back of his father, drum-major of the regiment.

‡The inscription seems slightly in error about the initials of this officer, they should be T. A. Shortly after his release he was promoted to a Company.

Gundamuck, 1842," by W. B. Wollen, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1898, and is now the property of the Officers' Mess of the first battalion.

Upon the hill near Gundamuck a monument stands, of which the following portion of a letter from Colonel Ross Thompson, R.E., serving in Madras, conveys an interesting description :—

"On Saturday, the 10th January, 1880, I visited the memorial on 44th Hill, near Gundamuck, and carried away with me the enclosed sprig of a little shrub which grows there—it is somewhat like a myrtle. I think you are aware that a monument was put up to the memory of the 44th by the Madras Sappers (Queen's Own) in 1879. It was knocked about to a certain extent in the interim between the wars of 1878-9 and 1879-80, so before quitting the country in August, 1880, I sent a party of the Queen's Own Sappers to repair it. The 44th Hill was a place of deep interest to us all. An old Afghan Khan living near Gundamuck told us that never did men make a more gallant, desperate stand against overwhelming odds than was made by your old corps. He was present at the fight and at their annihilation. Of course, as an Afghan, he rejoiced in seeing the invaders of his country fall, but he was a gentleman, and paid all possible respect to their gallantry and memory."

Colonel Shelton, who was taken prisoner, was released, with the other captives in Cabul, who numbered 105, on 21st September, by a victorious British army which reached the city four days earlier. He was tried by court-martial, and exonerated from all blame in the result of the disastrous retreat. The Duke of Wellington moreover entrusted to him the reformation of the regiment. He was a brave soldier and had seen much service.

After having survived ten bloody battles of the Peninsula War, in which he lost his right arm, and the Ava campaign, beside the Afghan War, John Shelton was accidentally killed in Dublin by a fall from his horse in May, 1845, having been in the army forty years. It will hardly be credited that he died without a single decoration, the war medals for India and the Peninsula not having been granted at that time.

The nine years succeeding Colonel Shelton's death passed without any striking event. From Ireland the regiment went to Malta and Gibraltar. Thence on 10th March, 1854, it embarked for Turkey, and landed at Gallipoli, being one of the first regiments to proceed on service for the impending Crimean War.

The tranquillity which had lasted unbroken between the Powers of Europe for thirty-five years was at an end. Much of this time, although peace was on their lips, kings, emperor, and

statesmen had gone on levying men. And though narrowed down to its actual limits, the latin monks' possession of a key to the great door of the church of Bethlehem was the real cause of a devastating war, men saw behind it the ambition of a Czar. To preserve the Ottoman Empire from his clutches, France and England, those ancient foes, for the first time since the Crusades, now stood shoulder to shoulder. On the 25th of March, war had been declared. Lord Raglan, the former aide-de-camp and military secretary of Wellington (who described him as "the man who would not tell a lie to save his life,") and a diplomatist of great gifts, was placed in command of the British forces. The appointment reminds us of the present Commander-in-Chief, whose age, on assuming the command of great operations, exceeds that of the great Crimean by only two years. The 44th was composed of old soldiers, most of them of eleven years' standing. Not a man in it was of less than three years' service. In conduct, discipline, and appearance, its eight companies of thirty officers and 923 non-commissioned officers and men had earned an unusually high character. Brigaded under Colonel William Eyre with the 4th and 28th, the first of which had been its companion in the Peninsula, the second at Waterloo, the 44th formed part of the Third Division, under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Richard England, K.C.B. During some preparatory weeks at Varna, after reaching the East, the men of the 44th were hard at work making fascines, gabions, and other preparations for entrenchments and fortifications. They also distinguished themselves vastly in looking after and training the unbroken horses which were arriving in large numbers from Africa for the cavalry division, and which there were not enough dragoons to handle.

From Varna, on 7th September, the expedition embarked for the Crimea. Eighty British transports of large tonnage conveyed our troops, and the combined fleet formed a forest of masts. The disembarkation took place in torrents of rain on the 14th. Five days later, the 44th passed the Alma, and, closely following the Grenadier Guards, pursued a retreating Russian column far up a mountain pass. Their casualities were very few, but to their chagrin, the 4th, the 44th, and the rest of the third division were omitted from the despatches of the battle,

although their places were afterwards recognised by the Commander-in-Chief, and appear in the official plan of the field.

One circumstance connected with this victory of the Alma redounds to the credit of the 44th. Mr.(now Sir)W. H. Russell,the pioneer writer of " war specials," who, as everyone knows, was the *Times* correspondent, in his letter of 24th October, 1854, relates how Dr. Thomson, assistant-surgeon of the regiment, devoted himself to the succour of the wounded enemy. Assisted only by his soldier servant, he volunteered to remain behind and tend the thousands of Russians who had been removed to the deserted village on the river bank. With their own hands these two extricated the wounded, and buried at least 200 dead. When at last Her Majesty's ships, *Albion* and *Vesuvius*, with the transport *Avon* arrived, they were able to put 340 convalescent soldiers on board, and sail with them for Odessa. Thence the doctor returned to rejoin his regiment, but the morning after his arrival at Balaclava, he fell a victim to cholera, weakened as he was by his heroic labours.

We have only to contrast this story with the accounts of field ambulance and hospital work, which appear daily in the papers at the present time, to see how much we, on behalf of our brave soldiers and sailors, owe to the Red Cross Society, to the Army Medical Staff, and to the organised horde of stretcher-bearers and ambulance men who now accompany a division on its march. Nowadays, some of our most eminent surgeons voluntarily attach themselves for a time to the troops in the field; Assistant-Surgeon's Thomson's name is not forgotten in his native town of Cromarty, where a bursary for the encouragement of learning has been established to commemorate it.

On the day of the famous Light Cavalry Charge (25th October) the regiment was on duty in the trenches. There, indeed, it served for many bitter weeks before Sebastopol. The Christmas of that year brought terrible storms of wind and rain. Twenty-one vessels, and an entire cargo of winter clothing for the army, were totally wrecked in the harbour. Private stores consisting of 2,000 flannel shirts, 1,000 pairs of socks, 900 pairs of cloth trousers, and 500 shell jackets, all destined for the 44th regiment, were on board. Cholera, scurvy, and frost-bite attacked the troops, and such as escaped were often on duty two and three nights in

succession. Finally the commissariat and transport broke down.* It is a tale too sad to dwell upon. In five months, November to March, the deaths in the 44th amounted to 313. Men died in the trenches from cold and starvation more numerously than from actual wounds. The bandsmen were sent to the ranks, or to the hospitals as orderlies, and by the end of the winter there were left neither bandsmen, instruments, nor music. This was the third time the band of the 44th had been destroyed within thirty years, and that in the day when the band of a regiment accompanied it into the field, a practice now abandoned. The Scots pipers, indeed, play their regiments into action, but no longer do bands and flying colours decorate the grim reality of war. The doom of the former came in 1857, when bandsmen were compelled to drill and practice like the rest of the regiment, so that in war-time they might fill up the ranks. This history has sufficiently shown how the preservation of the standard has incited men to heroic deeds of valour; yet the cost of life was too large a price to pay for a handful of silk, consecrated though it was by a noble sentiment. Now, the colours are deposited in the safe keeping of some sacred edifice before a regiment takes the field.

In June, the regiment exchanged its Minié rifles for Enfield, and on the anniversary of Waterloo it was actually within Sebastopol. After being under fire about eighteen hours, the advance brigade slowly retired under cover of the darkness, having lost heavily, and being unable to hold the position gained. Sorrow at this failure, and blame from the government at home, undoubtedly accelerated Lord Raglan's death. The Commander-in-Chief died, in the words of Sir Evelyn Wood, "the victim of England's unreadiness for war," on June 28th. The difficulties of his position can hardly be too highly rated. To command allied troops, French, Turkish, Sardinian, and British, to conduct at the same time both naval and military operations, and to have no control over your commissariat, which up to the middle of the war was a branch of the Treasury and not of the war department, was a herculean task. Pelissier, the French Marshal, in his general order of the day after Lord

*This was before the establishment of the Army Service Corps. When, in the Jubilee procession of 1897, we grudgingly watched the heavy waggons of the A.S.C. lumbering by, we little thought how soon their invaluable services were to be tested.

Raglan's death, spoke of the "calm and stoic greatness of his character throughout this rude and memorable campaign."

On 8th September, the enemy exploded his magazines and withdrew from Sebastopol. The siege was raised. Next morning the alarm bell of the Redan fort was brought away by the 44th, who still possess the trophy. All through the siege, the regiment had distinguished itself by the vigilance of its sentries, and for its exemplary work in the trenches. It became a by-word in the division that all was safe when the 44th was in the advance, and singularly enough no sortie occurred while it was in the forward trenches.

The words Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol were now emblazoned on the regimental colour, and pensions, promotions, and decorations were distributed to the regiment. The medal for Distinguished Service in the Field were conferred on sixteen non-commissioned officers and men, and Sergeant McWhinney received, from the hands of Her Majesty the Queen, the Victoria Cross. The colours which the regiment had carried through the Crimean war were placed in St. Peter's Church, Colchester, where a monument has been since erected to the memory of officers and men who fell in that campaign.

The presentation of new colours, by Major-General Sir James Yorke Scarlett was quickly followed by embarkation for India. Thence, the 44th proceeded to China, where once again, French and British troops fought side by side. It was in this Chinese war of 1860 that the arm of artillery, of which the Boer war has now taught us the incalculable value, first successfully practised its operations. The Chinese forts were reduced by the invaluable services of engineers and howitzer batteries. It was Lieut. R. Montresor Rogers, of the 44th, who, having been already hit, was the first of the British army to enter the North Taku Fort, at Tangku, by climbing the embrasure with the aid of bayonets stuck in the wall. He, with the five who followed him, was rewarded by the Victoria Cross, while 752 medals for service in China were issued to the regiment.

A glimpse into the working of the inner economics of the 44th at this time is obtained from the inspecting officers' report, which commented on the absence of crime, and the noteworthy fact that in the ranks were no less than 502 depositors in the Regimental Savings Bank. An industrial exhibition of articles

manufactured in the workshops was held, and a report states that the gardens allotted to the regiment, while stationed at Belgaum, in India, made over 1,200 rupees by their surplus produce.

We must pass on over several years, during which the chief events seem to have been the adoption of full-dress gold lace accoutrements and a trouser-stripe by the officers, and a glengarry forage-cap by the men.

After assisting in the full-dress parade, 1st January, 1877, to celebrate the Proclamation of the Empress of India, the 44th, now armed with the Martini-Henry rifle in place of the Snider, proceeded to Burma. For a long period of nearly sixty years, only ten had been passed at home. It was not until 1884 that the regiment returned to England, and was quartered at Colchester.

It had in the meantime undergone an important change. On 1st July, 1881, all infantry regiments assumed territorial titles, and the gallant "two fours" became henceforth the First Battalion of "The Essex Regiment."

To relinquish the name under which it had fought upon so many fields was a painful shock to its traditional instincts and *esprit-de-corps*. To discontinue the numbers and badges and to change the colour of its facings caused, no doubt, a pang to old veterans of the 44th. To dwellers in the county of Essex who are thus more closely associated with the brilliant history it has made, the new title brings a glow of pride and ownership which no mere figures could inspire. Since that time, the arms of the County, associated with the Sphinx, Castle, and Key, and surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves (for an explanation of which we have yet to seek), have formed the regimental badge. The Castle and Key, with the legend *Montis Insignia Calpe*, are the arms and motto of Gibraltar, granted to that Citadel in 1502 by King Ferdinand II., of Spain. Only three regiments, the Dorset, Suffolk, and Northamptonshire, beside the Essex, are entitled, in special recognition of services at Gibraltar, to bear them on their badges. These, and all other non-royal infantry regiments, wear white facings for their uniforms; the four similar Scots regiments wear yellow, and the one Irish foot regiment not royal—the Connaught Rangers—green facings, while all royal regiments, irrespective of nationality, have blue facings. Now that colour

distinctions are lost in the field-uniform of universal khaki, these distinctions seem the more worth preservation at home.

At the same date, 1881, the 56th regiment, junior to the 44th by only fourteen years, became the Second Battalion of the Essex Regiment. Both, since 1873, have had their depôt permanently fixed at Warley.

Like the 44th, the 56th was at the fall of Sebastopol, and like the former, too, it has long been a wanderer abroad. It moved up the Nile in 1884 with Lord Wolseley's expedition for the relief of General Gordon; was present at the actions of Abu Klea and El Gubat; was at Assouan the following year, and after being at Malta and Cyprus, arrived in India in October, 1892. Since 1898 it has been stationed in Burma, and is now under orders for home during the present trooping season.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD CHELMSFORD.

BY EDMUND DURRANT.

CHELMSFORD still lies upon one main route to the Continent, but this formerly was the principal, if not the only, highway to Holland, Belgium, and the Low Countries. Many illustrious persons have passed through our town on their way to and from the Court of St. James. Royalty itself often frequented the county, whose proximity to London fitted it for royal residence.

Up to the year 1100, Chelmsford was of small importance. It was approached from London by a ford through the Chelmer—hence its name. Writtle was of more renown, for it owned a market, and a royal palace, of which the only remaining trace is a moat. In 1100, however, Bishop Maurice of London, lord of the manor of Chelmsford, and resident at Bishop's Hall, built a stone bridge over the Chelmer, and so diverted the London traffic from Writtle. Chelmsford in consequence flourished; more houses were built; hostelries were opened, and inhabitants increased. It is asserted that

CHELMSFORD IN 1669.
(From The Travels of Cosmo III.)

about this time Chelmsford exchanged her church bells for the market of Writtle. This, however, may be only a myth.

In the following paper I do not propose to dip very deeply into the ancient history of Chelmsford, but simply to show two or three phases of the town between 1669 and to-day, in order that some idea may be gained of its transitions during the past 230 years. To effect this, I shall endeavour to point out certain sites and houses that will remind us of long forgotten incidents in the county.

In the year 1669, Chelmsford was visited by a noted Italian, Cosmo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who arrived with a considerable retinue on a visit to the English Court. Among his followers was an artist to whom we are indebted for one of the earliest pictures of the town. The original is still at Florence. Upon his return, Cosmo published a diary of his travels, of which volume an English translation by Count Magalotti long after appeared (London, 1821, 4to). We may read there how he visited Chelmsford, and dined with Lord Petre at Ingatestone, where, although he was extremely well served with abundant food, his fastidious stomach revolted at the pastry, which was "grossly made and badly done." He relates also that no forks were provided, nor were any finger-glasses offered at the close of the meal. In spite of these drawbacks, the lack of a French cook, and the interlude of a kitchen chimney catching fire during the dinner, Cosmo appears to have hugely enjoyed his entertainment.

It is interesting to note that Cosmo's artist, in 1669, depicts the church of Chelmsford with the spire, which many writers maintain was not erected until 1772. Sir H. Bate Dudley, writing in 1776, describes it as "a light, genteel steeple, leaded."

David Ogborne's view of Chelmsford, 1762, engraved by J. Ryland, gives the old Shire Hall and the Black Boy Inn, where our Italian nobleman lodged for one night. It also shows Middle Row, and the stream of water running down the street from Burgess's Well. The Black Boy Inn was the stopping place of the de Veres when passing to and fro between Castle Hedingham and London. Its sign, like that of the Red Lion opposite in the picture, was painted by David Ogborne. Close man as he was, he met his match in the

landlady of the latter inn, who was even closer. After she had agreed with the artist for a certain price for the painting, she was warned by a friend that unless fairly liberal in fee she need only expect a she-lion on her sign. So she repaired in great excitement to Ogborne, demanding a fierce and awe-inspiring beast, with bristling mane and of savage aspect. The artist certainly took occasion to raise his price, but the good woman had no reason to deplore a want of ferocity in her lion.

This print also shows us the judges issuing from a house, attended by javelin men on horseback. I well remember seeing this escort, although not mounted. Now-a-days we have mounted police, although they are not always the protection from the crowd that they are intended to be. On one occasion I remember seeing the carriage drive down the street to the High Sheriff's lodging, and return with him in semi-state. The higher official, Mr. Justice Hawkins, who was in my place at the time, ignoring the escort, quietly mingled with the crowd to follow behind. This incident reminds me that when I was a boy I saw Baron Park go by the house in which I then lived, to Court. No sooner had he arrived than he was taken ill and returned to his lodgings, and lying down on the great four-post bedstead, drew the curtains close around. The servants of the house believed him to be still in Court, and when a housemaid entered the bedroom, and saw his wig and robe lying on the chair, she concluded he owned duplicates and proceeded to try them on. Posing before the looking-glass, she naïvely addressed herself: "Mr. Judge, I hope you are quite well, also Mrs. Judge, and all the little Judges." A head at that moment protruded through the bed-curtains, ejaculating courteously, "Thank you, young lady, they are all quite well." Shrieks heralded her exit from the room, but what happened after, deponent knoweth not.

Our next view of Chelmsford was taken on the occasion of the coronation of George IV., July 19, 1821. Judging from an old pamphlet describing the events of that day, the town must have held high revel. At seven in the morning, a bullock, decked with ribbons and with gilded horns, was paraded around the streets, heralded by a band, and followed by a procession. It was certainly taking rather an unfair advantage of bovine good nature to kill and roast him when he reached Tindal Square. At noon,

David Ogbourne, pinxit J. Ryland, sc.

CHELMSFORD IN 1762.

1,600 poor citizens were entertained at tables arranged down the High Street, under the charge of sixteen of the principal Chelmsfordians, a list of whose names, with a copy of the orders, sent to my grandfather who was among them, I still possess. "You are requested," it runs, "to select nine friends to act as your deputy and assistants; at the same time you are to provide a table-cloth, 84 feet long, and dishes proper for the occasion; and yourself and such persons as you fix upon are to bring each a carving knife and fork." (Signed) H. PELHAM, Sec. When the dinner was over, there was an illumination by oil lamps, and a display of fireworks, another procession, and singing of loyal and patriotic songs.

The granting of the Charter on September 19, 1888, is no doubt the best event that has happened in the town's history. And before I pass on to the improvements which have taken place under the new Corporation, I must remark on the curious fact that of the twelve Mayors since its foundation, only two have been native born. The increase of trade since the Charter has been remarkable. The Arc Works have largely extended, Messrs. Hoffmann's ball-bearing works have been erected, and, last but not least, the Wireless Telegraphy manufactory has brought a unique trade among us. No doubt other industries would quickly follow were it not for the difficulty of getting dwelling-houses for the work-people.

A new Grammar School has sprung up, a public park and recreation ground has been opened, and now a new railway station is in process of erection. Only two things remain still urgent: a free library, and a more extended system of water works. In the centre of Tindal Square is a conduit, not so picturesque as the original one, it is true. The earlier fountain is shown in many old prints. The statue of Chief Justice Tindal upon the top of the present conduit reminds us that he was a Chelmsford boy, born at Coval Lodge, and educated at Chelmsford Grammar School. The inscription upon the statue, now, alas! becoming defaced, was written by Mr. Justice Talfourd, who was not only a good judge, but an excellent scholar and literary man. He was the friend and biographer of Charles and Mary Lamb. The famous writer of *Essays of Elia*, and his sister, frequently stayed at Cambridge with a friend whose name I think was Archer. There they met a little Italian girl named

Isola. Her father, an undergraduate, died leaving his orphan child under the care of her grandfather, a man who had been of note in his country, but was then an exile, settled at Cambridge as a professor of languages. Among his pupils he numbered the poets Gray and Wordsworth, beside William Pitt. Emma Isola was taken into the family of Charles and Mary Lamb, and when she grew up, married Edward Moxon the publisher, who carried on business in Dover Street, Piccadilly, and published the poems of Rogers, Tennyson, Martin Tupper, Barry Cornwall, etc. They had one son, Arthur Moxon, a friend of my early days. The acquaintance was renewed after many years; Moxon visited me at Chelmsford, we smoked the pipe of peace together and talked over old times.

I shall not dilate upon the church here, since Mr. Fred. Chancellor will shortly do full justice to its architectural features in the pages of the *Reriew*. We pass to the Shire Hall, erected in 1791 by an architect named Johnson. The three grouped figures under the pediment represent Justice, Wisdom, and Mercy. In the lower portion the corn-market was formerly held. The fine ball-room and courts of justice will, I venture to assert, compare favourably with those of any county-town in England. The Crimean gun in front of the building was presented in 1858, Major Skinner, an old inhabitant, giving the carriage; I distinctly remember the ceremony of placing it in position, at which men in the old Volunteer uniform of 1815 were present.

The old Saracen's Head Inn is referred to by Strutt and Sir Walter Scott as existing in the 15th Century. A much later association is with the name of Anthony Trollope, who, while an Inspector General of the Post Office, frequently visited it both on business and for hunting. His spare moments were often spent in correcting the proofs of his numerous novels, many of which appeared in weekly parts, and were as much read then as they are now neglected. Seated at a table in the window, he was busied in this way one morning when two clergymen entered having purchased across the street the last number of *Barchester Towers*. Hastily cutting it open, one of them ran his eye down the pages. "Confound that Mrs. Proudie," he exclaimed, "I wish she were dead." The reader in the distance looked up. "Gentlemen," he quietly remarked, "she shall die in the next number." The surprise of the visitors at discovering them-

selves in the presence of Mrs. Proudie's creator may be imagined.

Continuing our way down the street, we pass a house (90, High Street) to which modesty will only allow me to refer as the accustomed shelf of the Chelmsford Odde Volumes, the popular literary and scientific society, founded in January, 1888, which numbers among its members some of the best known men in the county. I must not omit to mention that a Ladies' Sette now meets in the same house.

From a Photograph.]

HALF MOON INN.

Next may be seen the old Half Moon Inn, a house about to be pulled down, and therefore worth preserving in the accompanying photograph. Here was the old Salt Hall, much in use when salt was a bonded article sold for a guinea a bushel. An archway, visible down the narrow passage beside the shop, shows where the old salt bins stood. A few doors from Springfield Lane are the premises of Messrs. Potter, formerly Cheveley and Potter. Mr. Cheveley had thirty years ago in his employ a young man named Valentine Durrant, who developed a talent for writing fiction. His first book, *More Shells from the*

Ocean, was not a success, chiefly, it is said, because he published a full length portrait of himself as a frontispiece. He next tried anonymous publication, calling his books *The Cheveley Novels*, after his old master. Soon he deserted drapery for the occupation of journalism, and was engaged on the staff of the *Brighton Guardian*. I believe the Rev. H. R. Haweis was a leader-writer there at the time. The novels, which had a large circulation, were long attributed, even by their publisher, William Blackwood, to a lady, Durrant having

From an Oil Painting.]
THE BISHOP'S BRIDGE, SHOWING OLD GAOL IN MOULSHAM STREET.

employed a female copyist. When at length he became incapacitated through illness, Lord Beaconsfield gave him a pension of £100 a year from the Royal Literary Fund.

Near the old bridge, which, with its survival of old methods of lighting has already been described in these pages (*E.R.* vi., 161-170), is a glimpse of Moulsham Street as it was in the time of the French War, in the early days of this century. Troops were then continually passing through the town, and officers' barracks were situated in Coval Lane while the men were quartered in Barrack Lane.

Mary D. Hamilton, del. *T. Shury, sc.*

HIGH STREET, CHELMSFORD.

CORONATION OF GEORGE IV., JULY 19TH, 1821.

The old County Gaol, demolished in 1859, stood near the bridge. Its last governor was Thomas Clarkson Neale, a man of much ability, a good geologist and antiquary, with something of a literary turn. He founded the Chelmsford Philosophical Society from which sprang the Museum. From the early minute books, I find that one of the society's first purchases was a coffee-pot from which the members regaled themselves in the intervals of reading learned papers. After a time, apparently even this beverage was not sufficient to withstand the general dryness of the atmosphere, and it was exchanged for "corky" wine. The first exhibition of museum objects was held in Mr. Neale's parlour which, like the rest of his house, was full of specimens of interest. When he died, his fossils were presented to me, for the Museum, by his daughter.

Mention of the Gaol reminds me that a reverend prisoner, the vicar of Great Waltham, was confined there in 1823, for a very unusual offence. That gentleman, the Rev. G. S. Clarke by name, was a learned if eccentric scholar, who insisted upon giving his own translation of various portions of the Bible, when reading the lessons in his church. Being requested by his bishop to conform to the authorised version, he refused. He was then inhibited, and a substitute despatched to conduct his services. Mr. Clarke, however, persisted, and continued to read and perform his office at one end of the church, whilst the bishop's nominee was in the act of doing so at the other. For this contumacious conduct the vicar was finally suspended, and removed to a room over the gateway of the prison. There, at his window, he would sit and watch the arrival and departure of coaches from the old Ship Inn, carefully noting the times and the colours of both coaches and horses in the precious volume for which he had endured so much. It is now in my possession. Upon the fly leaf is the entry "Caukwell Hall," as the place whence all the notes are indited. The Governor's name was Caukwell.

Leaving the Cross Keys Inn, said to date from the 15th century, we reach the White Hart. This was the refuge some years ago of a thief who had stolen the Communion plate from Great Baddow church. He placed his booty under the bed and slept there for the night. The Bow Street runners, however, got on his track and the plate was restored to the church.

Moulsham, the parish adjoining Chelmsford, and situated within the borough, contains more than one interesting relic of the past. Here stood, till 1858, the gateway of the old Friary shown in our illustration. A road now runs over its site, but twenty yards or so to the rear, the old postern door may still be seen. A convent for Black Friars was founded there about 1222. The refectory with a fine ceiling, compared by some to that of the

From a Water-Colour Sketch by W. Brown.]
OLD FRIARS GATEWAY AND HOUSE WHERE ROGERS WAS BORN.

Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, was standing as lately as 1770. For some time it was used as a Grammar School. One day, when, fortunately for them, the boys were not at home, the roof fell in. The building was shortly after demolished. The house still standing near the site of the gateway is said to have been the birthplace of John Rogers, the famous Puritan of Dedham. He was born about 1572; was silenced by Archbishop Laud, but later became so noted as a preacher that folks used to say, "Come let us go to Dedham and get a little fire."* His

tomb is to be seen in the churchyard there, and his monument inside the church.

Not many years ago, an American, who claimed to be descended from Rogers, called on me and said he wished to see where his ancestor was born. I directed him thither, and when he returned some twenty minutes later, he informed me delightedly that a John Rogers had opened the door to him.

In Moulsham stood the fine mansion of the Mildmays, once the most notable squire's house in this part of the county. Now only the kitchen garden and some traces of the fish-ponds remain. Here the family lived in great state, owning the soil for many miles around. About 1808 the Hall was demolished, and the matchless collection of pictures taken to Dogmersfield, Hampshire. An ancient pair of carved bellows with a quaint couplet inscribed upon them, came from old Moulsham Hall, having once been the property of a Mildmay, and are now in the Museum at Chelmsford. They were illustrated by Mr. Crouch in his paper on that collection. (*E.R.* vol. ix. p. 30).

The comparatively new church of St. John, in Moulsham Street, reminds me of a curious coincidence connected with its vicars. For quite a long period of years, the incumbent has rejoiced in a surname ending with "ton" or "son." Muston, Mason, and Wilkinson preceded the present respected vicar, whose name is Godson. As the presentation lies in the hands of the rector of Chelmsford, he may feel tolerably certain that he will have no opportunity to appoint another vicar until he has ready a curate or friend rejoicing in a name with the proper termination.

Thus far we have kept within the limits of the borough. In a future paper I hope to bring out a few points of interest connected with the neighbouring villages, especially on the Danbury side of the town.

*He was considered one of the most awakening preachers of the age. Dr. Ralph Brownrig, Bishop of Exeter, another East Anglian, for he was born at Ipswich, said that Rogers would "do more good with his wild notes than we with our set music."—Ed.

GOLDEN DAYS :—ESSEX.*

In the sunny South of England
Stands a farm-house quaint and old,
In the setting sun its windows
Flash like panes of burning gold.

In the eaves the busy swallow
Builds her cunning nest of clay ;
From the attics one may hear her
Twitt'ring to her young all day.

On the south side lies the orchard,
Where in Spring the western breeze
Shakes the petals down like snow-flakes,
Tinged with red, from off the trees.

In the moat beyond the orchard
Yellow ducklings learn to swim,
While their anxious foster-mother
Calls them loudly from the brim.

Clematis and yellow roses
Climb about the open door,
And the south wind blows the rose leaves
In upon the white-flagged floor.

Fresh and fragrant is the garden
With its sweet old-fashioned flowers,
Hollyhock, and rose of Sharon,
Jessamine, and woodbine bowers.

On the lawn an old laburnum
Shakes its tassels in the breeze,
And the bees are ever humming
Round the laurestinus trees.

Long ago two merry children
Roamed about that garden fair,
Pattering footsteps, childish voices
Rang upon the summer air.

*These verses are from the pen of a grand-daughter of Jemima, youngest sister of Ann (Gilbert) and Jane Taylor; and with their fresh spring colour and graceful melody, seem interesting as a further product from "The Family Pen."—ED. *E.R.*

How they wandered through the meadows,
How beside the stream they played,
Plucked the first pale primrose, growing
In some green and mossy glade.

Or on blazing July mornings
Sat beneath the walnut trees,
Where the sunbeams danced and flickered
As the boughs swayed in the breeze.

Or they peeped into the dairy,
Cool and fragrant did it seem,
With its perforated windows
And its shining pans of cream.

Happy golden days of childhood!
Scarce a cloud their glory stains,
For the clouds are all forgotten!
'Tis the sunshine that remains.

Like a peaceful sunlit landscape
Lie those days of long ago,
And the story of my childhood
Is the sweetest that I know.

EDITH H. HERBERT.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Josiah Gilbert.—The portraits of Ann and Jane Taylor in the January number of the *Essex Review* are taken from the picture I have just presented to the National Portrait Gallery. It belonged to the late Josiah Gilbert. The portrait of Isaac Taylor, of Stanford Rivers, in the same gallery, is by Mr. Gilbert, and the late Keeper, Sir George Scharf, writes of it "as most interesting, and a fine study of physiognomy and expression." Three other works, portraits of the well-known Clerk of the Peace, Mr. Gibson, Rev. F. A. Fane, and Captain Budworth, were given by Mr. Gilbert to the Budworth Hall, Ongar. He was the eldest son of the Ann Taylor (Mrs. Gilbert) of the picture. His life of her has gone into many editions, and no wonder, containing as it does her autobiography —a rare and vivid picture of life and manners in the end of the 18th Century and the early years of the 19th. Much

of the family work, both artistic and literary, was done at Ongar, and they never lost their interest in it and in Essex. Mr. Gilbert shared this feeling strongly. For fifty years he lived at Marden Ash, Ongar, whence the prefaces of all his works are dated. For many years he was best known as the author of *The Dolomite Mountains*, written in conjunction with his friend, Mr. G. C. Churchill. In it the public heard for the first time of that now favourite hunting-ground of climbers and tourists. Josiah Gilbert's work, and the fact that amid very varied interests and pursuits he chose to make Essex the home of his long life—because he loved it—entitle him, I think it will be conceived, to a place in its story.—MARY S. GILBERT.

Essex Briefs.—The following extracts relating to Briefs are from the register of Nacton, Suffolk :—

1709. Aug. 28. For Parish Church of Harlow, burnt and consumed by fire : published but nothing collected.
1711. May 20. For Re-building of St. Maries Church in Colchester : collected eighteen pence.
1712. July 6. For West Tilbury Church : collected twelve pence.
1713 May 24. For Woodham-ferrys Church : collected six pence.

EDW. COOKSON, Ipswich.

Author Wanted.—Can any reader give me the name of the author of a book published in 1865 by Messrs. Lovell, Reeve, and Co., entitled *Man's age in the World according to Holy Scripture and Science*, By an Essex Rector ?—JOHN AVERY.

[This book, noticed in the *Athenæum* of 22nd July, 1865, as "another free-spoken book by a clergyman, and a book which thirty years ago would have opened vials of wrath," is a careful survey of the geological evidences for the earliest periods of chronology. It has been conjectured to be the work of the Rev. Stanley T. Gibson, late rector of Sandon, but its publication antedates by ten years that author's *Religion and Science, their relation to each other at the present day;* (London, 1875, 8vo.) Perhaps another scientific Essex Rector can be suggested.—ED. *E.R.*]

John Strype (*E.R.*, viii., 200).—Should not the date of the portrait by J. Robins read 1720 ?—J. AVERY, Forest Gate.

[The date upon this portrait, as may be plainly read in the middle right-hand portion, is undoubtedly 1720. We are obliged to Mr. Avery for pointing out the error, which escaped us in the proof. So far we have not discovered any artist o

f

the time, named J. Robins, and upon a close examination, it has been thought possible to make the signature into W. Robins. William Robins, an engraver of portraits in mezzotint, flourished in 1730, and may possibly have been also an artist, but evidence is yet to seek.]

Ogborne's History of Essex (*E. R.*, viii. 129-144).—Referring to the article upon Elizabeth Ogborne, it would be interesting to know if any further portion of the work was printed beyond the 280 pages generally accepted as being the extent of the publication. In the West Ham Public Library is a book without any title-page, which, for the purpose of identification, has been lettered "The History of Lambourne." It was printed by Maurice, the printer of Ogborne's *Essex*. In size of page, size and style of type, it exactly corresponds, even to the extent of having the heading "Hundred of Ongar" continued on the top of each page. The book consists of 32 pages, lettered 1 to 32, one page being blank, and appears to be the first section of the contemplated second volume. Reference to the original documents and letters might throw some light upon the question.—JOHN AVERY, 63, Windsor Road, Forest Gate.

Seven Kings, Ilford (*E.R.*, ix. 56).—As far as I can find from searching our county histories this place is unmentioned, but a very old tradition is that in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy seven kings met here, where the stream crosses the main road, for the purpose of watering their horses before starting on a hunting expedition, others say to engage in battle, but this latter reason when we consider it as forest land, must be set aside. That these kings met here we may reasonably conclude, and that their meeeing was a peaceful one, for a conference, or a religious function, or as a starting point for the hunt. If any records ever existed, so far as is now known, they have perished; we at present trust to tradition, which usually contains a large germ of truth. The place was anciently known as Seven Kings Water or Watering. Seven Kings is, or rather was, the name of a large farm in the hamlet of Chadwell Street, formerly in the Parish of Barking but now in that of Ilford. Trusting therefore to tradition, and turning to Barking Abbey, we have proof of the connection of Saxon monarchs with its early history. According to Wright, Barking is supposed to have formed part

of the demesne lands of Saxon Kings; the abbey was founded by Bishop Erkenwald, of London, son of Annas, king of the East Angles; Ethelburga, sister to the bishop, was the first abbess. Hodeldred, father of Sebba, king of the East Saxons, contributed towards its endowments; Oswith, daughter of Edilfrith, king of Northumberland, in the lifetime of her husband, embraced the monastic life and became abbess here. Other ladies of royal birth held the same office. It is quite probable therefore that these kings met at Barking for the purpose of attending some great function at the abbey and that during their stay a hunt was organised, the starting point being the brook afterwards known as Seven Kings Water or Watering. The substance of the above I contributed to *The East London Advertiser* of October 7th, 1899, under the column for East London Antiquities, in answer to a question asked in a previous number; for further information see the subsequent issues of that paper. T. FORSTER, Walthamstow.

Seven Kings, Ilford (*E.R.*, ix., 56).—It was my fortune last year to contribute to the *Ilford Recorder* a series of articles on the history of Ilford. One of these articles dealt with Seven Kings, which locality now forms a very important part of the parish of Ilford. Unluckily, I cannot claim to have discovered the origin of the name which has puzzled Mr. Fitch and hundreds of others, including myself. I have searched through many books without success, but perhaps a summary of such information or suggestions as I have been able to gather may help to throw some small additional light on what has hitherto been, and will probably continue to be, an enigma. The first authentic mention of "Seven Kings," which I encountered, occurs in a footnote by Lysons respecting the circumference of Barking parish*—which, of course, then included all Ilford. It is there stated that "it was proposed in 1650 that this parish and Little Ilford should be divided into three. . . . ." Among the boundaries of the third parish, which was nameless, occurs the following:—"down the common road to a place called the Seven Kings, and so all along the brook, below Gooses." The common road can be none other than the London road, *under* which the Seven Kings brook now runs (when it does not force its way through the centre of the road itself during flood), but which at

* Lyson's *Environs of London*, 1796, vol. iv., p. 55, *n.*

the date mentioned probably flowed *across* the road, the brook, as a rule, being very shallow. The name "Seven Kings" is clearly therefore at least 250 years old. The words quoted above seem to convey that where the brook and the road met was the place of the legend, and indeed to this day local tradition points to the same spot, and declares that Seven Kings during the Saxon period gave their horses water here, and that the exact place is marked by an old oak tree a few feet back from the pavement. The spot was evidently not unknown to Morant, for he mentions it in the following words: *Dunshall* [the present day Downshall Farm, on which is chiefly built the town of Seven Kings] lies on the north side of the London road, near the King's Waterings, up the watery lane about a quarter of a mile out of the London road, and it belongs to John Hyde, of Sundridge." In Morant's map the name is spelled slightly differently, viz., "Kings Watering," but it marks the spot alluded to. It is, perhaps, somewhat unfortunate that Morant should give two spellings of the name, for each is capable of a different construction. "King's" implies one sovereign, or succeeding sovereigns in turn, whereas "Kings Watering" might be construed as a place where several kings met and were watering their horses at the same time. Again, before Hainault Forest was so ruthlessly destroyed by the Crown fifty years ago, what was known as the "King's Woods" formed a large part of the old forest which had survived encroachments. Through the King's Woods flowed a stream which had its source at the northern end of the forest, a little to the east of Havering-atte-Bower. This stream is the Seven Kings brook, which, south of the London road, became known as "Loxford Brook" although it was the same stream. It received its second name because it flows past Loxford Hall and farm, before it enters the Roding between the ancient entrenchments at Uphall and Barking town. Can the "King's Woods" have any connection with the name of the brook? Many people affirm that the meeting together of so many kings as seven was an unlikely and almost impossible event even during the Heptarchy, and especially at such an insignificant stream as the Seven Kings brook, distant from "London Stone" about nine miles. I do not in the least seek to prove that because the place bears the name "Seven" therefore seven sovereigns must have met there,

but as most legends—even the most impossible—have generally some slight foundation in fact, I am inclined to think that in this case also there may be something of truth in the usually accepted story of the origin of the name. Let us turn to the pages of English history and see whether any parallel case of a gathering of so many kings (or princes) is there recorded. Those who are acquainted with our history in the time of the Saxons will remember that Edgar the Peaceable (d. 975) was rowed down the Dee by no less than eight tributary kings or princes Why then should not a king of the East Saxons, whose capital was London, and whose favourite hunting lodge was Havering-atte-Bower, have entertained his princes or earls at his palace, and in their honour have organised a hunt in the great forest of Essex which surrounded him. Why during the chase, should not his guests have watered their horses at the brook, and so given rise to the legend? The difference between kings and princes is very slight in legendary lore. Again, we are told in history how the hostile kings of Essex, Mercia, Wessex, and Kent met on several occasions in the month of August, and at various places, at a "general council* of the whole English church," and there "learnt to sink their differences" (for the time being), and associated with the bishops and clergy for the common good to develop the "national unity of the church." It is easy to conceive that one of these meetings could be held in the diocese of the powerful bishop of London and at the palace of his sovereign at Havering. This may afford some clue as to the origin of the legend, although I only put it forward as a suggestion. I should heartily welcome any further information which the readers of *The Essex Review* may possess, for the question is of great interest to the inhabitants of Ilford. The town of Seven Kings continues rapidly to grow and develop, and it has the honour of possessing one of the finest suburban stations on the Great Eastern Railway. It will rise to still greater importance when the line between Ilford and Woodford, viâ Chigwell, is opened, for it will be the point of divergence for much of the main-line goods traffic destined for Temple Mills, and, with Ilford station, will help to bring the Colchester line in closer touch with Epping Forest.—GEO. E. TASKER, Ilford.

*Said to have been originated by Theodore of Tarsus, Archbishop of Canterbury, 668-690.

REVIEWS & NOTES OF BOOKS, &c.

The Commune of London and other Studies. By J. HORACE ROUND, M.A., Pp. xviii., 336, demy 8vo. Westminster (Archibald Constable and Co.), 1899. Price 12s. net.

In this substantial volume, Mr. Round has collected together fifteen unpublished historical studies or essays, that from which it takes its title, on the Commune of London, standing not first but eleventh, though it is perhaps the most important but not the most interesting to Essex readers. Sir Walter Besant, in his prefatory and commendatory letter, calls attention to its value as advancing our knowledge of the early government of the City. A *commune* of twenty-four councillors was granted to London in October, 1191, and the Mayor of London first meets us in the spring of 1193. This early creation of the municipality was doubtless derived from the form of government of the Norman capital of our kings at Rouen. Our author's new document (we are not told where he found it) is the oath taken to the London Commune in 1193 during Richard's absence.

The first paper on "the Settlement of the South-Saxons and East-Saxons," originally read before the Society of Antiquaries, is of by far the most local importance. Described at the outset as a "pioneer paper," it contains much interesting material bearing on Essex history, more especially as Mr. Round here combines the study of place-names with the study of Domesday Book, and from his peculiar knowledge of these subjects he is able to afford many valuable hints. By students of early Essex history the volume deserves careful consideration. In the detailed references to early communities, he has specially selected two counties, "both of them settled by the Saxon folk—Sussex, with which I am connected by birth, and Essex, with which are my chief associations." The local references and their comparative significance are many, but we cannot refer to all; our author holds that the *hams* are older than the *tons*, the former signifying river and earlier settlements, the latter, upland and later settlement; he points out (p. 12) what is perhaps significant, that in the district between West Ham and Boreham, some twenty-five miles across as the crow flies, there is not a *ham* to be found. Another point is that in Essex several parishes have but a single place-name between them, as Roothing, Colne, Hanningfield,

Laver, etc., while in Sussex, on the contrary, several place-names are included in a single parish (for examples, see p. 10). Whenever Essex place-names are again scientifically studied, Mr. Round's gloss on the deductions of Kemble and Taylor must be remembered; Domesday nomenclature, he tells us, is trustworthy, but parochial divisions are artificial and comparatively modern; we know well that many of these latter are constantly changing to the present day. On pp. 11 and 12 are some interesting references to unidentified Essex names, and in a note on p. 15, Mr. Round queries on what ground the eight Essex names bearing the suffix "well" are derived from the Roman "villa," neither does he seem inclined to agree in the "ing" name denoting a clan name, as Kemble, Taylor, Lang, and Allen have accepted. Certainly he appears to successfully dispose of some of the arguments.

Mr. Round's second paper is also of local interest, as Ingelric and Ingelrica are prominent figures in the early history of Maldon and Hatfield Peverel. His chapter iii., "Anglo-Norman Warfare," where the much-debated Saxon or English shield-wall is discussed, is of similar importance, since we know that this tactical formation was used both at Maldon and Ashdon, as at Senlac. Chapter iv. is interesting to us, because we learn from it that "blanch" money, in use at the early Exchequer, was paid in Essex as in many other counties. In study v., "London under Stephen," which is to a large extent supplementary of Mr. Round's *Geoffrey de Mandeville* (1892), we come across many names well known in Essex history, and a writ of the reign of Stephen, relating to Maldon, is printed (p. 115 note) from the *Lansdowne MSS.* Even in a paper (vii.) entitled "The Conquest of Ireland," we find an interesting reference to the charter of Henry II. to the borough of Maldon. "The great Inquest of Service, 1212" (xii.), is an important paper, as Mr. Round here appears to clearly prove that the returns printed in the *Testa de Neville* and *The Red Book of the Exchequer* were both compiled from the Inquest of 25th June, 1212; the elaborate entry for Bradwell, Essex, is here alluded to, "the two versions of which, it will be found, are clearly derived from the same original." In study xiii., "Castle-ward and Cornage," the Honour of the Constable is explained, and traced back to the Conquest itself in the person of Hugh de Montfort. Robert de Ver held it in right

of his wife, a Montfort, and was succeeded by the ill-fated Henry de Essex, who forfeited to the Crown in 1163.

These specimens of historical and antiquarian research among original records, with the side-lights they throw on a clear conception of the publications of our early public records, which are now available for students of local and family history, give us many new discoveries, and correct several long-accepted errors. They are marred, however, by a dogmatic method, with many severe strictures on certain historians and an official of the Public Record Office, which cannot be too highly deprecated. "A little *clique* of Oxford historians," the author says on p. 49, "mortified at my crushing *exposé* of Mr. Freeman's vaunted accuracy, has endeavoured without scruple, and with almost unconcealed anger, to silence me at any cost." Mr. Hubert Hall is referred to in the preface, the index, and in several of the studies, in terms we do not wish to reproduce. Such importation of personal animus into a valuable historical work is a serious blot, especially as Mr. Round has already exhausted his arguments against Mr. Hall in a privately printed volume, *Studies on the Red Book of the Exchequer* (1898). Some of the articles seem needlessly laboured and academic. Mr. Round would say, no doubt, he writes for scholars, but the intelligent general reader surely deserves recognition. The book is paged at the bottom, and its whole effect is correspondingly productive of a depression considerably emphasised by the perusal of its last sentence:—"Such documents as this still lurk here and there in MS. Their discovery rewards, at rare intervals, the toil of original research as in those I have printed above bearing on the Commune of London. To this research, as Dr. Stubbs has urged, historians have now to look; but for it, in England, at the present time, there is neither inducement or reward."

How the Germans took London: Forewarned, Forearmed. By T. W. Offin, Jun. Pp. [iv.], 45, demy 8vo. Chelmsford: E. Durrant & Co. Price 1s.

The pamphlet with this alarming title is one of the *Battle of Dorking* type. It is written by a well-known Essex man who knows the country, whose defenceless state he writes to emphasise, well. Many trenchant facts are clearly set forth, *e.g.*, that in the whole district there is not a single fortified town. The inadequacy of the garrisons at Colchester and

Warley and of the stupidly small garrison of Shoeburyness are effectively shown. We are told in detail how Burnham, Shoeburyness, and Southend were surprised; how Sheerness and the "Sans Pareil," the guardship at the mouth of the Medway, were annexed while the officers were being entertained at a dinner-party on board the German ironclad, and others trapped by means of an incendiary fire in the dockyard. Thus all the points of strategical advantage at the mouth of the Thames being quickly made secure, 45,000 men were enrailed for London at the Southend stations in the twenty-four hours. Tilbury fort and its garrison tricked again with incendiary fires in the docks, which, with the neighbouring railway station, were also noiselessly occupied. The Great Eastern was patrolled from London to Harwich, and the Tilbury line from London to Shoebury, and sufficient troops poured in until rich London was completely at the German's mercy. The time of action covered by these pages is short, war was declared at midnight on Saturday, and the terms of peace were submitted at six o'clock on Monday evening. After a perusal of these brightly stirring pages it must occur to many thinking people that the contingency of a sudden successful rush upon London, is not after all so ridiculously remote. Two letters addressed by the author to the *Spectator* are reprinted at the end of the pamplet, on what he considers necessary to avoid conscription and on the desirability of establishing county rifle clubs. His suggestions are certainly worthy of consideration.

The Silver Map of the World: A Contemporary Medallion Commemorative of Drake's Great Voyage (1577-80); A Geographical Essay, including some critical remarks on the Zeno Narrative and Chart of 1558; and on the curious misconception as to the position of the discoveries made by Martin Frobisher in 1576-7-8 which crept into the Cartography of the North Atlantic and of the North-Eastern Coast of America through the Errors of the Zeno Chart. By MILLER CHRISTY. London: Henry Stevens, Son, and Stiles. Pp. xii., 71, demy 8vo., 1900. Price 12s. 6d. net.

This eminently readable geographical treatise treats of the Silver Medallion struck about the year 1581 to illustrate Drake's Circumnavigation of the Globe in 1577-80. It bears upon its face a Map of the World, which is reproduced in fac-simile as the frontispiece of the book. Only three examples of the Medallion

are known to exist, and apart from its high interest as a monument of national history, the map proves upon examination to be a masterpiece of the cartographer's art. It was engraved in Paris under the supervision probably of Richard Hakluyt, and by a map-maker who signs himself F.G. Mr. Christy, whose scholarly work as editor of several volumes of the Hakluyt Society is well known, discusses at length the details of its geographical importance. The region explored by Frobisher is, on this map, correctly placed on the East coast of America, and not as it was erroneously placed on several later maps on the coast of Greenland. The actual chart of Frobisher's first voyage is reproduced for the first time in fac-simile, from a copy owned by the Marquess of Salisbury at Hatfield House. The fictitious character of the Zeno narrative and the perplexing nature of the Zeno Chart are also discussed by Mr. Christy in a thoroughly exhaustive manner. In the small space at command here we cannot do more than call attention to Mr. Christy's most thorough and illuminating work, of which every student of cartography or nautical exploration should possess himself.

Side-Saddle Riding: A Practical Handbook for Horsewomen. By Eva Christy. London: Vinton & Co., Ltd. Pp. 116. 8vo. 1899. Illustrated from photographs. Price 6s.

This little book will be invaluable for all who wish to master from the beginning the art of horsewomanship. The horsewoman of experience may also find in it some useful hints, more especially as to the construction, virtues, and defects of the various articles of a horse's equipment. The first half of the book is worthily occupied with a description of saddles, stirrups, bits, and other "miscellanea." It is not until about p. 57 that the reader sees a prospect of getting fairly off on the ride; indeed, it is not until the last chapter is reached that she is actually mounted in the saddle. There seems no reason why the "Mounting and Dismounting" chapter should not have fallen into its natural place after the discussion of saddles and bridles, and before the handling of the reins, which certainly cannot be learned off the horse. However, this is a trifling matter. The really excellent point made by the writer is the impossibility of a man, who has practised but little riding upon a side saddle, teaching pupils to cope with the particular difficulties attached to this attitude. Miss Christy is be con-

gratulated upon the lucidity of her style in describing all the branches of her subject, which is further aided by a number of excellent photographs illustrating the positions to which she wishes to call attention. She has endeavoured to leave nothing to the individual observation of the learner, and so, perhaps, has fallen into the error of over accentuation, especially upon some minor matters of dress, upon which, after all, any instructions are sure to be soon superseded. In the discussion upon safety skirts she is eminently practical, while upon the question of stirrups she is quite exhaustive. We do not see why she should modestly have failed to claim the credit of the cage stirrup bearing her name, which is, we believe, her own invention. She enters minutely into the details of cleaning and preserving bits, bridles, and saddles, and whether dealing with opening a back-handed gate or twisting up back hair has some method to prescribe. She thoroughly knows her subject as well as she understands a horse, its temper, and its paces. Every woman who rides, either in town or country, should become the possessor of this well-printed little book.

The New Town Hall and Municipal Buildings for Colchester. By Wilson Marriage and W. Gurney Benham, 2nd edition. Pp. 52, demy 4to, 1900. Price 2s.

We are glad to see that a second edition of this beautifully illustrated book has been called for. It contains many additions (*cf. E. R.* viii., 189), has doubled in price, as it has nearly in size and interest. The account of the gifts already promised now spreads itself over twelve pages, as against four in the former edition, but the list of gifts required and suggested has also been augmented, especially by three handsome designs by Mr. Belcher, the architect, for sculptured mantlepieces with panel oil paintings. New and appropriate features are the two pages on the local government of Colchester, a complete list of the Mayors from 1635 (the list of the bailiffs from 1327 has been compiled), the town name in its many forms, with authorities, together with the ingenious designs, by Mr. Benham, representing the early history of Colchester, which were displayed on the programmes of the Oyster Feast for 1898 and 1899. The inside pages of the wrapper are now made useful by displaying a preface expressive of gratitude in its amplified reference, to favours to come, and a useful index.

Your good Lordshyps trulie
affected poore seruante
Jo Norden

THE

ESSEX REVIEW:

A Quarterly Journal for the County.

No. 35.] JULY, 1900. [VOL. IX.

HISTORIANS OF ESSEX.

IX.—JOHN NORDEN.

BY EDWARD A. FITCH.

DOUBTLESS good objection can be taken to the inclusion of John Norden among the historians of Essex. I have long considered his claim, also that of William White, editor of the *History, Gazetteer and Directory of the County of Essex* (Sheffield 1848), to the position, and have decided that I must include the former and exclude the latter. Reasons might give rise to controversy, so I withhold them, but it is obvious that if I treated White as an historian, I must very considerably extend my series of papers, which it is certainly desirable to bring to a conclusion now that a new, Victoria, History is projected. The next article will complete the series.

The work now under consideration remained in manuscript until it was edited by Sir Henry Ellis and published by the Camden Society in 1840, by permission of the Marquis of Salisbury, to whom the original belongs. The title is :

ESSEX.
discribed
by Io. Norden
1594.

It was dedicated to his patron the celebrated Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's principal minister for forty years, whose two sons were both created earls in one day, as follows :—

"To the Righte Honorable my singuler good Lorde sir WILLIAM CECILL knight, Baron of Burghleigh, Lorde high

Treasoror of Englande. One of her Ma^ties^ moste honorable preuie Counsell. And of the moste noble order of the garter knight, JOHN NORDEN presenteth the firste view of this simple discription of ESSEX."

Then follows "Advertisementes [i.e., Advice] towchinge the use of the alphabeticall tables." This is really the key to the map, which is divided by horizontal and perpendicular lines on a scale of two miles apart; these are numbered at the top and bottom and lettered at the sides. In "An alphabeticall table of the townes, parishes and hamlètes conteyned in the Mapp" (pp. 15—28) these reference letters and numbers are appended to each name. A reference list to the nine different characters denoting the market towns, parishes, hamlets, etc., is also given. Then follows the description of Essex (pp. 7—14). Though short this is interesting and deserves attention; it is sufficiently eulogistic. After describing the position and boundaries of our county, Norden continues :—

This shire is moste fatt, frutefull, and full of profitable thinges, exceding (as farr as I can finde) anie other shire, for the generall comodeties, and the plentie. Thowgh Suffolke be more highlie comended of some wherwith I am not yet acquaynted: But this shire seemeth to me to deserue the title of the englishe Goshen, the fattest of the Lande: comparable to Palestina, that flowed with milke and hunnye. But I can not comende the healthfulnes of it: And especiallie nere the sea coastes, Rochford, Denge, Tendering hundredes and other lowe places about the creekes, which gaue me a moste cruell quarterne feuer. But the manie and sweete comodeties counteruayle the daunger.

He notes "the great and huge cheeses made, wondred at for their massiuenes and thicknes," in the hundreds of Rochford, Dengie, and Tendring. Then he quotes the following common rhyme or proverb referring to "some especiall groundes noted generallie, in regarde of their fertilletie." :—

Lorde Morleyes	Baron parke is frutefull and fatt;
In Layr Marney pk	How feild is better then that;
In Wigboro	Copte hall is beste of them all;
Parcell of Peldo hall	Yet Hubble down: may wayr the crowne.

The character would scarcely apply now, but the names remain. "Baron" is probable a misreading for Barne park. Sir Edward Parker, lord Morley, held Barn Hall, Tolleshunt Knights, in 1594, and in Norden's list of notable houses we find (p. 29) "*Barne hall* nere Sàlcot. L. Morleyes." The first locality is in Thurstable Hundred, the others in the adjoining Winstree Hundred. In Mr. W. C. Waller's "Essex Field Names,"

compiled from the Tithe Commutation awards, we find Great and Little Park in Tolleshunt Knights[1]; First How field and Great and Little How field in Layer Marney[2]; Copt Hall wood in Little Wigborough[3], and Hubble Downs in Peldon[4].

North Essex is said to have abounded greatly with hops; there are now none in the county. The last acre was returned in 1887, the return for the previous year being of five acres. Uttlesford hundred is said to have been especially "apt" for corn; and Barstable, Rochford and Dengie Hundreds yielded great store of oats "whence her Matie hath greate store of prouision of auenage." "About the town of Walden groweth great store of saffron, whose nature, in yelding her fruite, is uerie straunge, and bindeth the laborer to greate trauaile and dilligence: and yet at length yealdeth no small aduantage to recomforte him agayne."

The old forest area was thus described —

Fowrthlie, aboute the hundredes of Waltham, Onger, Becontre, and muche of the libertie of Hauering,are for the moste parte wooddes and wooddie groundes, and foreste, as the most parte of Essex in time paste hath bene. This forest is well replenished with deere red and fallow, whoe seeme noe good neighbors to the foreste inhabitantes: but the kindnes which they receyue of the forest, may worke their patience towardes the game. Ther is also nere Hatfeylde broadokes a chace called Hatfeyld chace, a grounde well replenished with fallow deare. This shire seemeth not anie wher altogether destitute of wood, thowgh no wher well stored.

It is full of parkes.[5]

The growth of wool was looked upon as notable, but it was remarked "the moste barren and heathye groundes yelde beste woull"; eight localities and the towns of "Colchester, Brayntree, Cogshull, wher are made the best whites in Englande for rare finenes, Bocking, Hawsted, and Dedham" were referred to as "especiall clothing townes."

The islands, coast, hills, and rivers, being natural features, have altered but little; still, Norden's early description deserves the careful attention of topographers and cartographers. His long paragraph on the Essex oyster, still celebrated, is important, as I believe he was the first to describe the Walfleet native as "a little full oyster with a verie greene fynn." Camden in his *Britannia* (first (Latin) edition 1586, first (English) edition 1610) refers the Walfleet oysters to Maldon and the Blackwater.

1. *Trans. Essex Archæol. Soc.*, n. s. vi., 271. 2. *l.c* vii., 79. 3. *l.c.* vii., 72. 4. *l.c.* vii., 79.
5. For an account of the existing deer parks in Essex see *E.R.* iii, 136.

On the water supply, now a burning question in Essex, as throughout the country, we have these pertinent remarks. "Notwithstanding all which riuers and brookes, manie places in Essex are verie ill watred, and haue few or no springes, especiallie in Denge and Rochforde hundreds, and in diuers other places, which haue onlie standing waters for their vse, which are bad in winter, and in sumer worse." This hardly-felt want has continued on for over three hundred years, and only just now is a partial remedy being attempted.

Norden's description ends with a list of the hundreds (19) and their session towns, of the liberties (3), of the market towns (19, really 20) and of the baronies (4).

Numerous historical notes are added in the alphabetical table of the towns, etc., under the various names; *e.g.*, under A we find:—

Ashdon, b. 10, or *Ashdown*. About this place Edm. Ironside had bickerings wt the Danes.

Ashildon, or *Ashelham*, k. 32. Sometime the lande of John de Roos.

Awdley end, c. 18. Ther was a monasterie founded by the Maunduiles, and wher many of them lye interred. Now Lo. Awdleys of Walden.

Norden gives the "number of P'ishes and chappels that haue cure" as 413. In Camden's map the number is given as 414, but at the end of his description of Essex, he says "There be counted in this County Parish Churches 415."

We now only recognise 404 Poor Law, or civil, parishes. But this number is an ever varying quantity; for example, three years ago the sixteen parishes in the borough of Colchester were united; only this year the recently divorced parishes of Romford, urban and rural, have been remarried, and the ancient parish of Little Ilford has been swallowed up in East Ham. The number of ecclesiastical parishes is equally unstable, as new parishes are readily constituted under 19 and 20 Vict. c. 104. At present there are 460 in Essex. Norden's list of parishes is followed by "An alphabeticall table of the Howses hauing speciall names. And the present occupiers of them." Of these there are 222. Then follows "A table of the Halls in Essex, for the moste parte, which beare the names of the parishes wherin they are, wᵗʰ most of the possessors of them." These are 92 in number. Next we find twenty "certaine howses of gent. and men of accompt in Essex, wᶜ howses have no knowne name yᵗ I coulde learne; and therfore haue I distinguished them by figures, wherby they may be knowne whose they are." This is followed

by " Men of accoumpte, whos howses are in townes or villages, or so scituate as they can not be described in the Mappe." These also number twenty. He concludes thus :—

So that the whole number of howses of nob. men, gent. and men of accompte obserued in the mappe of this Shire is 354.

I take not theis numbers so certeyne as that ther shoulde not be more or lesse ; but I haue sett it downe by informacon, wch is not alwayes certeyne, craving pardon for the defectes, being a straunger, and of so small trauayle in the countrye.

Of the names given in connection with the 354 seats in Essex, the only ones now or lately remaining are Capel, Fanshaw, Mildmay, Petre, Tyrell, and Wiseman ; but even this is not so deplorable as the knowledge that within the present century these and the more numerous mansions erected since Elizabethan times, in which Essex was especially rich, have nearly all been alienated by their owners. The old names that remain can be counted on the fingers of our two hands. Of ancient castles Essex had its full share ; the noble keep at Castle Hedingham is still well preserved. Of baronial residences, Essex could never boast, but Audley End, shorn of much of its magnificence, still remains. An old writer truly remarked that Essex was decorated with more old mansions than any other county. Mediæval and Tudor houses of red brick and stone classic houses of the last century were erected all over the county by the lord mayors and merchant princes of London, but they have been destroyed ; residential estates were formed, but they have not become ancestral—a deeply regrettable history.

Many historical names are found in Norden's descriptions, and although the references are slight in that connection they are important. His work was unknown to our older historians[1], and certainly deserves to be better known than it appears to be at present. His references to the connection of Archbishop Sandys with Edwin's Hall, Woodham Ferrers, has lately (*Trans. Essex Archæol. Soc.*, n.s., vii., 408) been referred to, and will be again. In an interesting article by the late Mr. J. E. Ritchie, on " James Morice, M.P. for Colchester, 1586—1593 " (*E.R.* ii., 165—168), the author remarks, " it is a shame that we know so little of the man." He makes no reference to his residence, but this has been supplemented by Mr. George Rickword (*E.R.* iv., 241). Norden says (p. 23) :—

1. He is quoted as to the ancient name of Foulness Island. Salmon, p. 392, Morant, i. 324n, Wright, ii. 631n.

Onger, called *Chipping Onger*, l. 16. Jeames Morrys, Esq., hath ther erected a uery proper howse of pleasure vpon the topp of a mount, wher was somtyme a castle: it is seene farr of, and hath most large and pleasant perspecte.

Again (p. 40) :—

2. *At Chipping Onger.* Jeames Morris, apprentice at the Comon Lawe.

Norden's *Description of Essex* was the ninth publication of the Camden Society—the first of its second year, and with it is bound up the first annual report presented to the general meeting on 2nd May, 1840, the report of the council dated 1st May, 1840, report of the auditors dated 29th April, 1840, laws of the Camden Society, and the list of members. Altogether 35 pp.

The title of the work is :—

SPECULI BRITANNIÆ PARS :/an/historical and chorographical description of/the county of/ESSEX,/By John Norden,/1594./ Edited from the original manuscript in the Marquess of/Salisbury's library at Hatfield./By Sir Henry Ellis./London :/Printed for the Camden Society,/by John Bowyer Nichols and Son, Parliament Street./M.DCCC.XL.

It consists of xliv., 42pp., foolscap 4-to, and is illustrated with Norden's map, then first engraved by J. Basire, measuring $16\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{7}{8}$ inches. The map is of course folded.

Of John Norden himself we know but little. That little is all contained in Sir Henry Ellis' Introduction, and in Mr. C. H. Coote's most careful article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Anthony á Wood describes Norden as born of a genteel family, but in what county, unless in Wilts, he could not tell.[1] This supposition is not confirmed. Although we find many Nordens mentioned in early Essex registers, he tell us himself he was a stranger. Mr. Coote says he was probably a native of Middlesex. He also accepts R. Gough's [2] date for that of his birth, viz., 1548. We know that he lived at Fulham (1596), and later at Hendon (1607-1610).

Norden was the first Englishman who designed a complete series of county histories, unless Thomas Seckford, who was a Suffolk man, settled in London and of whom we would fain know more, [3] preceded him.

1. *Athenæ Oxon.*, ii. 279.
2. *British Topography*, i. 266.
3. See Appendix to *Elizabethan England*, by F. J. Furnivall. Camelot Series ed., p. 265.

The Oxford M.A., who was the author of the fifteen devotional works enumerated by Ellis ("Introduction" pp. x, xi.) from Wood and whose identity with the topographer he assumes, was a different man. Amongst a number of other quaint titles, that author's *Progress of Piety or Harbourer of Hearts-ease* was published simultaneously (1596) with the *Preparative to the Speculum Britanniæ*, and thus proves that the authors were not identical.

The earliest notices we get of John Norden, the topographer, are; (1) a privy council order dated Hampton Court, 27 January 1593[1], declaring "To all Lieutenants of Counties," &c., that 'the bearer John Norden, Gent.' was authorised and appointed by her Majesty to travel through England and Wales to make perfect descriptions, charts, and maps." (2) In July, 1594, and Oct., 1597[2], Lord Burghley issued from Greenwich and Richmond other orders recommending to favourable public notice the bearer John Norden who had "very diligently and skilfully" already imprinted certain shires to his great commendation, and "who intends to proceed in the rest as time and ability permit."

The outcome of these privileges was the finished survey of seven counties, only two of which, however, Norden succeeded in publishing.

Speculum Britanniæ, the first Parte. An historicall and chorographicall description of Middlesex. 4to London, 1593.

Speculi Britanniæ Pars. The description of Hartfordshire. 4to London, 1598.

They were reprinted together in 4to London, 1723.

Northamptonshire was completed in 1610, but not published until 1720.

Speculi Britanniæ, pars altera; or a delineation of Northampton-shire. 8vo London, 1720.

Cornwall, probably visited in 1584, was also written in 1610 but not published until 1728.

Speculi Britanniæ pars: a topographical and pictorial description of Cornwall. 4to London, 1728.

Descriptions of Kent and Surrey are said to exist in MS. but their whereabouts is not known.[3] William Lambard's *Perambulation of Kent* was first published in 1576.

1. *Hist. MSS. Comm., MSS.* of G. A. Lowndes, Esq., *7th Report*, p. 540 b.
2. *Hist. Com., Rep. 7, p.* 540 b. and Col. Hatfield *MSS.*, pt. viii., p. 459.
3. Harrison's *Descriptions of England.* (New Shakespere Soc.) H. B. Wheatley, ed. 1877.

He prosecuted his county surveys with boundless energy but his large task was beset with difficulties, mainly pecuniary. On 6th January, 1605, he petitioned for the surveyorship of the Duchy of Cornwall, and complained that he had expended £1000 in former employments without receiving any recompense. On 30th January a satisfactory reply was returned[1]. He had previously acted, in conjunction with E. Gavell, as surveyor of the crown woods and forests in Berks, Surrey, Devonshire, and elsewhere. He appears later (1616 and 1617) to have held this post jointly with his son, also named John Norden.

Full and careful reference is made by Mr. Coote, in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, to Norden's numerous surveys, which are known to exist in MS., with their accompanying plans and maps. These refer to Ireland, Windsor, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Surrey, and Denbigh; there are no Essex references. In 1607 he published his *Surveyor's Dialogue*, which was re-published in 1610, 1618, and 1738, and re-edited by Papworth (*Architect. Soc. Publ.*, vi. 409; 1853.)

"Norden made numerous contributions to cartography of very high interest," said the late Mr. C. H. Coote; in his biographical notice these also are very carefully described on the high authority of that accomplished and learned chief of the map department of the British Museum, who died in June, 1899.

For Camden's last author's edition (1607) of his *Britannia*, Norden executed maps of "Hamshire, Hertfordiæ, Cantivm quod nunc Kent, Middlesex, Svrrey," and "Sussexia." For John Speed's *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain* (1627), he supplied the maps of Cornwall, Essex, Middlesex, Surrey, and Sussex. Norden's latest published work, a topographical one, was *England: an intended Guyde for English Travailers, shewing in generall how far one citie and many shire townes in England are distant from other, etc.*, 4to, London, 1625. This busy man, who was contemporaneous with William Camden, William Harrison, John Speed, and so many other notable men, lived in a busy age, and it is supposed that he died soon after the publication of this last-mentioned work, but the records of his death, burial or monumental inscription, if any, have yet to be discovered. Fortunately, his valuable works remain.

1. *Cal. State Papers Dom*, Series 1603-10, pp. 186, 191.

Beside the Hatfield MS., from which, as has been said, Sir Henry Ellis printed the volume for the Camden Society, two other valuable originals of Norden's Survey of Essex exist. They are preserved in the British Museum. One consists of an unfinished fragment contained in [1] "A Chorographicall Discription of the seuerall Shires and Islands of Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Sussex, Hamshire, Weighte, Garnesey, and Jarsey performed by the travaile and view of John Norden, 1595." It comprises an introductory description, the alphabeticall list of towns, parishes, chapels, hamlets, etc., in Essex, and a table of the principal halles and howses, with the most of their possessors, which list is continued no further than to T. It is dedicated to "the gratious consideration of the Lords and others of Her Highnes moste honorable Priuie Counsell." The additional information contained in it is not great.

Not so with the other and earlier. That[2], which forms part of the Grenville Library accumulated by Thomas Grenville, is a manuscript of much beauty. It is in the handwriting of Norden, and is enriched with elaborate illuminations. A dedication to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, is prefixed. His coat of arms, with fifty-six quarterings, forms a frontispiece. This is followed by Norden's coloured map of Essex, inscribed at foot, "Johanes Norden, deliniauit anno 1594." The wording of the manuscript, which bears the title "An Exact Discription of Essex, by John Norden, 1594," differs so largely from the printed book as to make it an altogether different, as well as a much fuller, work. The sequence of subjects, too, is new. Especially full in the Grenville MS. is the treatment of the Essex rivers, of which, as Norden quaintly remarks, "there are not manie within this shire of anie accompte, yet manie rills and little brookes." Thames, or, as Norden writes it, Thamise, is described at considerable length.

In the table of towns and villages, arranged in double columns, many valuable additions to local history are made. The variations of spelling both of places and surnames are curious and informing, while some of the suggestions thrown out as to the derivation of these, although mostly obvious, are extremely quaint.

1. Add. MSS. 31, 853.
2. Add. MSS. 33, 769.

A few coloured coats of arms are introduced, and under the head of Saffron Walden is a painting of the flower, in "colour of a pale watchet blue," from which that town derives its name, with a description of the manner of its growth, habits, and cultivation.

It would plainly be impossible to point out here all the variations from the better known text; a few only of the most important have been noted in the following pages.

The figures following the names of places refer to their place on Norden's map:

ASHDEN or ASHDOWN. b. 10. At this place dyd Edmunde Ironside overthrow the Danes in one battell, but at a seconde fortune altred and ye Danes throwgh treason preuayled and Canute that famous Dane buylte ther a Churche in memoriall thereof.

BRICKLESEY or BRIGHTLINGSEY, f. 34. It belongeth to Sandwich of the cinque portes and hath like preuileges as the 5 portes, the principall towne standeth harde upon the sea and the church thence a mile on a hill which was some time an Ilande and is yet peninsula.

CANNOWDEN, CANNONDEN, or CANNUDEN, m. 30. On the towre is a Beawken or watche.

CHELMERSFORDE. k. 18. coruptè CHENSFORDE a market towne helde on the fryday plentifull of victuall, corne and all necessaries. It is scytuate nere the middle of the Shire and therfore moste graced wth Thassisses and Sessions. It taketh name of Chelmer riuer which passeth by yt on the east at the edge of the towne. It is well watered and standeth in a frutfull soyle. A thorowfare of greate receyte and good enterteynement muche frequented.

COLNE ENGAYNES, d. 24. So called of the Engaynes who helde it in estate tayles in the time of E. 3. by ye graunt of Thomas de Stratton.

[There is more than a page about Colchester and a column about Coggeshall.]

GR. CLACKTON corruptè CLASTON, g. 38. There was sometyme a stately howse of the B. of London. And a parke of great antiquitie, the howse now fallen and the pke disparked.

DENGE, DANSYE, or DANSING, k. 34. heare doth that moste frutefull hundred of Denge take name wherin the great Essex cheeses are made all which circuit of grounde was in the time of Edw. the Confessor a forreste as by his graunt appeareth recorded in the Exchequere by theys words:

Iche Edwarde Kinge. [22 lines.][1]

Hereby it may be gathered that time muche altreth the state of thinges for the place full of wild beastes wood, and as it were a uast wildernes, is now browght to be the moste fatt and fertile place nere in the Lande.

LIT. EASTON, f. 14. In the church ther, lye manie of the auncestors of the most honorable Earle of Essex, whose armes are thus displayde (shields of Bourchier and Louvaine in heraldic tinctures). Nere the churche is a verie auncient bricke howse which dyd belong to the Earles of Essex, whiche wth. sundrye other lande is now Maynardes by purchace.

ELSNHAM, f. 10.[Epitaphs to JohnWalden 1402, John Barlee 1440, aged 50.]

1. See Camden's *Britain*, p. 344; 1610. Blount's *Antient Tenures of Land*, p. 103; 1679. Salmon's *Essex*, p. 393. Morant's *Essex*, i., 327, *H*. Wright's *Essex*, ii. 637, *n*.

FOWLNESSE or FULNESS. m. 34. It was called of the Saxons Edulphesness. This being tedious to be pronounced the worde is corrupted and pronounced fulnesse. Ralfe of Cogshall reporteth that at this place were founde 2 monstrous teeth as is sayd before under Cogshall. It standeth in a fatt Iland of the same name which thrusteth itselfe lyke vnto a little promontory into the sea, about the Iland are store of Walfleete Oysters.

GOLDEHANGER, h. 30 it is vnited to LITTLE TOTHAM and they contend for antiquitye and which of righte to discharge the cure.

W. HANNINGFEILDE, l. 22 } they dyd both somtyme belonge to the
E. HANNINGFEILDE, l. 22 } Earles of Huntindon.

HATFEYLED call. HATF. BROAD OKE, h. 10. this adiunct distinguisheth it from Hatfeylde peuerell. There is a litt market on the Saterday. It perchaunce taketh name of ye scytuacon on a hill. Hautfeldt or Highfeylde. In this churche lyeth cross legged Primus Comes Oxoniæ who seemeth to be the founder of the priorye, which is now defaced. The lande is auncient demesne. At this place did Phillip quene to E 2 bringe fourth her 2 sonne who of the place of his natiutie was called Willm of Hatfeilde who dyed shortly after.

LAIRE MARNEY, g. 30. It was the Lorde Marneys lande who buylte the churche there and a moste stately gatehouse of brick intendinge to make the howse thereunto aunswerable but was preuented by death. The Lords Marney and some other of that name lye interred in uery fayre toombes in the churche ther, whose armes there apeare [blazon of Marney impaling Venables arms] he was also of ye garter.

LYNDSELL, e. 14. it belongeth to ye colledg of Winchester.

MALDON. [1½ columns. ending with] Marianus writeth that after the danes had defaced this town Edwarde the sonne of Alphred repayred and wth a castle fortyfied the same. The forme of the towne is not highlye to be comended it is only in Length conteyning one maynstreete nere a myle in longitude. Small boates may come to the end of the towne. And it is richelye secured of all kind of necessaryes as corne fleshe fish butter, cheese and what ells is required in a market.

GR. OKELEY, e. 40. Quercetu a place grown with oakes, it was sometyme the Lande of Sr Richarde de la playse and in dyuers places of the howse (as I have been informed) dyd appeare the pictures of the playce fishe. It dyd since belonge to the Earles of Oxford and the E. Jo. who was called the little E. Oxford dyd often keepe howse there in H. 7. tyme. The howse is now utterly decayde.

PANTLOW or PENTLOW most truly Pentleau. a. 20. It was our Roger Normands and dyd cast garde for it to Baynardes.

PATESWYKE, e. 24. Patescipagus it was in the Pates tenure in E. 2 time.

PIRGO o. 10. Sr Henrie Grey hath ther a fayre howse.

PURLEY or PURLIEU, k. 16. So called for that it was so nere bordering Denge foreste that the Lorde thereof who was Reynolde de Grayes in E. 2 time had purlieu namely free hunting within his whole Lordship of anie deare or forest wilde beastes wch happened into the same.

STANSTED [nearly a column, "reliques," ¼ mile from church.]

STRATFORDE LANGTON, q. 4. The length of the streete quiet thiss adiuncte. Nere it did Sr Willm de Mountfitchet founde an Abbey in the time of King Stephen.

THACKSTED, e. 12. A market ther on the friday. It was sometyme the Lande of Gyles de Baddlesmere who in E. 3 time demised it to Hugh de Awdley per termini vitæ. It is called also Thecksted é stramineo tectu of the Thatched howses it may be.

E. TILLBURY. [Reference to Camp of Elizabeth's army in 1588.]

WALTHAM called WALTHAM ST. CROSSE, m. 4. [nearly a column].

WALDEN or WALDON, c. 8., nearly a page, ending "This Lorde Awdley buylte the east end of Walden churche and caused the roofe to be browghte from Sudbury, the north parte was buylte by the inhabitants. But it seemeth that the principall parte of the churche was greatlie furthered by one Leeche[1] who lyeth also in the same churche, as apeareth by these verses circumscribed about ye same toombe."

Of entirely new matter, the MS. contains the following list of monastic institutions in the county, which, compiled as it was not long after the Dissolution, is of considerable importance.

A note of suchce places as were Monastaries, Abbeis, Priories, and suhe like in the time of superstition wtin Essex

Toobye now Butlers jure uxoris Barnish is heire vnto it.
Stanesgate Lord Reeches
Hatfeilde Peverell Edm. Allens
Hatfeilde Broadokes Barringtons Esq.
Typtree John Darcies
Cogshull abbey her Maties
Wickes abbey
St Johns nere Colnechester Sr Tho: Lucas
Earles Colne priorie Roger Herjackendens Esq.
St Oseths Lord Darcies of Chiche
Lit Dunmow priorie
Leighs Abb now a statelie howse Lo Reeches
Laten priorie
Prittlewell priorie
Thremnoll priorie
Tyltie abbey, Maynardes
Waltham Abbey Sr Edw. Dennies knight
Ramsey
West ham priorie. Thomas Mewtys

The portrait of Norden, referred to in J. Granger's *Biographical History of England* (vol. ii., p. 29; 1775), and H. Bromley's *Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits* (p. 58; 1793), is from a print in the possession of Mr. John Avery. The autograph is from the dedication in the Grenville MS.

1 *Cf* Wright's *History of Essex*, vol. ii. p. 115.

AN ESSEX SCHOOLMASTER'S WIFE.

BY MISS BERTHA PORTER.

ABOUT the year 1645 the Master of the Free School at Newport brought home a wife to his house, at Newport Pond. He was not new to the place, having taught in the school fourteen years previously, as his wife tells us. Of him, however, we know little, even his Christian name being a matter of uncertainty. It is thought that he may have been the Robert Wolley, "son of Robert Wolley, gent., born at Maddingley, Essex,"[1] who was educated at Newport, and passed on thence at the age of sixteen to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he was admitted as a scholar on April 7, 1637. But in that case he cannot have taught in the school fourteen years before 1645, only having entered it as a boy of ten in 1631. Be that as it may, the previous master, Mr. Lea (Lee, or Leigh), is not known to have been at Newport after about 1635, at which time the name of Wolley (minus a Christian name) makes its appearance as master. Even supposing Mrs. Wolley's figures not to have been quite accurate, and Robert to have been a quick, clever boy, whom Lea employed to assist him, there must have been a gap in his activities at Newport during the time he was at Cambridge, and we learn from Dr. Venns' *Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College*, that Robert Wolley was a scholar there from Michaelmas, 1638, to Christmas, 1639. An entry in the parish registers of Hackney would point rather to our schoolmaster's name having been Benjamin, and not Robert. On Aug. 27, 1661, "Benjamin Woollee, scoll master," from Mare Street, was buried at Hackney, and this date would agree well with Hannah Woolley's widowhood. But at Hackney, beyond this entry, there is a singular dearth of information respecting this special master of its Free School. From the minutes of the Hackney Select Vestry we learn that Mordecai Keydon (master) was complained of for neglecting the teaching in 1640, that John Waggoner was appointed in his stead in 1642, and that the post was held by John Skingle (or Shingle) in 1661. Woolley's term of office (1652? to 1661) fell in times too troublous for his services to have received their due recognition.

If there be this uncertainty as to the baptismal name of the school-master, no less puzzling an uncertainty exists as to the

1, Madingley is in Cambridgeshire, five miles from the University town.—ED.

maiden name of his wife. Such facts as we possess respecting her life's history are communicated by herself in the course of her published works. From them we learn that she was born in 1620, but beyond the stated fact that her mother and her elder sister "were very well skilled in physic and chirurgery," she is reticent as to her family and gives no clue as to where her parental home was situated. She was apparently fairly precocious. By the time she had attained to the age of fourteen she began to consider how she might improve her time to the best advantage, "not knowing at that age anything but what reason and fancy dictated." Nevertheless, in spite of this alleged incompetence, before she was fifteen she was given the sole charge of a small school, and taught the pupils there for the space of two years. Her qualifications as school-mistress were that she "understood indifferently the smooth Italian and could sing, dance, and play on several sorts of musical instruments." At the age of seventeen she attracted the attention of a "noble lady in this kingdom," who took her away from school to become governess to her only daughter. To this patroness she was indebted for the "basis or ground-work" of her knowledge of "preserving and cookery," besides the privilege of becoming "acquainted with the Court and with a deportment suitable thereunto." The death of this lady left Hannah free to enter the household of a successor, "no way inferior to the former," where she first acted as governess to the children and later on became "her woman, her stewardess, and her scribe or secretary." Daily reading aloud constituted part of her duties, and to this practice she ascribes a great increase to her knowledge. She became acquainted with "poems of all sorts and plays" and "romances of the best sort," her lady never failing to instruct her as she read as to the placing of the accents and the management of her tongue, so that she "learned hourly courtly phrases and graces." But Hannah did not confine her energies to purely intellectual or elegant accomplishments, she considered it "irrequisite to let her hands lie idle," so exercised them daily in carving at table and in the practical skill in "physic and chirurgery," which she had acquired from her mother and sisters during her childhood, and which was ever willingly exercised in the event of "any sad accident." Her natural bent in this direction was not overlooked by her

employer, who fostered her talents in all ways. She placed her purse at the disposal of the youthful practitioner, so that she was never in want of such ingredients as she deemed needful for the preparation of her balsams, salves, healing waters, cordials, &c. Medical books were procured for her study and individual instruction from her lady's physicians and surgeons, "who were the best that all England could afford." In this round of activity Hannah continued, until at the age of twenty-four she married her Essex schoolmaster and turned her attention to the charge of the numerous boarders who were under his roof. Her success in the treatment of the pupils, of whom she says she "often had at one time above threescore in number," did not pass unobserved in the neighbourhood, and before long the school-master's wife was in great requisition and actively employed in her ministrations extending to the needs of friends and neighbours for eight or ten miles round her home. After seven years in Newport, the Woolleys removed to Hackney, where they had a large house and many boarders.

Before 1666 Hannah Woolley was a widow, and on 16 April of that year a licence was granted for her marriage with one "Francis Challinor, of St. Margaret's, Westminster, Gentleman, widower."

She had already, in 1661, made her first appearance as an author, in *The Ladies' Directory, in choice experiments of preserving and candying both fruits and flowers. Also an excellent way of making cakes and other comfits with rarities of many precious waters (among which are several consumption drinks, approved of by the doctors) and perfumes.* The book met with so much success that it was re-issued the following year. In 1664 followed *The Cook's Guide*, which contained some of her "choicest cookery," and in 1670 her most successful work, *The Queen-like Closet, or rich Cabinet; stored with all manner of rich receipts for preserving, candying and cookery.* This book ran through at least five editions between 1670 and 1684, and is still occasionally to be found (as a curiosity retired from active service) on out-of-the-way shelves of old country houses. *The Ladies Delight*, first published in 1672, contained many receipts which had already appeared, with the addition of *The Exact Cook; or the art of dressing all sorts of flesh, fowl, and fish*, and *The Ladies' Physical Closet; or excellent receipts and rare waters for*

beautifying the face and body. Each part had a separate title-page, but the pagination was continuous throughout. The book achieved the distinction of being translated into German and published in Hamburg, in 1674, under the title of *Frauen Zimmers Zeit-Vertreib.* With *The Gentlewoman's Companion*, which appeared first in 1675, and reached a third edition in 1682, the list of Hannah Woolley's published works, as far as we know, ends.

Let us look into their contents. To begin with the titles. At first glance, "cookery books," would be the description that would suggest itself to the mind. And to a certain extent they are cookery books. But then so much besides. A cook of to-day would be in despair at the preliminary preparations that are required to carry out the receipts—quaint and aimless as in many cases they appear to us. Whole batteries of bottles and jars, many of them containing "bye-products" of previous concoctions, must have adorned the shelves of the store-closet, still-room, pharmacy, herbarium, perfumery, colonial and dry salting, and provision store all in one. Modern distinctions of classification and selection seem to have been ignored by Mrs. Woolley in her arrangement. For instance, in glancing through the pages one is attracted by the instructions as to how "To Make an Excellent Cake," and is a little upset at finding the enumeration of sweet delicacies, immediately followed by a prescription for making "Pominatum the Best Way," and this again by a receipt for "A very good cake."

It may not be without interest to learn what was resorted to in pre- "Harlene" or "Koko" days. The instructions are as follows:—"Take the caul of a lamb new killed, pick it clean from the skin, and lay it in Spring-water nine days; then being shifted every day, melt it; then take yellow snails, stamp them, and put them in a glass with rose-water foure days; stop the glass and shake it three or fours times a day; then take White-lilly roots, stamp them and strain them, put the juice of them into the glass with the snails; then set a skillet upon the fire, and put in water into it, and let the water boile; then put your tazed lamb's caul into a silver or earthen bason, and let it melt; then take your glass with your snails and lilly-roots, and strain it through a thick cloth; then put it into the tazed stuff; then put in half an ounce of white sugar-candy unbeaten, keep it stirring till that be dissolved; then put in three ounces of oile of

sweet almonds; then keep it boiling and stirring a little longer; then take it off and let it stand till it be reasonable coole; then beat it with a wooden slice till it be as white as possible may be; then put in a little rose-water and beat it a little longer; then put it in gally-pots. You must put in a crust of bread (of wheaten bread) when you melt it in the skillet; and when you put in the sugar candy you must take it out."

Mrs. Woolley's was an age of multifarious materials, treasures which have had their day, and have sunk into oblivion. The perpetual and never-failing use of sack or white wine might not fail to still be popular, but fastidious valetudinarianism would shrink from the alleged virtue of some of the prescribed "simples," tempered as they are by a lavish profusion of sweet spices and savoury herbs. For instance, a young girl threatened with consumption would not then have been cheered by the prospect of Davos Platz, or the south of France, but would have been taught to place her confidence in "snail water," and it would have been well for her if she were not constrained to assist in the preparation of the same. A stout heart and irreproachable nerves were essential requisites of the housewife of the 17th century. Note this heterogeneous assortment:—

"Take a peck of snails (with the houses on their backs), have in readiness a good fire of charcoal well kindled, make a hole in the midst of the fire, and cast in your snails, and still renew your fire till the snails be well roasted, then rub them with a fair cloth till you have rubbed off all the green that will come off, then put them in a mortar and bruise them (shells and all), then take Clary, Celondine, Burrage, Scabeous, Bugloss, five-leaved grass; and if you feel yourself hot, woodsorrel; of every one of these a good handful, with five tops of angelico; these herbs being all bruised in a mortar, put them in a sweet earthen pot, with five quarts of white wine, and two quarts of ale, let them steep all night then put them into a limbeck; let the herbs be in the bottom of the pot, and the snails upon the herbs, and upon the snails put a pint of earth worms slit, and clean washed in white wine; and then put upon them four ounces of arim-seeds or fennel seeds, which you please, well bruised, and five great bundles of Rose-mary-flowers well picked, two or three races of Turmerick thin sliced, harts-horn and ivory, of each foure ounces well steeped in a quart

of white wine, till it be like a jelly, then put them all in order into the limbeck and draw it forth with care."

Snails and earth-worms figure conspicuously in the prescriptions, but their efficacy is entirely eclipsed by the virtues of woodlice. "It is the woodlice that doth the cure," is explained, "for any drink which is made of them, especially if it be in white wine, doth not only cure a cancer in the breast, but also sore eyes, scurvy, drowsiness in the brain, convulsions in children, or in older people, or any manner of obstructions, for they will carry out all evil and venemous humours of the body." Possibly so. But absolute faith in the prescriptions is somewhat shaken by the stress laid on immaterial details—in other words by the tinge of superstition that runs through them. "Water which rises in the east," "the milk of a red cow," "the flesh of a red cock," or "blood from the ears or tail of a cat." Even Mrs. Woolley, excellent woman that she was, was not free from the credulity of her age.

Still they knew how to warm and comfort themselves with their cordials, syrups, sillibubs, and possets, many of which in their profusion of rich and luscious dainties must have been welcome to the fancied invalid of tolerably robust digestion. But to have been really ill 250 years ago must have entailed sufferings of which we, in the days of skilled nursing and rules of hygiene, can hardly conceive a notion. Mrs. Woolley, had she been amongst us now, would undoubtedly have added some hospital training to the acquirements of her model "useful gentlewoman." Prejudice, however, was strong, and it was only in a tentative, half-apologetic manner that this experienced tender of the sick allowed herself even to suggest that some degree of cleanliness and ventilation need not of necessity prove detrimental to the patient. And she summons up courage in her campaign against the "vulgar error of not suffering the diseased or sick person to change his linen often." "It is only the foolish conjecture and groundless fear of some old dotard of our sex," she asserts, "for a good fire will easily prevent all catching of cold; and in the next place their often shifting hath apparently proved the means of their strengthening." And she brings forward a few arguments in favour of her innovation which reflect in all too realistic a manner the horrors of the sick-rooms of our forefathers. There were dire diseases to be

contended with, as is evidenced by the "plague water" that appears so constantly, and the instructions for evading to a certain extent the disfigurements caused by the small-pox. The injured beauty of the Commonwealth or Restoration period was doomed to some treatment such as the following :—"Take some perma-cittie and put to it twice as much of the best bees-wax, melt them together, then spread it upon leather like a mask and cut holes for your eyes and mouth, then lay it on your face and keep it on night and day." No wonder that the prescriptions included "a cordial syrup for melancholy."

Mrs. Woolley's confidence in drugs did not, however, blind her as to the importance of healthy and simple habits for the young girls of her time. She complains bitterly of the neglect of parents in not checking the habits of idleness and sloth that so often followed on a lack of interest and occupation, "by which means," she pathetically observes, "her (the young girl's) understanding starves and her body contracts an hospital of diseases. This you may remedy by suffering her not to sleep over long lest the spirits be over-dull'd, as by too little rest." So she sets to work to suggest many ingenious occupations which she considers will not only prove healthful to the amateur artisan, but also add beauty to the house. We could wish her taste in artistic design to have been other than it was, but given increased energy in the girls, the home manufacture of some rather ugly articles might not have been altogether wasted. Take for example instructions as to "How to make frames for pictures of satten stitch, and the like. Let a handsome plain frame be made of deal wood, fit for your piece of work; then black it over . . . . and frost it; then have in readiness some bones out of the heads of whitings, frosted over first; do them over with a feather with some water wherein gum-arabick hath been steeped and put on your frost and let some be of one colour and some of another. Make some little flowers of several colours upon round pieces of card, with small satten ribbond, and fasten some wire for the stalks and some mother pearl; some corral and some amber; some little kind of creatures made in wax, as frogs and such like; pieces of old necklaces and pendants, with a little moss. When you have got all your things ready put on your shells first in several fancies with beeswax and rosin, set them quick and crush them on hard; then put on the

mother pearl, and then as you please the rest of the things till you have put on all. It will look like a frame of great price, but it will not cost any great matter."

The same girls whose health was to be benefited by occupation were also to be instructed as to their behaviour at table, and Mrs. Woolley's precepts would suggest rather an assemblage of plough-boys than a party of "gentlewomen." "The first thing you are to observe," she tells them, "is to keep your body strait in the chair, and do not lean your elbows on the table. Discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite; nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat can swallow, or your stomach digest. . . . Be not nice nor curious at the table, for that is indecent; and do not mump it, mince it, nor bridle the head, as if you either disliked the meat or the company. . . . On the other side, do not bawl out aloud for anything you want; as—I would have some of that; I like not this; I hate onions; Give me no pepper; but whisper softly to one, that he or she may without noise supply your wants. . . . If you are left to your own liberty, with the rest, to carve to yourself, let not your hand be in the dish first, but give way to others; and be sure to carve on that side of the dish only which is next you, not overcharging your plate, but laying thereon a little at a time. What you take, as near as you can, let it be once; it is not civil to be twice in one dish, and much worse to eat out of it piece by piece; and do not (for it savours of rudeness) reach your arms over other dishes to come at that you like better. Wipe your spoon every time you put it into the dish; otherwise you may offend some squeamish stomachs. Eat not so fast, though very hungry, as by gormandizing you are ready to choak yourselves. Close your lips when you eat; talk not when you have meat in your mouth; and do not smack like a pig, nor make any other noise which shall prove ungrateful to the company. If your pottage be so hot your mouth cannot endure it, have patience till it be of a fit coolness; for it is very unseemly to blow it in your spoon or otherwise. Do not venture to eat spoon-meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes, or that thereby you betray your intolerable greediness. . . . Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bag-pipes. . . . Gnaw no bones with your teeth, nor

suck them to come to the marrow. Be cautious and not over forward in dipping or sopping in the dish ; and have a care of letting fall anything you are about to eat between the plate and your mouth. It is very uncivil to criticize or find fault with any dish of meat or sauce during the repast, or more especially at another's table ; or to ask what such a joint or such a fowl cost ; or to trouble yourself and others with perpetual discourses of bills of fare, that being a sure sign of a foolish epicure. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself; do not let it go down too hastily lest it force you to an extreme cough, or bring it up again, which would be a great rudeness to nauseate the whole table ; and this throwing down your liquor as into a funnel, would be an action fitter for a juggler than a gentlewoman. If you sit next a person of honour it will behove you not to receive your drink on that side; for those who are accurately bred receive it generally on the other. It is uncivil to rub your teeth in company, or to pick them at or after meals, with your knife or otherwise, for it is a thing both indecent and distasteful."

Intended as they were for a portion of the community only, the above quotations throw considerable light on the domestic manners of Mrs. Woolley's days. The table must have been rough indeed in its arrangement to have allowed of proceedings such as our stern mentor condemns. A disorderly passing about of dishes utterly devoid of the daintiness which adds so much to the charm of a modern English meal. But although the company scrambled and helped themselves in an ordinary way, there were evidently occasions when the hostess officiated and when great courtesy to guests was insisted upon. " In carving at your table," we are told, " distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork ; if so, touch no piece of meat without it." The judgment of the carver was responsible for the distribution of " the best pieces," and should it disagree with that of the guest, there were courtesies also to be observed on her side. Thus, " if you be carved with anything which you do not like, conceal (as much as in you lyeth) your repugnancies, and receive it however; and though your disgust many times is invincible, and it would be insufferable tyranny to require you should eat what your stomach nauseates ;

yet it will show your civility to accept it, though you let it lye on your plate, pretending to eat till you meet with a fit opportunity to change your plate, without any palpable discovery of your disgust."

But we wonder why so little skill was attained to by the carvers. Mrs. Woolley finds it necessary to give much theoretical instruction, to which she adds a warning to the inexperienced. "I have been invited to dinner," she relates, "at which I have seen the good gentlewoman of the house sweat more in cutting up of a fowl, than the cook maid in roasting it; and when she had soundly be-liquor'd her joints, hath suckt her knuckles, and to work with them again in the dish."

The receipts for the cooking of flesh, fish, or fowl, suggest great tastiness in the dishes as prepared—plain boiled or roast would have met with no approval. Housewives were offered the choice of six sauces to serve with roast mutton, each more savoury than the last, while a side-light is cast on the preparation of the mutton itself through the details of one of them. "Preserve the liquor of the oysters you stuff your mutton with, and add thereto onions, claret, capers or broom buds, gravy, nutmeg and salt boiled together." "These for a taste," she adds, "for brevity sake I shall omit many more for mutton, which might be here inserted." Fish also received its fair share of attention. "Take a carp, scale it, and scrape off the slime, wipe it clean with a dry cloth, and split it down the back, flowre it, and fry it in sweet sallat-oyl, or clarified butter; being fried crisp, lay it in a deep dish, or earthen pan, then take some white clarit wine, white wine vinegar, and put it into a broad mouth'd pipkin, with rosemary, time, sweet marjoram, parsley, winter savory, bay-leaves, sorrel and sage, a like quantity of each, with some large mace, sliced ginger, gross pepper, sliced nutmeg, whole cloves and salt, with as much wine and vinegar as will cover the fish; boil all these together a little while, and then pour it on the fish hot, and cover it close to detain the spirits from evaporating for an hour's space, and then lay on your lemon with orange-peel. Thus you marinate soles, plain, or any other, whether sea or fresh water fish; if you barrel or pack it up close, it will be as good and keep as long as sturgeon." And note the destruction of small birds, including our songsters, that was countenanced. "Land-fowl, the smaller sort, how to boil, as plovers, quails, blackbirds, rails,

thrushes, snipes, white-ears, larks, and sparrows. Take them and truss them, or cut off the heads and legs, and boil them, scum your pipkins, and put therein large mace, white wine, currants, well picked and washed, dates, marrow, pepper, and salt ; being well stewed, dish them on carved sippets ; thicken the broth with strained almonds, rosewater, and sugar ; garnish them with lemon, barberries, and grated bread."

We trust that the schoolboys at Newport and Hackney sometimes partook of the delicacies. The medicinal infusions we are distinctly informed, were administered at discretion. Mrs. Wolley could make excellent sweets, and her "Pompion Pie," "Cabbage Cream," "Froth Posset," or "Quoddled Pippins, or White Quinces," could not have failed to have been appreciated by the young people under her charge.

Mrs. Woolley's tenets may be summed up in a few words prefixed to her *Gentlewomen's Companion*. "I look upon the end of life," she says, "to be usefullness," and she apparently practised what she preached. A list of her accomplishments, as enumerated by herself, may not be altogether out of place. "The things I pretend greatest skill in are all works wrought with a needle, all transparent works, shell-work, moss-work, also cutting of prints, and adorning rooms, or cabinets, or stands with them. All kinds of beugle work upon wires or otherwise. All manner of toys for closets. Rocks made with shells or in sweets. Frames for looking-glasses, pictures, or the like. Feathers of crewel for the corners of beds. Preserving all kinds of sweetmeats wet or dry. Setting out of banquets. Making salves, waters, ointments, cordials; healing any wounds not desperately dangerous. Knowledge in discovering the symptoms of most diseases and giving such remedies as are fit in such cases. All matter of cookery. Writing and arithmetic. Washing black or white sarsnets. Making sweet powders for the hair or to lay among linen." To which let us add the following essay or quaint "conceit" in verse :—

"Ladies, I do here present you
That which sure will well content you.
A queen-like closet, rich and brave ;
Such not many ladies have.
Or cabinet in which doth set
Gems richer than in Karkanet ;

They only eyes and fancies please,
These keep your bodies in good ease;
They please the taste, also the eye;
Would I might be a stander by,
Yet rather would I wish to eat,
Since 'bout them I my brains do beat;
And 'tis but reason you may say,
If that I come within your way;
I sit here sad while you are merry,
Eating dainties, drinking perry;
But I'm content you should so feed,
So I may have to serve my need."

A loveable, earnest woman of versatile industry, doing much good in her simple unassuming way. Probably not very highly cultured, but possessing the talent of making the most of her opportunities and of utilising her powers to the utmost. And so we part company not without some lurking desire to know more of her. What was her maiden name? And how was she connected with the "Mrs. Sarah Gilly," whose portrait embellished the earlier editions of her works?

OLD CHELMSFORD AND SOME OF ITS SURROUNDINGS.

BY EDMUND DURRANT.

IN the former paper I confined my remarks to the town proper. In the present, I propose to conduct my readers a little farther afield to one or two of the villages upon its easterly side.

Turning sharply round the Black Boy corner into Springfield Lane, the visitor soon comes to the bridge which forms the boundary of the borough. Between this and the mainland of Springfield lies an island called Mesopotamia. In the old days, at election times, there used to be a mock election on this spot. Two of the most respectable of the roughs were selected as candidates. Every person who set foot upon the island was compelled to pay a penny, and say which of the two men they elected to vote for. The recipient of the most pennies constituted the "Member." Then, as soon as all formalities of a proper

election had been duly gone through, both the unlucky candidates were ducked in the horse-pond.

For myself, I am always forcibly reminded when on the island of the words of the preacher "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," seeing that the sole occupations of the inhabitants are selling articles of clothing, and manufacturing tomb-stones.

From the other side of the bridge a good view may be obtained of the Chelmer and Blackwater navigation. This canal was constructed in 1797. When the first barge arrived

SPRINGFIELD MILL.

from Maldon, the event was celebrated by a public holiday, and the inhabitants gave themselves up to all kinds of amusement. Chelmsford was illuminated, and bonfires were lighted in all directions. Considering, however, that the canal cost £50,000, and that it paid no dividend for twenty years, I am afraid that the persons who became so hilarious on that occasion did not reap much to repay them for all the excitement.

This canal has been the scene of some pleasurable excursions made by the Odde Volumes on the good ship *Nancy Bell*, when science and pleasure have been equally combined.

A short distance from the road stands Springfield Mill, almost concealed behind an avenue of fine trees. Here was born Joseph Strutt, the famous antiquary. The family from which he sprang was founded by one John Strutt, who was born at the Mill in 1624; from the elder of whose two sons has descended the Strutt family, of which the present head is Lord Rayleigh. An allusion to the honourable business in which his forerunners were engaged is to be found in the humorous nickname by which a descendant of John Strutt has been called at Westminster—*i.e.*, the "flour" of the House. All the Strutts have distinguished themselves in science, literature, or art. Lord Rayleigh is one of the best scientists of the day, respected not only in England but all over the world.

The descendants of the second son were not scientific, but they have developed high artistic and literary ability. Joseph Strutt was a poet, an artist, and an antiquary, the author of the standard work on the Sports and Pastimes of Old England, and of many other valuable treatises. His son, grandson, and great-grandson have all been excellent draughtsmen. I am indebted for these facts to Mr. Miller Christy, who is, I believe, preparing a monograph on this highly interesting family.

At the top of a slight rising ground stands H.M. Prison, erected in 1828, at a cost of £57,000, and enlarged in 1848, at the cost of another like sum. The first governor was Mr. Neale.

Springfield church (see *E.R.*, iii., 50), a brick structure partly of Norman origin, stands upon a village green, surrounded by handsome trees. An interesting inscription "Praise God for all the Good Benefactors, 1586," points to its restoration at that time.

I must here refer to a small house opposite the Church, which was a haunt of Oliver Goldsmith. Springfield was believed by some to be the original of his "Deserted Village." But the impression may have been derived from more than one village in our county, which the poet knew fairly well, since it was his custom to reach Springfield by way of Stock rectory, approached by Tilbury, to which place he crossed over the Thames by wate[r]. Some years back I started a correspondence on this subject in *Notes and Queries*. Many letters were published, and there seemed an even balance of opinion between both the rivals claiming to be the original of the

"Deserted Village," *i.e.*, Springfield, and Lissoye, in Ireland. There were in Springfield formerly two parishes, one of which had an income certainly small enough to compare with that of the village preacher, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year." But my own opinion is that Goldsmith's picture was painted in some colours suggested by each deserted village.

Near this secluded village green runs the high road from London, the road over which so many refugees have passed in escaping to the sea, the road along which Cosmo III. and his gorgeous attendants travelled on his way to New Hall. As I sit beside the highway and close my eyes, I seem to hear the tramp

NEW HALL.

of pilgrims, the tread of refugees, and an echo of the voices of kings, princesses, generals, and great statesmen.

Not far beyond the boundary in the parish of Boreham is the entrance, through a pair of handsome iron gates flanking a long avenue of trees, to the historic mansion of New Hall. Though much reduced at various times to suit the declining fortunes of its various owners, this once royal residence is still a grand and stately pile. Here the unfortunate Anna Boleyn passed her early years. At her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn's death, it passed to her fickle husband, who added to and beautified it so much that he gave it the name of Beaulieu. Later it became the residence of Princess Mary, afterwards

Queen, of Queen Bess, of the Earl of Sussex, of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and was presented by a grateful nation to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, after his share in the restoration of King Charles II. to the vacant throne of England.

The courtyard as it now is may be studied in the accompanying illustration. The former splendid chapel has been pulled down, but the great hall of the building, still intact, is used as a chapel by the community of nuns of the order of the Holy Sepulchre, who took refuge there when driven from Liége by the revolution of 1793. This magnificent apartment measures 50 feet by 20, and is 45 feet in height.

Beyond New Hall, on the opposite side of the London road, is Boreham House, a fine brick mansion, erected in 1728, by Mr. T. B. Hoare, then the owner of New Hall. Before the house extends an ornamental lake skirted by avenues of chestnut trees, which rival, when in blossom, those of Hampton Court. This house, now the home of the Tufnell-Tyrell family, contains some fine carvings and pictures, among them a Holbein. A carriage used by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo still exists on the premises.

In Boreham Church is a fine altar tomb to Robert Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex (see *E.R.*, i., 161). The armour in which the knightly figures are clad is reproduced in marble in such a manner, as to remind one of

> "The Stone that breathes and struggles,
> The Brass that seems to speak."

When I look at these figures it seems to me that much of the spirit that animated the workman of the past is dead, and there is no successor to the accomplished craftsmen of the Middle Ages left.

From Boreham we have only to cross the canal to reach the interesting parish of Little Baddow. The small and ancient church has, fortunately, come very little under the hands of the restorer. But here I intend to speak of the chapel (see *E.R.* i., 171). The origin of its congregation dates back to 1628, when Thomas Hooker, curate of Chelmsford, came, after he was silenced by Laud, to live in this hill-side parish. Here he opened a school, and preached on Sundays in his own house to whatever friends and old parishioners inclined to come out and hear him.

An assistant master at his school was young John Eliot, born at Widford, in Hertfordshire, but from the age of three

years, an inhabitant of Nazing, in this county. From Cambridge Eliot came to Little Baddow, and when Hooker emigrated to the New World, about 1633, he followed his master thither. A year or two after settling at Roxbury, in Massachussetts, Eliot's attention was drawn by the labours of some Jesuit priests towards the state of the Indian population, and for fifty years he fulfilled his mission as "the apostle to the Indians." He translated the Bible into their language and presented a copy, still preserved, to Cambridge University. He was the first salaried servant of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, from which sprang that now ancient society known as the S.P.G.

Some five years ago, while living at Danbury, I was visited by Dr. Ebbsworth Eliot, of New York, who was anxious to see where his ancestor had spent eight years of his early life. He had already visited John Eliot's birthplace, Widford, with the result that a new east window was some time after presented by him to the church of that parish. At the unveiling by Mr. Bayard, the American minister, I was present by request of Dr. Eliot. With a large congregation, composed chiefly of Americans, I listened to an excellent account of the life history of John Eliot, given by the rector in his address. I contributed, afterwards, a brief account of the ceremony to this journal (*E.R.*, iii., 207). In reply to my enquiries for a portrait of Eliot, I was lately informed by Dr. Eliot that there was none authentic, but he informed me of his determination to found a more practical memorial of his ancestor than even the window in Widford Church. He now proposes to endow at Jesus College, Cambridge, where John Eliot received his education, a scholarship, open to natives of the two English counties of Essex and Hertfordshire, as well as to natives of Massachussetts, the New England State where his active life was spent. The Master and Fellows of Jesus are, he tells me, prepared to allow the name of John Eliot, their distinguished alumnus, to be perpetuated in this manner. I only hope that the first scholar may be a native of Little Baddow or Chelmsford. This noble act is only another instance of the grateful response that New Englanders never fail to make towards the mother country who sent out her children to settle there so long ago.

I cannot quit the subject of Little Baddow Chapel without referring to Stephen Morrell, another of its famous pastors, of

whose family an interesting account has already appeared in these pages (*E.R.*, i., 168-174). The son of a French refugee, who served as an officer in the British navy, and fought under Admirals Hawkes and Boscawen, Morell and his three sons were all well known as prominent independents. The younger of the three, John Daniel Morell, is celebrated as the author of many philosophical works.

OLD RIFFHAMS.

Old Riffhams, a fine manor house dating from Tudor times, contains some fine carving and panelling, as well as a valuable collection of stuffed birds and bird-skins, made by its occupier, Mr. Charles Smoothy, than whom there is not a better naturalist in the county.

The chief object of interest, however, in this neighbourhood, is Danbury Palace, and the park which surrounds it. This fine mansion was built in 1832, and soon afterwards (1845)

purchased by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the bishops of Rochester. The first bishop to reside here was Bishop Murray, who was, I believe, connected with the Tufnell family. The next was Bishop Wigram, who was very fond of cutting down trees in the park. I remember as a boy I fervently hoped, as perhaps he did also, that he might be translated with all speed to Canterbury. Otherwise I thought all the magnificent timber would in time be sacrificed to his propensity for woodcraft. During his time the beautiful little chapel

GRIFFIN INN, DANBURY.

was built. Other improvements were made during the residence of Bishop Claughton, the last bishop who presided over the joint diocese under its old name of Rochester, and the first Bishop of St. Albans. On a hill near the palace, called Elm Green, are two fine trees planted at the Jubilee of George III., also three planted at the Queen's first Jubilee. Still further up the hill is the Convalescent Home of the Mansfield College settlement in the east-end, founded by Percy Alden, Miss Cheetham, and other philanthropic workers. To this health-giving hill-top, more than a hundred people come

down each year from smoky London for a fortnight's rest and recuperation.

At the top of Danbury Hill stands the Griffin Inn, said to be four hundred years old. Here Sir Walter Scott is once reputed to have stayed, when he took in hand the editing of Joseph Strutt's unfinished novel, *Queenhoo Hall*. A large portion of this story is laid in Danbury, at Gay Bowers, the castle of the St. Clere family, now demolished, but whose site is close by the Manor House. It is well known that Sir Walter's attention was first turned to the writing of romance by this early editorial effort, so I think I may fairly claim that Danbury is the true birthplace of the Waverley Novels.

The view from the top of Danbury Church tower has often been described. I will only advise the intending climber to choose a day when the wind is E. He will then have a grand view over the estuary of the Blackwater, with a distant peep of the North Sea. Southward he will see the Crouch and Thames, with the hills of Kent rising behind. The beauties of Danbury cannot all be seen in one day; it is necessary to spend a few days here at different seasons of the year. It is beautiful in early spring with the wood anemone, primrose, violet, and daffodil growing in the woods, with red sorrel and gorse on the Common. A few weeks later the wych elm, hawthorn, elder, and cherry—all in full bloom—make a picture of sylvan beauty not easily to be forgotten. By midsummer the oaks, elms, and numerous other trees are in full foliage, and the foxglove is conspicuous everywhere, while on the commons the ground is carpeted at places with the sundew and other interesting ground plants. In autumn the scene is even grander, with the tints ever varying in every direction. Even in mid-winter the scenery of Danbury is not to be despised, more especially when the trees and shrubs are covered with hoar-frost. In the thick woods, open commons, and charming lanes bird-life abounds. At all times of the year the cloud effects at Danbury are wonderful, and a moonlight night there, particularly when the Blackwater is at full tide, is not soon to be forgotten. There is no place in East Anglia to equal Danbury as a health resort, for between this Essex hill-top and the Ural Mountains rises nothing higher than a chimney, and the full vigour of the easterly breezes is carried hither fresh across the Channel.

ESSEX PARISH REGISTER BOOKS.

BY THE REV. O. W. TANCOCK.

(Continued from Vol. VIII., p. 214.)

(110) NAZING.

Book i.	Bap. 1559—1688.	Book iii.	Bap. 1752—1810.
	Bur. 1559—1688.		Bur. 1753—1810.
	Mar. 1559—1686.		Mar. 1753—1769.
Book ii.	Bap. 1688—1739.	Book iv.	Bap. 1806—1812.
	Bur. 1688—1739.		Bur. 1806—1812.
	Mar. 1688—1739.	Book v.	Mar. 1770—1812.

There is a considerable gap between Books ii. and iii., which is not explained. Some entries are in Book iii., and repeated in Book iv.

(111) NETTESWELL.

Book i.	Bap. 1558—1710.		Mar. 1711—1754.
	Bur. 1558—1710.	Book iii.	Bap. 1767—1812.
	Mar. 1558—1710.		Bur. 1767—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1711—1765.	Book iv.	Mar. 1755—1811.
	Bur. 1711—1765.		

Book i. was returned in 1887 as "much mutilated."

(112) NEVENDON.

Book i.	Bap. 1638—1671.	Book ii.	Bap. 1668 - 1812.
	Bur. 1638—1671.		Bur. 1668—1812.
	Mar. 1638—1665.		Mar. 1671—1811.

The Return of 1830-3 gave one book only, Book ii. of this list. The present Book i. has been recovered. A note in Book ii., dated 1755, calls attention to the Act of 1753, and to the "particular form of Registering prescribed," but Marriages are not in a separate Book.

(113) NORTON, COLD.

Book i.	Bap. 1539—1762.	Book ii.	Bap. 1770—1812.
	Bur. 1708—1771.		Bur. 1771—1812.
	Mar. 1751—1754.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

Book i. was returned in 1830 as "very defective," several pages being lost. A transcript was made by the late Rector, the Rev. F. Williams, and members of his family.

(114) NORTON MANDEVILLE.

The return of 1830-3 was as follows:—

Book i.	Bap. 1538—1783.	Book ii.	Bap. 1784—1812.
	Bur. 1539—1783.	Book iii.	Bur. 1783—1812.
	Mar. 1539—1779	[Book iv.	Mar. 1779—1811.]

A return in the Archdeacon's Book of Terriers states that "about two years ago the Old Registers of this Parish . . . . were found in the Iron Chest perfectly rotten and in pulp, from wet having in an unaccountable way got into

the said chest, though kept in the Church, and as it was thought free from wet or damp. 1887." This benefice is now held with High Ongar, and the remains of the Registers are at High Ongar Rectory. Books i. and iv. have wholly disappeared. Books ii. and iii. were "Stamp Act Books" of the printed form with embossed stamps, of the former seven pages were filled, of the latter four pages and a half were filled, the remainder being blank. They are dilapidated, but most of the entries are legible.

(115) Ockendon, North.

Book i.	Bap. 1570—1653.		Mar. 1654—1752.
	Bur. 1570—1653.	Book iii.	Mar. 1755—1772.
	Mar. 1570—1650.	Book iv.	Bap. 1772—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1654—1772.		Bur. 1772—1812.
	Bur. 1654—1772.		Mar. 1772—1812.

Books i. and ii. were well bound in morocco some years ago; Book ii. is the book of the civil "Parish Register" under the Act of 1653; it is defective having no Bap., 1708–1729; no Bur., 1707—1730; no Mar., 1708—1731; Book iv. has the Marriages in a printed Book bound in with the other Register. —See Palin's *More about Stifford*, pp. 114—149.

(116) Ockendon, South.

Book i.	Bap. 1538—1783.		Bur. 1783—1812.
	Bur. 1538—1783.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1771.
	Mar. 1538—1754.	Book iv.	Mar. 1771—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1783—1812.		

See Palin's *More about Stifford*, pp. 97-112.

(117) Ongar, Chipping.

Book i.	Bap. 1558—1812.		Mar. 1560—1753.
	Bur. 1558—1812.	Book ii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

Book i. is a very fine book, somewhat irregularly kept from 1643 to 1661, but otherwise remarkably complete. This Register from 1558 to 1750 has been printed by Mr. F. A. Crisp, F.S.A.

(118) Ongar, High.

Book i.	Bap. 1538—1623.	Book iii.	Bap. 1743—1812.
	Bur. 1539—1623.		Bur. 1743—1812.
	Mar. 1539—1622.		Mar. 1743—1753.
Book ii.	Bap. 1653—1742.	Book iv.	Mar. 1754—1797.
	Bur. 1653—1742.	Book v.	Mar. 1797—1812.
	Mar. 1653—1742.		

This series of Books is a complete Register, save for the gap between Book i., 1623, and the beginning of Book ii., 1653. The real Book ii. must have been lost long since. The present Book ii. is the civil Parish Register's Book.

(119) Orsett.

Book i.	Bap. 1669—1785.		Bur. 1723—1812.
	Bur. 1669—1723.		Mar. 1735—1756.
	Mar. 1670—1735.	Book iii.	Mar. 1757—1794.
Book ii.	Bap. 1785—1813.	Book iv.	Mar. 1794—1812.

See Palin's, *Stifford*, p. 155.

(120) Paglesham.

Book i.	Bap. 1719—1792.	Book ii.	Bap. 1792—1812.
	Bur. 1719—1789.		Bur. 1792—1812.
	Mar. 1733—1739.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

The last Marriage in Book i. is dated March 4, 1739/40; no other entry occurs till 1754, when Book iii. was begun.

(121) Parndon, Great.

Book i.	Bap. 1548—1703.		Bur. 1704—1799.
	Bur. 1547—1678.		Mar. 1704—1750.
	Mar. 1548—1703.	Book iv.	Bap. 1800—1812.
Book ii.	Bur. 1678—1704.		Bur. 1800—1812.
Book iii.	Bap. 1704—1799.	Book v.	Mar. 1754—1812.

Book i. is somewhat mutilated or defective; "no Register of Burials was kept from 1647—1658, the Registers were not looked to by Mr. Dyke," who was instituted in 1645. Book ii. is a Burials in Woollen Book, and contains a good deal of matter of parish memoranda; it was not given in the Return of 1830. Probably a separate civil Parish Register's Book was used from 1653 to 1658 and lost.

(122) Parndon, Little.

Book i.	Bap. 1621—1653.		Mar. 1660—1740.
	Bur. 1621—1653.	Book iii.	Bap. 1720—1812.
	Mar. 1621—1653.		Bur. 1720—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1660—1740.		Mar. 1720—1745.
	Bur. 1660—1740.	Book iv.	Mar. 1755—1809.

Book i. was not given in the Return of 1830, but was given in a Diocesan Return of 1887, it does not appear to be in existence, and probably that Return was due to some mistake, and no Book has been lost in late years.

(123) Pitsea.

Book i.	Bap. 1689—1812.		Mar. 1688—1754.
	Bur. 1738—1812.	Book ii.	Mar. 1757—1812.

Book i. is defective since it contains no Baptisms from 1723 to 1728, but it is not in any way mutilated. A note was added to the Return of 1830, "no other Registers can be found"; none have been found since. The parish books, church accounts, &c., do not date back beyond 1700.

(124) PLESHEY.

Book i.	Bap. 1656—1737.	Book ii.	Bap. 1737—1812.
	Bur. 1656—1725.		Bur. 1737—1812.
	Mar. 1656—1737.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

Book i. is imperfect, and was very irregularly kept from 1672 to 1712 or not kept at all. Burials are missing from 1725 to 1737; and a Marriage Register Book from 1737—1754 was lost before 1830. Book i. has been carefully repaired, 1897, and a transcript of it has been made by the Rev. O. W. Tancock.

(125) PRITTLEWELL.

Book i.	Bap. 1649—1727.	Book iii.	Bap. 1809—1812.
	Bur. 1645—1720.		Bur. 1808—1812.
	Mar. 1645—1715.	Book iv.	Mar. 1754—1778.
Book ii.	Bap. 1727—1808.	Book v.	Mar. 1778—1808.
	Bur. 1729—1808.	Book vi.	Mar. 1808—1812.
	Mar. 1729—1744.		

Book i. was obtained in accordance with the Order of the House of Commons made in the case of the "Protestation of 1641." It contains "instructions" issued by Parliament with printed date "27th June, 1643," and the Solemn League and Covenant, with the names of signatories, and other documents. Book ii. has no Burials from 1741 to 1756. Book iii. is a printed Stamp Act Book of 1783.

(126) PURLEIGH.

Book i.	Bur. 1592—1631.	Book iii.	Bap. 1769—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1662—1769.	Book iv.	Bur. 1769—1812.
	Bur. 1674—1769.	Book v.	Mar. 1754—1812.
	Mar. 1674—1754.		

Book i. was transcribed about 1600 from an older Book; it contains Burials only; it was returned to the Churchwardens Nov. 10, 1820, found "on looking over some old books." Book ii. was begun in 1674; a number of Baptisms from 1662 are irregularly entered on a fly leaf; it contains an interesting note on an ordination at Purleigh by Bishop Henry Compton, July 31, 1700. A Book has been lost between the present Books i. and ii.

See *Essex Review* ii., pp. 85—96.

(127) RAINHAM.

Book i.	Bap. 1570—1632.		Bur. 1724—1783.
	Bur. 1583—1664.		Mar. 1724—1754.
	Mar. 1583—1585.	Book iv.	Bap. 1783—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1666—1723.		Bur. 1783—1812.
	Bur. 1665—1723.		Mar. 1783—1812.
	Mar. 1666—1723.	Book v.	Mar. 1755—1783
Book iii.	Bap. 1724—1783.		

Book i. was not mentioned in the Return of 1830—3: it has been recovered since, having been "found among a lot of old papers by a former curate in

charge." Probably it was at one time complete to 1665, but now Baptisms have gaps, 1589 to 1608, 1614 to 1619, 1622—1629: the Burials are "quite fragmentary": one half-leaf of Marriages only survives. The fragments were carefully arranged and interleaved and bound in 1868. Book iv. has Marriages following on Book v. The whole of the Register 1570—1812 was transcribed by Mr. R. H. Browne for the Rev. C. R. N. Burrows, then "curate in charge."—See Palin's *More about Stifford*, p. 155.

(128) RAMSDEN BELLHOUSE.

Book i.	Bap. 1562—1779.		Bur. 1793—1812.
	Bur. 1562—1779.	Book iii.	Mar. 1755—1808.
	Mar. 1565—1754.	Book iv.	Mar. 1708—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1780—1812.		

Book i. has some gaps, thus there are no Marriages from 1610 to 1676 and the entries from 1652 to 1658 are very irregular. In 1696 it is certified that entries from 1654 to 1658 "were posted out of another book," the civil Parish Register's Book, no doubt. Book ii. has no Burials earlier than 1793; there is therefore a considerable gap.

(129) RAMSDEN CRAYS.

Book i.	Bap. 1558—1687.		Mar. 1743—1753.
	Bur. 1558—1653.	Book iii.	Bap. 1803—1812.
	Mar. 1572—1653.		Bur. 1804—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1738—1804.	Book iv.	Mar. 1754—1812.
	Bur. 1737—1804.		

Book i. contains one Baptism, dated 1707, and one Marriage 1792: a note was added to the Return of 1830, that "no Registers can be found" between Books i. and ii.: a civil Parish Register's Book begun in 1653 has disappeared.

(130) RAWRETH.

Book i.	Bap. 1539—1812.		Mar. 1539—1751.
	Bur. 1539—1812.	Book ii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

The Return of 1830-3 stated Book i. to be "defective" for many years: the book is not imperfect or mutilated, but there are occasional years without any entries, due in part to the smallness of the population; in part, perhaps, to carelessness.

(131) RAYLEIGH.

Book i.	Bap. 1548—1586.		Mar. 1688—1743.
	Bur. 1548—1586.	Book iv.	Bap. 1744—1788.
	Mar. 1548—1586.		Bur. 1743—1787.
Book ii.	Bap. 1626—1653.		Mar. 1744—1754.
	Bur. 1626—1661.	Book v.	Bap. 1788—1812.
	Mar. 1626—1660.		Bur. 1787—1812.
Book iii.	Bap. 1686—1744.	Book vi.	Mar. 1754—1807.
	Bur. 1686—1743.	Book vii.	Mar. 1807—1812.

Book i. is of paper, and has lost the real beginning; it has been repaired and

bound in recent times, and the later leaves have been misplaced. Book ii. is of parchment with no sign of mutilation at beginning or end. The gaps 1586—1626 and 1660—1686 are probably caused in the first instance by the loss of a parchment transcript of 1598; in the second by the neglect of a non-resident rector to provide a new book.

(132) Rettendon.

Book i.	Bap. 1678—1810.	Book ii.	Bap. 1810—1812.
	Bur. 1678—1810.		Bur. 1810—1812.
	Mar. 1678—1744.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

Book i. has two earlier entries of Baptisms—one of 1674. one of 1676: there is a gap from 1748 to 1753. Book ii. was not mentioned in the Return of 1830, but has been recovered.—See *Essex Review*, iii., p. 234.

(133) Rochford.

Book i.	Bap. 1678—1719.		Bur. 1783—1812.
	Bur. 1678—1719.	Book iv.	Mar. 1754—1791.
	Mar. 1678—1719.	Book v.	Mar. 1792—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1719—1783.	Book vi.	Bap. 1735—1781.
	Bur. 1719—1779.		Bur. 1735—1780.
	Mar. 1719—1758.		Mar. 1736—1760.
Book iii.	Bap. 1783—1812.		

Book vi. is, in the Return of 1830, said to be "a duplicate book of Ba. Bu., probably the original of Book i." It is not so, but is a Clerk's Memorandum Book parallel to Book ii.; it seems to be imperfect, and does not cover the whole period.

(134) Roding, Abbess.

Book i.	Bap. 1560—1686.		Mar. 1687—1756.
	Bur. 1560—1686.	Book iii.	Bap. 1787—1811.
	Mar. 1560—1686.	Book iv.	Bur. 1786—1811.
Book ii.	Bap. 1687—1787.	Book v.	Mar. 1756—1812.
	Bur. 1687—1786.		

Books i. and ii. have been bound into one volume since 1830; there are now therefore four books instead of the five then returned.

(135) Roding, Aythorpe.

Book i.	Bap. 1559—1644.	Book iii.	Bap. 1761—1812.
	Bur. 1559—1644.		Bur. 1761—1812.
	Mar. 1559—1644.	Book iv.	Mar. 1754—1808.
Book ii.	Mar. 1666—1760.	Book v.	Mar. 1808—1812.
	Bur. 1666—1760	Book vi.	1559—1644.
	Mar. 1666—1754.		

The Return of 1830 gave Books i. to v., stating that Book i. was of dates "1559—1591," and that "a Book between i. and ii. is missing." But Book i. is in two parts now, part i., 1559—1591, sound, though faded in places; part ii.,

very imperfect and injured by damp. Book vi. is a copy on parchment of Book i., made by the late rector, the Rev. H. Ludgater.

(136) RODING, BEAUCHAMP.

Book i.	Bap. 1688—1798.	Book ii.	Bap. 1798—1812.
	Bur. 1688—1798.		Bur. 1798—1812.
	Mar. 1688—1750.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

(137) RODING, BERNERS.

Book i.	Bap. 1538—1699.	Book ii.	Bap. 1766—1812.
	Bur. 1538—1699.		Bur. 1766—1812.
	Mar. 1538—1699.	Book iii.	Mar. 1756—1810.

The Return of 1830 gave dates 1538 to 1765 for Book i. wrongly, for the Book is not imperfect, and there are not any entries between 1699 and 1765. The Return of 1887 gave the dates correctly: in Book ii. one entry of 1765 has been made. This was a donative or curacy, and from 1700 was held by the Rector of Greensted, Richard Hewyt, who probably neglected to keep a Register here. The Books of neighbouring parishes would probably contain entries of Berners Roding.

(138) RODING, HIGH.

Book i.	Bap. 1538—1800.	Book ii.	Bap. 1800—1812.
	Bur. 1538—1812.	Book iii.	Mar. 1754—1812.
	Mar. 1538—1752.		

Book i. has a first part, 1538 to 1558, quite distinct from the rest: there are two large gaps, from about 1678 to 1693, and 1720 to 1732: and a gap in the Burials from 1645 to 1656; and in Marriages from 1652 to 1663. The book "was bought by the Churchwardens in the year 1598, pryce V.s."

(139) RODING, LEADEN.

Book i	Bap. 1572—1812.		Mar. 1572—1752.
	Bur. 1572—1812.	Book ii.	Mar. 1754—1812.

There is a gap in Book i. from 1618 to 1625, during which time no entries were made.

(140) RODING, MARGARET.

Book i.	Bap. 1538—1664.		Mar. 1665—1754.
	Bur. 1538—1664.	Book iii.	Bap. 1778—1812.
	Mar. 1538—1664	Book iv.	Bur. 1778—1812.
Book ii.	Bap. 1665—1778.	Book v.	Mar. 1754—1812.
	Bur. 1665—1779.		

Book i. is defective in that it contains no entries from 1640 to 1649, a part of the long incumbency of John Stable.

(141) RODING, WHITE.

Book i.	Bap. 1547—1693.		Mar. 1695—1754.
	Bur. 1547—1694.	Book ii.	Bap. 1695—1761.
	Mar. 1547—1693		Bur. 1695—1761.

Book iii. Bap. 1761—1812. Book iv. Mar. 1754—1812.
Bur. 1761—1812.

Book i. has no Burials 1561—1566; no Marriages 1579—1584. Book ii. is a small book, post 4to., begun in consequence of the Tax Act on Births, &c.

(142) Romford.

Book i. (i.) Bap. 1561—1582. Book iii. (ii.) Bap. 1610—1732.
Bur. 1561—1582. Bur. 1610—1732.
Mar. 1561—1582. Mar. 1610—1732.
Book ii. (i.) Bap. 1595—1609. Book iv. (iii.) Bap. 1641—1716.
Bur. 1595—1609. Book v. (iv.) Bap. 1716—1728.
Mar. 1595—1609. Bur. 1697—1748.
Book vi. (v.) Bap. 1731—1812.
Bur. 1731—1812.
Mar. 1730—1753.
Books vii., viii. (vi., vii.) Mar. 1754—1812.

There were Eight Books in the Return of 1830: and Book ii. was "much decayed." Since that time Books i. and ii. have been repaired and bound into one vol., the present Book i. Book iv. (now Book iii.) is a duplicate, and Book v. (now iv.) also. The present Books i., ii., v., vi., vii. are a fairly complete register, of which the earliest part is "on paper."

(143) Roxwell.

Book i. Bap. 1558—1666. Bur. 1649—1812.
Bur. 1560—1647. Mar. 1649—1753.
Mar. 1559—1665. Book iii. Mar. 1754—1812.
Book ii. Bap. 1649—1812.

The Return of 1830 gave Five Books, counting Book ii. as ii., iii., iv., and Book iii. as v. Book i. is a transcript writtten in 1622: no Burial entries are later than July 9, 1647, the book being then filled. Book ii. was obtained after the Restoration, and was written up from Book i. and other sources, including probably a book of the civil "Parish Register" "John Doidge," containing the Burials from 1653 to 1660.

These Books have been excellently bound by the care of the late vicar, the Rev. Dr. Rogers, and a transcript by Mr. R. H. Browne is in the possession of the Vicar and Churchwardens.

(144) Roydon.

Book i. Bap. 1567—1706. Mar. 1707—1772.
Bur. 1567—1706. Book iii. Bap. 1775—1812.
Mar. 1567—1706. Bur. 1775—1812.
Book ii. Bap. 1706—1771. Book iv. Mar. 1774—1812.
Bur. 1706—1771.

(145) RUNWELL.

Book i.	Bap. 1558—1707.	Book ii.	Bap. 1711—1812.
	Bur. 1558—1732.		Bur. 1768—1812.
	Mar. 1554—1743.	Book iii.	Mar. 1755—1812.

The Return of 1830 gave Books No. i. and No. ii. thus, "No. i. transcript from a book now lost, Bap. 1711—1748, 1766—1812; Bur. 1768—1812; No. ii. Mar. 1755—1812"; *i.e.*, the existing Books ii., iii. Book i. has one Burial of 1766; after 1700 the entries are very irregular and not consecutive. According to a note in Book ii. the "Old Registers were lost in 1754"; this Book i. "was recovered in 1870 and restored to the Parish." Book ii. has no Baptisms between 1748 and 1766.

ON A RELIC OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND AT PLESHEY.

BY MILLER CHRISTY.

NO previous writer on the History of Essex has, so far as I am aware, even mentioned in passing the very interesting inscribed stone, still to be seen at Pleshey, to which I desire to call attention.

Essex people do not require to be told of the former importance of Pleshey. To-day the parish contains few residences of greater pretensions than a humble labourer's cottage; but, in early times, it was clearly a place of great consequence. What led to its being chosen originally as an important centre is not very clear. It does not lie close to any great travel-route or large river, while its site does not present any very special advantages in the way of military defence. It is true that the surrounding country is agreeable, fertile, and well watered, but not strikingly more so than many other localities in the neighbourhood. Whatever the cause, however, Pleshey was early selected as a place of residence, as is shown by the large camp—perhaps British, perhaps Roman, perhaps both in turn—at least a mile in circumference, its wall and ditch still well preserved in many places, which surrounds the present village. Just within one margin of this camp stands a huge oval keep-mound of later date, with ramparts and moats adjacent, covering altogether an area of five or six acres. These mark the site of a Norman stronghold which remained, for several centuries, a fortress of great strength, and for long formed the residence of the High Constables of England. It is from such associations as these that Pleshey of to-day has fallen.

The stone in question—a piece of ordinary freestone, measuring 17½ by 11¼ inches—may be seen by the road-side at Pleshey, built into the modern brick wall surrounding the garden of "The Mount House," the residence of Mr. J. R. Matthews, standing almost within the shadow of "Pleshey Mount," as the ancient Norman keep-mound is locally called. The stone is said to have been dug up, many years ago, close to the spot it now occupies. An old man, long since dead, once told Mr. Matthews that he saw it dug up, together with a good deal

INSCRIBED STONE AT PLESHEY, ESSEX.

of broken pottery, about six feet below the surface of the ground, when the cellars of the present Mount House were excavated; but Mr. Matthews describes this old man as not having been very intelligent, though truthful enough. Some eighty years ago, says Mr. Matthews, it was built into a brick wall which formerly surrounded the stable yard of the house. When this wall was demolished and the present wall built, in 1869, the stone was placed in the position it now occupies. It bears upon its exposed face the simple inscription, *Ricardus rex ij.*—King Richard II. The lettering is that of the Fourteenth

Century, and it is still sharp and well-preserved, as shown in the accompanying photograph. The stone was, doubtless, originally placed over the main entrance to the Castle.

The question naturally arises: Under what circumstances can this stone—at least six centuries old, and bearing so unusual an inscription—have been placed in position? It seems, fortunately, not very difficult to suggest an answer.

Everyone has heard the story of how King Richard, one hot summer day in July 1397, left Havering, with only a few personal attendants, for Pleshey, then the chief residence of his uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, High Constable of England. Arrived at Pleshey, the King besought his uncle to return with him at once to London, pretending that he desired his counsel in certain affairs of State. The Duke, though ill, readily consented, and a start was made; but by the way the Duke was treacherously seized by the King's order, conveyed to Calais, and there put to death under a charge of treason—his treason having consisted in consistently opposing many shameful acts done by the King and his dissolute favourites. The details of the event, as related by various authorities, differ considerably; but the main facts are not in doubt. They constitute one of the most despicable episodes in English History. It can hardly be (one would think) that the King would wish to perpetuate at Pleshey the memory of such an act, even though kings and other great potentates, six hundred years ago, seem not to have considered themselves bound by the laws of honour and morality intended to govern the actions of ordinary folk. More probably an explanation of the putting up of the stone is to be found in the fact that in the autumn of 1397, shortly after the murder of Gloucester, his extensive estates were declared forfeited to the King by reason of his reputed treason. It seems in every way probable that the stone in question was prepared and put up between that event and the deposition of the King in September, 1399, and that it was intended to proclaim the fact that the castle was no longer held by the Duke and was claimed by the King.

At all events the stone, in spite of its being a relic of one of the least satisfactory of our many unsatisfactory kings, is a very interesting memorial of the departed greatness of Pleshey.

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

Agricultural Returns. THE shrinkage of the wheat acreage is general throughout England, but a noteworthy exception is Essex, where there is an increase of 1,388 acres on 1898. This is remarkable when we remember how rapidly the land in Essex is being absorbed, partly for building and partly for market-garden purposes. Barley and oats also show an increased area. In live stock the number of horses shows a fractional decline, cattle a slight increase, which is still more pronounced with sheep and pigs.

	1898.		1899.
Wheat	124,861	.....	126,244
Barley	84,767	.....	86,778
Oats	50,571	.....	55,367
Rye.....	1,447	.....	1,353
Beans	21,594	.....	22,613
Peas	18,757	.....	18,247
Turnips and Swedes	22,009	.....	20,484
Clover, sainfoin and grasses	33,618	.....	36,527
Hay	179,804	.....	162,310
Permanent pasture	160,774	.....	166,574
Fallow	35,604	.....	33,895
Horses	39,460	.....	39,040
Cattle	89,550	.....	90,377
Sheep.....	287,641	.....	295,051
Pigs	84,774	.....	88,743

Church Restorations. DOVERCOURT.—A gift of William II., Emperor of Germany, to Dovercourt parish church, has remained so far unnoticed in these pages, although occurring several months ago. On February 5 was unveiled a window to the memory of the soldiers of the German legion who took part in the ill-fated Walcheren expedition in 1810. With the British survivors they were landed at Dovercourt, only to die there of disease contracted on the Continent. Not long since a lych-gate was presented by Queen Victoria in memory of her British soldiers; the corresponding memorial by the Emperor completes the tribute. The stained glass represents the healing of the centurion's servant, at the top of

each of the two lights is the Prussian eagle, while in the centre tracery is the Imperial crown, surmounting the initial W. II. The chief secretary of the German Embassy, Baron von Eckhardstein, was present at the opening ceremony to represent the Emperor, and the dedication service was conducted by the Bishop of Colchester, who delivered an appropriate address.

CHELMSFORD.—The restoration of the aisles of St. Mary's Church, and the erection of a new organ were celebrated on St. Mark's Day, April 25, when a dedicatory service, which was very largely attended, was conducted by the Bishop of St. Albans. The tones of the new organ were first heard under the skilful manipulation of Sir Frederic Bridge. The reparation of the roof has been carried out under the direction of Mr. F. Chancellor, and it is interesting to relate that the additions have been copied from the small portion remaining of the original roof of 1424. The font has been removed from the centre of the tower to the west end of the south aisle. The new organ has 2,614 pipes and 37 speaking stops, and is a great improvement upon the old one. It has been built to the specification of Mr. F. R. Frye, organist and choirmaster of the church, by Messrs. Norman and Beard, Ltd., of Norwich and London. A recital was given by Sir Frederic Bridge to a crowded congregation. To the cost of the new organ, the Rev. H. E. Hulton, of Great Waltham, rural dean, has generously contributed £1,000.

WENNINGTON.—A substantial stone wall has been erected along the front of the churchyard at Wennington, and a beautiful stone porch has been added to the church itself, designed by the Rev. Ernest Geldart, rector of Little Braxted, the architect under whose care the church was restored fourteen years ago. Both these valuable gifts to the parish have been provided by the zealous exertions of Miss Hempleman, and the munificence of Mr. F. S. Hempleman. In addition to these the Rector has caused a handsomely stencilled dado to be painted on the chancel walls. To celebrate the work, Mr. Hempleman entertained the parishioners to tea, when the opportunity was taken to present the Rector (the Rev. Nicholas Brady) with an address and a handsomely bound copy of the recently published International Library of Famous Literature, in twenty volumes, on the completion of twenty-five years' rectorship of the parish, " as a small recognition of

the esteem in which he is held and of the good work he has done."

THAXTED.— A new east window in this beautiful church, perhaps the finest in the county, was dedicated by the Bishop of St. Albans, on May 17th, when a large number of the neighbouring clergy attended. The window, of five lights, is from the design of C. E. Kempe, who has aimed at reproducing the 15th century window, which was shattered by shot in the time of the civil war. The centre light represents the crucifixion, on either side are the figures of the Virgin and St. John Evangelist, while the other two lights contain representations of St. Laurence and St. John Baptist. A handsome reredos has also been constructed by the vicar, Rev. L. S. Westall, from portions of 15th century oak-carving found in the church.

FYFIELD.—A new organ was recently dedicated here, the Rev. D. W. Peregrine, rector of Kelvedon Hatch, officiating at the service. The rector, Rev. L. Elwyn Lewis, Mus. Doc., gave a recital on the instrument, which has been erected on the north side of the choir by Mr. Eustace Ingram, of London.

Obituaries. Mr. THOMAS BIRD, J.P., chairman of the Romford Urban Council, died at his residence, Canons, North Street, Romford, on March 16. The deceased gentleman, who was eighty-two years of age, was a native of Bishop Stortford. Up to within a few days of his death he had enjoyed very good health, considering his age, and on the Saturday before his end he was about the town as usual. Unfortunately, he caught a chill, and on Sunday was obliged to keep in bed. His illness took a serious turn, strength gradually failed, and he died on Friday morning. He leaves a widow and three sons, with whom the deepest sympathy is felt in their sad bereavement.

The late Mr. Bird came to Romford from Liverpool, in 1845, to join the staff of Messrs. Ind, Coope, and Co., and his connection with the Romford Brewery extended over a period of forty-five years, terminating with his retirement in 1890.

In the various public offices so admirably filled by Mr. Bird, probably no man has rendered greater services to Romford. He joined the old Local Board in 1867, but in 1868 the three other retiring members and himself did not seek re-election. In 1870, however, he was induced to come forward again, and out of twenty candidates he was one of those elected His abilities

at that time made such a favourable impression that in October, 1873, he was elected chairman, in succession to the late Mr. J. S. Hammond. He remained at the head of the local governing body up to the time of his death, for when the Local Board gave place to the Urban District Council, Mr. Bird was unanimously chosen chairman of the new authority. By virtue of that office he became a Justice of the Peace. Mr. Bird did not seek re-election on the Urban Council last year, but when the time came for the election of chairman, the members unanimously co-opted him to the position he had so long filled.

Mr. Bird was elected a member of the School Board upon its formation in 1872, and was appointed vice-chairman. After the retirement of the late Rev. W. J. Skelton in 1884, he was elected chairman. He was formerly one of the managers of the Old British School, in Albion Street, which afterwards became the property of the School Board, and is now used as an infant's school by the managers of St. Andrew's Schools. He sat for Romford on the Essex County Council from 1892 to 1894. For many years he acted as one of the sidesmen of St. Edward's Church, and represented the parish at the Ruridecanal Conference. As chairman of the local Technical Instruction Committee from its formation, he evinced great interest in secondary education. He was also vice-chairman of the newly-formed Joint Hospital Board.

He took a great interest in archæological matters, and was for many years connected with the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, and was a local secretary of the Essex Archæological Society. He was a contributor to the *Essex Review* from the first number (*E.R.* i. 57.), and a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*.

His funeral took place in Romford cemetery on March 22nd, amid abundant signs of sorrow and sympathy, testifying to the esteem and respect in which he was held in the town and neighbourhood, where he had passed so many years, and with all the honour due to a thorough worker.

The Rev. JOHN CHRISTOPHER ATKINSON, canon of York, was born in 1814 at Goldhanger, of which place his father, the Rev. John Atkinson, was curate; his grandfather, the Rev. Christopher Atkinson, was vicar of Wethersfield. He had been incumbent of Danby-in-Cleveland for close on fifty-three years. By his death

on March 31st, at the age of eighty-five, Essex and the north of England have lost a man of quite exceptional gifts, a zealous and successful worker in many fields of activity. When he told the story of his career in 1891, under the significant title, *Forty years in a Moorland Parish*, Yorkshire folk were both surprised and charmed. This book, in which the author told us he "must have walked more than 70,000 miles in the prosecution of his clerical work only, and much more than as many again for exercise, relaxation, or recreation," was, as a rich storehouse of first-hand observations, at once compared with Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. It brought Canon Atkinson into a degree of public notice which it was hardly creditable as a well-known author then of forty-five years' standing he should have escaped so long. His works were already appreciated by schoolboy naturalists, but his *Forty Years* was a revelation of what could be done to illustrate the history and development of our island and its inhabitants through the minute study of one particular district by a trained and patient observer. Even then his Essex recollections were not forgotten (for notice see *E.R.* i. 120-122). In our first volume also we called attention to the many works he had written when congratulating him on his new but richly deserved title (*E.R.* 1, 55). It is not necessary to recapitulate, and there need only now be added a reference to his work for the Surtees Society from 1880 onwards in editing the Chartularies of Whitby and Rievaulx, and the Coucher books of Furness Abbey. More recently he undertook to edit the Records of the North Riding, of which he produced no fewer than nine volumes, with most valuable introductions and notes. These all show the author's characteristic thoroughness and patient research, continued at their best until the publication of even his last book on *The History and Antiquities of Whitby*. It was only within the last few years that his extraordinary vigour of mind and body had shown any signs of failure. His letters to the writer were full of Essex reminiscences. He read our *Review* with interest, and we published several communications from his pen. He was especially learned in many directions, and he much regretted that his failing sight interfered with his reading, together with his pursuit of sport and natural history observations. The memory of his long active life and sympathetic nature will be cherished by many.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Essex Matter in Cole's Manuscripts.—Essex archæologists have long been aware that a certain amount of material relating to the history of the county is to be found in the remarkable collection of notes formed by the Rev. William Cole, the well-known Cambridge antiquary, now in the British Museum and commonly spoken of as "Cole's Manuscripts." Having had occasion, recently, to go through the entire Collection, in order to extract such references to Essex Brasses as might exist therein, I seized the opportunity of noting what other Essex material I came across; and I now put the result into print, in order that other Essex antiquaries may be saved the like trouble.

Cole, who came of good yeoman family, was born at Abingdon, in Cambridgeshire, but on the border of Essex, in 1714. He was sent to school as a boy at Saffron Walden. Later, he went to Eton, where he was contemporary with Horace Walpole, with whom he formed a life-long friendship. After several journeys on the Continent, he was presented by Browne Willis to the living of Bletchley, Bucks., which he held till November 1767, when he returned to Cambridgeshire. In 1765, he had made an extensive tour through France in company with Horace Walpole. After his return to Cambridgeshire, he held no further active ecclesiastical preferment, living quietly, first at Waterbeach and afterwards at Milton, where he died in 1782. He was a friend and correspondent of most of the leading antiquaries of his day.

"Cole's Manuscripts" consist of some ninety thick folio volumes (*Add. MSS.*, 5799-5886), all very closely written in Cole's small neat handwriting. The compilation of them formed the chief work of Cole's life. Into them he copied extracts from pedigrees and parish registers, descriptions of churches he visited, letters to and from his antiquarian correspondents, quotations from authors, narratives of his journeys (both in England and France), information relating to his family and friends, his own diaries and other matter of personal interest to himself, together with any ancient documents or records of antiquarian interest which he thought worth preserving.

The vast bulk—perhaps as much as eighty per cent.—of the matter thus collected relates, in one way or another (as Cole intended it should), to the History of Cambridgeshire, as to which it still forms an almost inexhaustible mine of information. Other counties receive, however, a certain amount of attention here and there; and, among these, Essex (in which Cole had many friends) receives, probably, more than any. Among the more valuable Essex matter contained in Cole's volumes is his account of his visits to the twenty-four Essex Churches named in the following table, which shows also the date on which he visited each and the folio or folios in his volumes on which he described it :—

NAME OF CHURCH.	DATE OF VISIT.	REFERENCE TO VOL. AND FOLIO.
Arkesden	Dec. 6, 1743	vol. v., ff. 1-11.
Ashdon	Nov. 8, 1758	vol. xxx., ff. 91-94.
Bumpstead, Helion	June 23, 1744	vol. v., ff. 92-94.
Bumpstead, Steeple....	June 23, 1744	vol. v., ff. 95-100.
Chesterford, Great	April 19, 1744....	vol. v., ff. 49-59.
Chesterford, Little	April 19, 1744....	vol. v., ff. 60-63.
Chrishall	March 15, 1745-6	vol. x., ff. 35-40.
Clavering	May 6, 1743	vol. iii., ff. 126b-139.
Colne, Earls	Feb. 7 & 8, 1745-6	vol. x., ff. 9-29.
Debden	Oct. 26, 1745	vol. v., ff. 131-139.
Hadstock	Oct. 20, 1746	vol. xxxv., ff. 16b-19b.
Halstead	—— (?) 1746	vol. xxix., fo. 121.
Harlow	Oct. 22, 1746	vol. xxxv., ff. 20-23.
Hedingham, Castle	Feb. 12, 1745-6 ..	vol. x., ff. 29-32.
Hempstead	June 19, 1744....	vol. v., ff. 83-89.
Heydon	May 12, 1744	vol. v., ff. 73-82.
Littlebury	Oct. 28, 1745	vol. x., ff. 1-7.
Manuden	April 9, 1747	vol. xxxv., ff. 31-32.
Newport	Jan. 5, 1743-4....	vol. v., ff. 25-34.
Notley, Black	May , 1734	vol. xxxi., ff. 127-127b.
Radwinter.....	Nov. 7, 1758	vol. xxx., ff. 100-102.
Saffron Walden	Nov. 7, 1747	vol. xxxv., ff. 55b-57.
	Feb. 3, 1770-1 ..	vol. xxxv., ff. 197b,199b, & 200b
Strethall	Aug. 7, 1772	vol. x., fo. 45b.
Wenden Lofts	March 17, 1746-7	vol. xxxv., ff. 27b-30.

It will be seen that Cole visited all these churches (with the exception of Black Notley, which he visited in 1734, when in his twentieth year) between 1743 and 1771, though most were visited before 1746. It will be seen also that all (with the exception of Harlow) are situate in the extreme north west

corner of the county, nearest to Cambridge. Of nearly all, Cole gives a fairly full description, generally with a sketch; together with full descriptions and rough sketches of brasses and other sepulchral monuments, many of which are now lost. Sometimes he adds extracts from the Registers, or biographical matter relating to the incumbents or others connected with the parish.

There are, however, in the ninety volumes, other portions of Essex matter which do not relate to our Churches. Thus, in the twenty-eighth volume (ff. 1-73), is a copy of a portion of a manuscript (40 leaves, 4to) in which the Committee appointed in 1643 for the ejection from their livings of "Scandalous" Ministers entered minutes of the evidence against each, so far as Essex was concerned. The greater part of the original manuscript was lost when Cole made his copy, but the portion he has preserved is of much interest. In the thirty-second volume (ff. 206-218), there are very substantial "Additions to Newcourt," which have, however, already been printed by Mr. W. C. Waller in *The Transactions of the Essex Archæological Society*.* In the fortieth volume (ff. 74-79) are copies of five letters written by Philip Morant, the historian of Essex, to Browne Willis, the antiquary, between June 12th 1745, and March 24th 1759-60, though they do not contain much that is of biographical interest. The forty-sixth volume contains a copy of some notes made by Brock Sand, a seventeenth-century antiquary, among which are references to Hadstock (ff. 127-130), Littlebury (ff. 141-143), and Rettendon (ff. 155-157). Another volume (the fifty-second) consists entirely of copies of letters on historical matters, written by various leading antiquaries to Strype, the historian, at Leyton, Essex. Another (the fifty-ninth) contains (ff. 214-274) a complete copy of the Chartulary of Colne Priory, with an index of its own.

This completes the list of Essex items with separate headings so far as I have been able to gather from a rather hurried search through the volumes; but there are also, scattered through the matter many passing references to Essex people and things which all writers on Essex history will find useful. The document relating to "Scandalous" Ministers, and the Chartulary of Colne Priory are worthy of being printed entire, either in the *Essex Review* or the *Transac-*

*See vol. vi. (1898), p. 228.

tions of the Essex Archæological Society.—MILLER CHRISTY, Pryors, Broomfield, Chelmsford.

Essex Inns.—In a local paper, dated December 30, 1899 (*The Loughton Advertiser*), there appeared an article in which mention was made of "Birche's *History of English Hostelries*," a copy of which the writer appeared to have recently picked up somewhere, and from which he quoted certain bits of information relating to Loughton in 1800. The book is unknown both at the Guildhall Library and the British Museum. Can any reader of the *Essex Review* furnish any information with reference to it? For reasons which need not be entered into, none seems to be forthcoming from the more obvious source. W.C.W.

Colne Engaine.—The following summary from the will of John Draper, skinner, of London, fixes the probable date of the erection of the present tower of this church, which, so far as I am aware, has not hitherto been noted in print:—

To be buried in the church of S. Antonin, where lies the body of Joanna, his late wife. To the College of the B.V. Mary at Eton, a vestment of cloth of gold. His executors to cause five silver chalices, weighing in all 60 ounces, to be made, the same to be bestowed upon the poorest churches in the County of Essex . . . an annual rent of 53s. 4d. . . . in aid of the Chantry previously founded (in S. Anthony's) by John de Grantham, Pepperer, for the good of his soul, the souls of Joanna, his late wife, Richard, his father, Juliana, his mother, the sd John de Grantham, and others. His feoffes in trust of a croft, called 'lasores croft,' in the parish of Halstede, co. Essex, are desired to convey the same to the vicar and churchwardens of the said parish church, for a term of 99 years, for maintaining the lights called "paschall lyght" and "Seint Mary lyght" within the church, and for other pious and charitable uses. His lands and tenements in the parish of Colne (sic.), co. Essex, to be sold, and the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of 40,000 "Brykes," ten thousand of which are to be given annually for four years towards the work of the belfry of the said parish church. Clothing to Roger Colman, his sister's son. Master and Wardens of the Guild of Corpus Christi (in the parish of S. John Baptist, Walbrook) to spend the sum of £5 sterling upon wine for the brethren and sisters of the Guild, upon the Feast of Corpus Christi. 40s. towards Rochester Bridge, certain sums for coals to the poor of S. Antonin's (still paid by the Skinners' Company), and to the inmates of Newgate and Ludgate. Margaret Van, late wife of Richard Van, of Halstede, to have a life interest in his mansion and garden at Halstede.

Dated April 18th, 1496.

Proved in the Court of Hustings, London."

If "the evil that men do lives after them," it is well that the names of those who have done works of piety and neighbourliness to those around them should be rescued from

oblivion, and such a one, we may surely say, was John Draper.

GEO. RICKWORD, Colchester.

Thundersley.—In William Harrison's *Description of England*, issued with *Holinshed's Chronicles* 1577 and 1587, we read :—

> Wherefore Edmund gave laws at London and Lincoln, Ethelred at Habam, Alfred at Woodstock and Wannetting, Athelstane in Excester, Crecklade, Feversham and Thundersley, Canutus at Winchester, etc. : other in other places, whereof this may suffice

Lothrop Withington, in his note to the Camelot edition (p, 47), says : "Thundersley survives still in Essex." Can any reader give me reference to any charters of Æthelstan dated from Thundersley or any further information connecting him with the Essex village ?

In the very faulty index to Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus* we find four references to "Thundersley, Hants," viz. :—450 (Eadwig), 781 (Edward, 1045), 1038 (Ecgberht, 826) and 1122 (Althelstan, 939).

I had intended to ask this question when the Essex Archæological Society visited this delightfully situated little church on June 9th last, but time did not permit.

EDWARD A. FITCH, Maldon.

Hubert de Burgh.—I should esteem it a favour if any of your readers could give me any information as to the name of *the smith* who refused to put fetters on Hubert de Burgh when he was arrested at Brentwood.—Z. MOON, Leyton.

Reminiscences of Old Chelmsford (*E.R.*, ix. 108).—As a parallel to the charming anecdote of Baron Park in Mr. Durrant's very interesting paper, this following may be worthy of record. In the closing years of the last century in a country house not very far from Chelmsford there lived a worthy squire, to whom his neighbours and dependents had given the amusing nickname of "Black Jack," his wife being graced with the homely appellation of "Honest Nan." One morning, being slightly indisposed, Black Jack lay in bed rather longer than usual, snugly ensconced within the curtains of his four-poster. Two maidservants, coming into the room and seeing the tray of spirits on the drawers by the bedside, said one to the other, "Let us drink the health of Black Jack and Honest Nan." This they accordingly did, and then left the room without discovering their master's presence. On the evening of the same day a dinner party was held under the squire's hospitable

roof, and toasts were being drunk, when he, by way of enlivening the proceedings, ordered the two maids to be sent for, and on their coming into the room thus addressed them, "Now," said he, "you shall drink before this company the same health that you drank in my room this morning, 'the health of Black Jack and Honest Nan.'"

For the above story I am indebted to an old gentleman, a distant connection of the family, from whose lips I heard it some twenty years ago. The best voucher for its accuracy, next to the veracity of my informant, is the old-world flavour of the nicknames. "Honest Nan" can scarcely be a product of the 19th century. C.B.

Chief Justice Tindal.—Mr. Durrant in his interesting and discursive article on Old Chelmsford, states that Chief Justice Tindal was born at Coval Lodge (*E.R.*, ix. 109). I have always understood from my father, who knew the Tindal family intimately, that the future Chief Justice was born in a house with bow windows on the west side of Moulsham Street, now the property of Mr. Cramphorn, and occupied as two shops. The Tindal family resided down to about 1820 or '25 at Coval Hall (not Lodge): but they went there I believe years after the birth of the eldest son, Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, in 1777.

It has occurred to me that, as Chelmsford has not produced a superfluity of great men, it might be well to mark the birthplace of the Chief Justice by a tablet such as one sees on the birthplaces of eminent men in London. I dare say Mr. Cramphorn would give his consent.

It is curious that our two most famous Chelmsfordians, Sir Walter Mildmay and Sir Nicolas Tindal, should both have been born in Moulsham.—R. E. BARTLETT, Chelmsford.

Frescoes in East Ham Church.—During the past three months I have made a series of discoveries at the ancient parish church of S. Mary Magdalene that will, I think, prove of general interest, and a knowledge of which may be of value to the student and the antiquary. A clear statement on the subject will, perhaps, elicit from some of your many readers that information which would otherwise be far to seek. About six years ago the church was restored, and among other work well done, an inner casing of plaster was hammered from the walls and cleared away. No less than six mural paintings

came to view, of which the subjects were more or less recognised and identified. For instance, the architect pointed to a full-sized figure in the right spandrel of the inner chancel arch as a portrait of Our Lord. Here, curiosity seems to have been satisfied, and this is extraordinary in the light of what I now submit for consideration. In the left spandrel of the inner chancel arch is a figure of Satan, with black face, white eye-balls, horns, a lion's body with a band round the girth, and a lion's tail with a tuft to it. The eyes are directed scowlingly to a figure of the Virgin, or of Our Lord crowned with thorns, and with a lamb in his arms. It is doubtful to which. In the right spandrel is another figure of Satan with black face and white eye-balls, again looking scowlingly at a full length figure of the Saviour. The suggestion in this case is of a receding figure, a reason for thinking the subject to be a scene from the Temptation in the Wilderness. On the first chancel arch is a similar figure in black and white of a fawn, unmistakably the *faunus* of pagan mythology, playful and mischievous, as if taking a furtive peep round the corner at some mischief it had done. Over the little deeply-splayed window behind the altar, at the extreme east end and oldest part of the church, *in occultis ac remotis templi*, is an enormous face of the "Ancient of days." The gaze is as fixed and solemn as that of a sphinx, and the profusion of hair, like *carded* wool, reminds one of the passages in Dan. vii., 9, 13, 22.

From all these paintings, and from other considerations, the opinion is gaining ground that the church in the past has been the scene of a miracle play, or of a mystery play; of course before either was lowered in tone to hit the taste of the "profane vulgar." I am not alone, by any means, in being able to discern all that is here enumerated, and more. Many with keen eyes, worshippers here, and curious visitors, have surveyed the walls, and satisfied me and themselves of every item of information here "set down." We believe at East Ham that some at least of these pictures are 11th Century work, of which there are very, very few examples left to us in the country. This suggestion is not made unadvisedly. I have access to much valuable literature on the subject, thanks to the local Free Libraries around me. No late Saxon Bishop was permitted to consecrate a church until a

figure of the patron saint had been painted on the inside walls, and mural decorations became the vogue by 1060, as evidence is afforded at York, and in St. John of Beverley. Later too, Malmesbury notices at Canterbury that the roof is *egregie depictum*. In the case here at East Ham the colouring, the design, the way in which every flat surface is availed of, so that a wealth of design and colour should meet the eye under "a faint erroneous light," all impress one with the idea that the work is synchronous with the building of the fine old structure, and that the date to be assigned to it all is not late, but early, in the 11th Century. Of course, the entire matter so far has only reached a purely conjectural stage, and I look forward with interest to what others may have to say who are competent to pronounce upon the subject.

Further search has brought more frescoes to light, and, beyond a doubt, they belong to two or even three different periods. The last paintings are fresh and gaudy in colour, more finished and better designed, contrasting with the earlier and earliest efforts, which are rude and primitive, and in some cases faded beyond recognition. There are two paintings of Goliath and David, one before and one after the fight, one on the north wall and one on the south, immediately facing. In the former, Goliath has "the helmet of brass upon his head," and the broad, browned face has the forehead prominently bare. So far, my gaze has been from the centre of the Church looking east. My attention has been drawn to other pictures at the west end of the Church, figures of six of the twelve Apostles, three on the north wall, and three on the south. One of them is thought to be Saint Peter. Looking over and scrutinizing a seeming discoloration extending above the vestry door on the South side, an ancient entrance to the Church, I am able to distinguish a most interesting picture of the nativity, known in religious art as the "Puer Parvulus." The infant Saviour lies in the manger with the Mother near, the three kings are there with crowns on their heads, and suggestively included are the heads of an ass and of an ox. This picture is easily traceable to Italian inflence. Saint Francis of Assisi, with the Pope's permission, established the worship of the Mother and Child as a distinct religious cult in the 13th century, and I believe Giotto's first fresco of the subject is still to be traced on the walls of the

upper church at Assisi. An Italian custom that followed was that every household around at Christmas time, had its own manger, or *presepio*, as as an aid to family devotion. As I gaze at this specimen of possibly 13th century art, I am wondering whether the pious custom was introduced with the painting among the rude peasantry around in these early times. I am here indebted to an able article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* entitled "Puer Parvulus."

A stream of light pouring in from a large and broad quadrangular abomination of modern date close by has till now screened this faded specimen of early religious art from all observation. Lastly, among a crowd of faces to be discerned through the gloom of ages, are other Protean forms of that personality whose "counterfeit presentment" first arrested my wandering eye so early as last November. I do not make the suggestion with the intention of raising a smile: the Church is dedicated to S. Mary Magdalene, and it would seem that there are no less than seven such portraits to be traced even now. The last is in the "Puer Parvulus." There in a remote corner of the stable is a set of grotesque and devilish features, suggestive of no one but Satan himself. Enough is stated to show that this little country church is almost unique in ecclesiological interest. Curious corroborative evidence of the existence of the pictures is afforded by a statement recently made to me by an old parishioner. An ancient book was in the possession of a former sexton, in which was a paragraph stating that the church walls were *covered with pictures*. Miss Fry, too, suggested the same thing years ago in her admirable *History of East and West Ham*. It has been stated with regret that we have no such specimens of religious art now left to us dating back to Saxon times. Possibly some of these newly discovered paintings will go near to modifying that statement, and lead to search in other neglected spots—search that may recover much that has been covered up and lost for centuries.—JOHN SKIPSEY, East Ham.

[Cf. *Trans. Essex Archæol. Soc.*, i., 72-4; ii., 102-111.]

Reminiscences of a Fishing Town.—Although born within the sound of Bow Bells, and thus supposed to be cockney by birth, I was never so much in my element as when at Barking among the fishermen and smacks. Those pretty

vessels, the *Ranger, Racer, Leander, Ocean Pacific, Blue Bell, Tartar, Saucy Lass, Transit*, and a veritable host of others are as fresh in my memory as when they were afloat, and I recall the Barking days of my youth as among the happiest of my life. How fragrant Heath Street and Fisher Street smelt of tar and pitch, how well the stores were supplied with sou'westers, oilskins, big-boots, guernseys, red caps, hawsers, ropes and twine. How the boys marched about the town at fair-time, and enjoyed the fun, as if there never were gales or high seas off the Doggerbank and the coast of Iceland. I sometimes wonder whether the fish is so well-handled with the steam-trawler, as it used to be with the old fashioned sailing trawler with her sails neatly trailed up, how she glided along gathering up the fish so deftly and well! In those days Mr. Samuel Hewitt used to drive to town in the eventide, starting from Barking about 6 p.m., in an old-fashioned gig drawn by a white horse. He had a residence on Tower Hill, and this was a convenience for him, as he was needed in Billingsgate very early in the morning to meet the consignments of fish from the North Sea. I learn that recently the Short Blue fleet has been sold, and this fishing squadron so long associated with Barking creek has passed into the hands of the Dutch, our neighbours who have challenged us in former days in our own waters. Will they make the old sailing vessels pay, when our men have relinquished them in favour of steam? I just remember the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell being the Vicar of Barking, and my uncle, the Rev. J. W. Charlesworth, preaching in St. Margaret's Church. There was the old-fashioned square pew where the family all sat round with nothing in front of them. I have often travelled from the Bull Inn, Aldgate, on the top of the coach, with Mr. W. White (who we called Billy White), and he tooled a four-horse team very skilfuly. Samuel Pepys visited Barking and Ilford, for he was the indefatigable Secretary to the Admiralty and had to come in connection with the timber from Hainhault Forest. I hope some day a history will be written of the ancient place, which has many memorable and interesting traditions.—THOS. F. AUCKLAND, 80 Bishopsgate Within.

Riving.—On the banks and sea-walls of the rivers Blackwater and Crouch, a synonym of "to lute" is "to rive." This old Danish word is still in frequent use, but I cannot now give

a printed reference. It means to stir up the loose mud with an iron-tooth rake or some similar implement, so that it is washed out with the ebbing tide. It is frequently reported that such or such an outfall wants riving. Luting I have heard used here as the equivalent of calking a vessel.—EDWARD A. FITCH, Maldon.

Jews in Essex in the Thirteenth Century.—The following references may prove of interest to your readers :—

Palgrave's Ancient Kalendars, Vol. i. p. 79, 1290.—Bond of Andrew de Chuly, of the Hundred of Tendring, made to Isaac called Sante of Colchester, for 40 quarters of corn : price, half a mark per quarter.

Bond of Matilda of Dagworth, wife of John of Dagworth, Knight, for 20 quarters of corn : price per quarter, five shillings : made to Isaac, Jew, of Colchester.

Bond of John of Waterville, of the County of Essex, made to Mosie, of Sudbury, for one hundred shillings due to him.

As the returns here due were payable after the expulsion in 1290, and the Jews concerned were exiles in a foreign land, the amounts were claimed by the revenue Commissioners, and duly paid into the Exchequer.

Calendar of Patent Rolls, 1292-1301, p. 18.—June 1, 1293. Grant to William, son of Jordan de Brokesbourne, his heirs and assigns, of a house in Colchester, which was the Synagogue of the Jew, valued at 7s. ; and houses there of the following persons and of the following values, to wit, Jose son of Samuel, a Jew, 5s. ; Chas, a Jew, 3s. ; Dulcia, a Jewess of Colchester, and Pegga, her daughter, 5s. ; Bacocks, a Jew, 4s. ; Simon, Jew of Colchester, 12d. ; a void plot there, late of Hake, a Jew, 3s. 6d. ; and 2s. in rent, which Sante, the Jew, used to receive from the house formerly of William Pape. All in the King's hands as escheats, by reason of the exile of the said Jews from the realm, rendering yearly 2d. to the Bailiffs of the said town.

M. D. DAVIS, Hackney.

Wickham St. Paul.—Wykam Powle (Wickham S. Paul). Bequest to church of a Masseboke pric(e) vli by Mawde Partriche, widow, of Sudbury, by will, 25 Feb., 1484 —*Suffolk Institute of Archæology*, vol. x., p. 161.

Lytcott and Overbury Families.—The following notes on the Lytcott family, taken from Joseph Maskell's *Barking All Hallows, London* (1864), may prove interesting :—

Lytcott, Sir John, of Moulsey, married Margaret, dau. of Sir Nicholas and sister of Sir Thos. Overbury, who was poisoned in The Tower.

„ Giles, of Stratford Langthorne, Co Essex, yr s. of Sir John and Margaret (Overbury), married Sarah, dau. of Ricd Culling, of Woodbury, Co Devon. He died 12th, and was buried 17 Augt, 1696, æt 63, at Barking All Hallows, Middlesex.

„ Giles, e. s. of Giles and Sarah (Culling), died in East Indies, 1688.

EDW. COOKSON, Ipswich.

Essex Families in 1612.—The original document from which the following is copied was amongst the MSS. of the late Mr. John Waller, of London, Autograph Dealer.

Folio endorsed

Essex Sr Gamaliel Capell

v^to may 1612 VIIJ xvj^li. Intrat^r C. (& again) Intratur

Essex ffl The names of such persons as have paied their monies vppon his Ma^tie priuy Seales for Loane vnto me Sr Gamaliell Capell Knight Collecto^r of the same togeather with the seuerall daies of the receipt th^rof.

V^to die May Anno (Reg ?) Jacobi angli zt decimo 1612

Dame Margret Wood vid xx^li 7 ffebruary
John Lawrence of Braintree xv^li 18 ffebr.
Jonas Windell of Bockinge xx^li 21 ffebr.
Willm Kempe of ffinchingfeild esqr xx^li 22 ffebr.
Willm Latham of Upminster gen xx^li 24 ffebr.
Sr John Deane Knight xx^li 26 ffebr.
Thomas Welbore of Braintree xv^li 29 ffebr.
John Argall of Colchester esqr xx^li 3 martij.
Nicolas Collin of Little Lavo^r —— 4 martij.
George Bridge of Stebbinge x—— 13 aprili
Andrew Benton of Eeppinge x^li 18 aprili
Edward Master of Stapleford abbott xv^li
Thomas Luther of the same x^li
Elizabeth Driwood of Dunton vid xv^li
Martin Spicer of Rainham x^li
Leonard Beale of Orsett x^li
Margery Lawson of Stebbinge vid xv^li } 20 aprili
Robte Green of Nauestock x^li
Nicolas Tabo^r of Ramsden bellowes gen x^li
George Carleton of Thoyden Garnon x^li
Thoms Purcas of Duddinghurst x^li
Christopher Bufferd of Guigrane x^li
George Noads of Chinckford x^li
Georg. Ducket of Nasinge x^li
John Parke of Gestingthorpe x^li
Nicolas Westwood of Magdelen Lauor x^li } 20 april
Willm Coise of Northockenden gent xv^li
Nicolas Blinco of Sewardston gent xv^li

Willm Turnor of Walden xli 22 aprili
Thomas Luckin of Mashbury xli 23 aprili
Richard Arnold of Curringham xli
Willm Welbore of Halsted xli
Edward Bailie of Laindon xli
John Reve of Bockinge xli
John Lockin of Pitsey xli
} 24 aprili

————rd Harrington of Sible Hiningham xli
Thomes Glascock of Duddinghurst xvli
Willm̄ Butcher of Sible hiningham xli
} 25 aprili

Lewis Cofeild of Pledgeden hamblet xli
John Searle of Thornewood hamblet xli
John Momford of Little Canfeild xli
John Judd of ffarnham xli
Joht Sorrell of Stebbinge xvli
Thoms Wood of ffarnham xli
Willm̄ Biatt of Stebbing theldr xli
John Collin of great Bardfeild xvli
John Turnor of Awdliend tanner xli
John Clerk of Wethersfeild xli
} 27 aprili

Rob̄t Todd of Sturmer xvli
Edmond Viday of Pedmersh xli
John Hurt of Shenfeild xli
Willm̄ Edwards of Topsfeild xli
Willm̄ Bedwell of Sheringe xli
Nicolas Aiston of the same xli
John Parker of Topsfeild xli
Roger Owers of Wethersfeild xli
Thomas Smith als Am̄s of great Samford xli
Richard Mitchell als Putto of great Bardfeild xli
} 27 aprili

Edward Bird of Walden gent xli
Jefferie Tanner of Walden xli
Thomas Cornell of Tiptofts in Wimbish xli
Robte Plumbe of great Yeldham f———— [perhaps farmer]
John Morris of Arxden xli
Rooke Westley of Hempsted xli
Susan Mordant of Wimbish vid. xli

Jgnasius Glascock of high Easter xv^{li} } 28 aprili
Susan Bowtell of Thaxted x^{li} }
John Standish of Waltham holy crosse x^{li} 29 aprili
Suma to^{lis} } ^{c} VIIJ XVJ^{li}

Gama: Capell
^{m}th (sic)

N.B.—The gaps are where damp has eaten paper away.

Wood Margaret dau & coheir of Thomas Searle mar. Sr John Wood of Stapleford abbott, Kn^{t} Clerk of the Signet.

Kempe Robert Kempe of Spainshall in Finchingfield (1634) had by his 1st wife Elizabeth, dau. of Nicholas Miller of Kent, William Kempe, eldest son.

Lathome William of Upminster mar. Amicia dau. to William Strangman.

These few notes will show that most of the names could probably be indentified from the *Visitations of Essex*, &c. Representatives of many of these families still remain.

Sr Gamaliel Capell of Raynes in com. Essex Knt. a^{o} 1603 4th sonn: mar. Jane 2^{d} da. & coheire of *Weston Browne* of Rookwoods in com. Essex widdow of *Will'm Wyatt* of Tillingham in com. Essex esq: issue 3 sons and 3 daus of whom the eldest son was *Sr Gamaliell Capell of* Raynes in com. Essex Knt. son & heire

He married dau. of —*Bennett*, alderman of London*

(*vide Visitation of Essex*, 1634, Harleian Society, p. 370) p. 171 *idem. pedigree* of *Capell* says that *Sr. Gam. Capell* was 4th sonn of *Sr Hy C.* of Raynes or Hadham, Kt. by Lady Catherin, d. to *Thos Manners Erle of Ruttland* & K. G.Sr G C. mar *Jayne* 2d daugh & coheir of *Weston Browne*, wydow to *Edward* (not W^{m}) *Wyatts* &c. *Sr G. C.* was aged 4 years in 1570.

J. J. GREEN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Silvertown and Neighbourhood (including East and West Ham).—A retrospect. By ARCHER PHILIP CROUCH. 95 pp., crown 8vo., London (Thomas Burleigh), 1900. Price 1s.

This little volume contains an historical account, with many interesting associations and curious reminiscences, of our Thames-side Essex marshes, where during last century and the beginning

*p 32 same work.

of this, smuggling and body-snatching were rife, near as it was to the metropolis, remote though it was from the public highways—the Barking Road was not made until 1807-1810. There is an interesting account of Dick Turpin and of other local celebrities. The early history of the half-hundred of Becontree, Barking and Stratford abbeys, the parishes of East and West Ham and those adjacent, is given in the early chapters of the book. Some of the statements are rather loose and need a little revision, as does the paragraph on p. 8 referring to the historians of Essex. Kent in Essex (*E.R.* i., 181, 241) is explained by our author, who is able to correct our various historians as to the purchase of the manor of Barking by Thomas Fanshawe, but there are several mistakes, especially in the account of Wanstead House, that stand in need of a similar operation. A few minor blemishes also disfigure the work; Archdeacon Stevens is written as Stephens, p. 14, and Smart Lethieullier is thrice called "the antiquarian."

Silvertown did not exist at the beginning of this century; the industrial enterprise exhibited in that locality during this generation has indeed wrought remarkable alterations, and it is well they should be recorded. To us the modern history of the district, contained in the last four chapters, are the most valuable portion of Mr. Crouch's book. He commences chapter vii. by saying "a new era now began to dawn over the district of West Ham, heralding changes which are perhaps unequalled in the history of any other portion of the United Kingdom."

North Woolwich railway was commenced in 1846; North Woolwich Gardens opened in the same month as the Great Exhibition; the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Co., 1844; the works of S. W. Silver and Co. 1852, now the India-rubber, Gutta-percha and Telegraph Works Co., employing from 2,700 to 3,000 men; Victoria Docks, opened in 1855; Albert Docks, opened in 1880; Mr. W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works at North Woolwich; the Gasworks at Beckton, so called after Mr. S. A. Beck, governor of the Gas Light and Coke Co. when the land was purchased; Tate's sugar refinery, 1877, etc., are all described.

This once desolate spot is now occupied by more than twenty large firms on its river frontage. To show the great changes we cannot do better than quote Mr. Crouch's concluding paragraph:—

"But little more need be said about the modern borough of West Ham, of which Silvertown is only one amongst thirteen polling districts. The river front of the wide expanse of marshland between Bow Creek and Barking Creek, on which in 1850 only two houses stood, is now lined with thriving manufactories. Behind them lie the Albert and Victoria Docks, affording berths for ships from every quarter of the globe. In addition to the works which have been mentioned, West Ham contains two large engineering industries, the Great Eastern Railway works at Stratford and the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway works at Plaistow. Till 1850 three churches sufficed for the needs of the population; the old parish church of All Saints, West Ham, St. John's, Stratford, and St. Mary's, Plaistow. Now there are twenty-six edifices belonging to the Church of England, exclusive of mission churches and places of worship devoted to other denominations. The small town of 18,000 inhabitants in 1850 has become a prosperous borough of 300,000 inhabitants in 1900. We are accustomed to hear of the rapid growth of cities in America and the Colonies, yet few can equal this marvellous development which has been going on at home, beneath, as it were, our very eyes."

This interesting and cheap little local history contains sixteen full-page plates from photographs, nine illustrating the topography and seven the cable works. In a pocket in the binding is a continuous map showing East and West Ham in 1800 and East and West Ham in 1900, a novel and, in this instance, very useful and instructive illustration.

A book that has been attracting some attention lately among subscribers to the libraries is *To London Town*, by Arthur Morison, the well-known writer of *In Mean Streets*. The plot of this novel is of the very simplest. Its art on the other hand is extremely rare. It should possess a charm for all lovers of our Forest, whose peaceful glades, just barely out of hearing of the noisy "beanfeasters," figure largely in its pages, as the home and the haunt of the gentle, kindly, old entomologist whose pure nature dignifies the opening pages of the book. With his two grandchildren and his butterfly net, he visits day by day the nooks and thickets of Epping Forest, and at last meets his death in one of its deep pits, where he has accidentally fallen whilst in pursuit of his dearest amusement and his livelihood—collecting. Not a flower, not a bird or caterpillar escapes this humble naturalist, the ex-postman with his shuffling tread. Contrasted with the pretentious, vulgar, brother-in-law, he is a gentleman indeed. The author must know every ride and footpath in the Forest, and he makes his readers love them. One is quite sorry when after the old man's death, the scene is changed to a dock-side street in Poplar.

J. W. Colburn

THE

ESSEX REVIEW:

A Quarterly Journal for the County.

No. 36.] OCTOBER, 1900. [VOL. IX.

HISTORIANS OF ESSEX.

X.—D. W. COLLER.

BY EDWARD A. FITCH.

THE latest history of our county is *The People's History of Essex*, by D. W. Coller, published in thirty-nine monthly parts, at the price of threepence each number of sixteen pages. The publication was commenced in February, 1858, and continued until March, 1861, the last two parts being issued together.

Starting with the idea that the history of the county had been a sealed book to many, owing to the expensive nature of those works already published, its popular character is thus set forth in the Preface :—

> The aim has been to impart a popular tone, wherever the matter would admit of it, to the pages of the PEOPLE'S HISTORY, giving just enough of any general public and political occurrences to explain the motives and illustrate the movements of the local actors; and thus convey to the Essex reader an idea of the interesting and hoary memories that cling to the soil on which he lives, and the part which his county has taken in the events, the triumphs, and struggles of the past. In pursuance of this object, we have traced the old paths and trodden over much new ground. Nearly every ruin and relic of importance in the county has been visited. The old halls have been explored. The modern homes of the nobility and leading gentry have been entered ; and pictures, feeble, perhaps, but faithful, of their interior as well as their outward and architectural character, are presented. The dusty genealogies of perished houses have been cast aside, save where the names of individuals are found in them who have influenced events in the county ; but the histories of men of celebrity, and of living families of note, have been carefully traced. The PEOPLE'S HISTORY may thus lay claim to originality and a character of its own.

This purpose was faithfully carried out, which says much for the patient industry of the author, for during the time he was compiling this minute and copious history of his native county he was fully engaged in journalistic work, and was acting as editor in chief of the oldest newspaper in the county, the *Chelmsford Chronicle*. His historical narrative, occupying the first 194 pages, was, on the whole, well done, although, of course, errors both of omission and commission could be pointed out. The history of the Hundreds, and their respective parishes, is contained in the next 381 pages, then follows the history of the boroughs (Harwich, Maldon, Saffron Walden, Havering-atte-Bower, the Sokens, and Colchester); this occupies fifty-seven pages, and the work is concluded with an incomplete list of sheriffs on p. 683, and a troublesome classified index of seven pages. After the title, there is a preface of two pages.

The author's tall, thin, dark figure, carrying with it a remarkably quiet demeanour—his constant companions abroad being his pen and his fishing-rod, and at home his gardening tools—was well known in every part of the county; he had penetrated to its remotest corners before bicycles or even railways were dreamed of here; he was intent on historical research leavened with poetical and legendary imagination. Hence, for the purposes of this work, the whole county was well covered; the information as to the parishes was carefully compiled, and personally checked to bring it up-to-date, but it is very unequal; some parishes receive fairly full attention, which to others is extremely scant, and, towards the end of the work, there is evidence of an effort made to curtail its limits, which probably was not the author's intention. The volume is trustworthy and useful, containing a certain amount of information not to be found in the older histories. Its proprietors claimed that "the history of the county was for the first time presented in a shape, and at a price, which brought it within the reach of the many." This was a distinct gain, but the serial character of the publication spoils the appearance of the complete volume, especially as the type was changed after page 394, and the paper more than once, while after page 560 its colour was toned!

A map, $11\frac{1}{8} \times 8\frac{5}{8}$ in., drawn and engraved by B. R. Davies, and dated 1861, was published with the volume, originally with the two last parts.

The prospectus issued was as follows:—

ON THE

1st Feb., 1858, will be Published,

NO. I. OF

THE PEOPLE'S

HISTORY OF ESSEX,

TO BE CONTINUED

In Nos. price 3d. and Parts price 1s.

A HISTORY OF ESSEX, written in a popular style, trustworthy in its facts, and published at a price and in a form that shall render it accessible to all, appears to be a desideratum in local literature. The standard volumes of Morant are invaluable as works of reference to all connected with business relating to the landed property of the county; but their bulk, and consequent cost, with their very minuteness and dryness of detail, render them unsuited to the purpose of the general reader. Recent enquiries and discoveries, too, have added to the information which the great historian of the county so laboriously collected, and recorded with so much accuracy. Ample materials thus lie ready to the hand. Of these the editor of the People's History purposes to avail himself, adopting, after careful examination and comparison, the most reliable authorities. Further aided by the facts and inferences which his own research and observation have supplied, he hopes to present, in a popular and readable style, a cheap volume that shall contain a complete historical picture of the county from the earliest ages to the present day,—its political and social changes,—the wars and struggles of which it has been the scene, — the races by which it has been over-run, — the great families who have owned, or still own, its soil,—its castles, remarkable churches, charities, antiquities, and government.

It has been observed that "Every dweller in a rural district would find the sum of his intellectual pleasures singularly increased if he could form the habit of recollecting that he is surrounded by the elements of history, — that he lives amidst the relics of many successive races, and the products of many varied modes of social development." The means of doing this it is the object of the "PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ESSEX" to supply, and at a price that shall allow no one to justly plead ignorance of the county in which he lives.

The first portion of the work will consist of a narrative of the general history of the county, with such references to, and explanations of, the great changes and events affecting the kingdom, as shall render intelligible the details of what has taken place in this district. A Chapter will then be devoted to the special history of each Hundred and Borough; and the work will close with a view of the present state of the county, its society, products, manufactures, and labouring poor.

Each Number will contain 16 octavo pages, and the whole will be completed in about 20 Nos.—To be obtained of any Bookseller in the county.

Any information for the Editor, relative to facts and recent discoveries calculated to illustrate the History of the County, addressed to the Publishers (Messrs. Meggy, Chalk, and Son, High Street, Chelmsford,) will be thankfully received.

JUST PUBLISHED,

(TO BE COMPLETED IN ABOUT 20 NUMBERS),

NO. I OF

THE PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF ESSEX,

Containing a faithful digest of the HISTORY of ESSEX from the earliest down to the present period, selected from the best and most accredited authorities, including recent antiquarian and geological discoveries, with a variety of statistical and other noteworthy information, carefully recorded, thus rendering the work instructive, useful, and entertaining to the general reader, and presenting to the public *the cheapest*, most authentic, unique, and popular History of Essex ever published.

In Monthly Numbers at 3d., and Parts, Quarterly, 9d. each.

Chelmsford: Printed and Published by Meggy, Chalk, & Son, and Sold by all Agents and Booksellers.

The complete volume consists of pp. iv., 632 [8], demy 8vo. The title-page is :—

THE PEOPLE'S

HISTORY OF ESSEX,

COMPRISING

A NARRATIVE OF PUBLIC AND POLITICAL EVENTS IN THE COUNTY,

FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME;

THE HUNDREDS AND BOROUGHS;

WITH

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF THEIR ANTIQUITIES AND RUINS,

THE

SEATS OF THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY,

AND AN

EPITOME OF THE PAROCHIAL CHARITIES.

BY D. W. COLLER.

CHELMSFORD

PUBLISHED BY MEGGY AND CHALK, HIGH-STREET.

MDCCCLXI.

The publication of this history, which is still in print, was a success. It is stated in the preface :—

We flatter ourselves that we have opened a new mine of information for thousands—at least some thousands, we know, have already explored it—and have been able to give readable interest to facts and events which naturally appear dry and uninviting.

It is remarkable that this volume is now by no means well-known, even to those who take an interest in the history of our

county. It is not mentioned in Mr. John P. Anderson's *Book of British Topography* (1881), doubtless because there was no copy in the British Museum library. Edward Walford, who was an Essex man, does not mention it in his article on "The Bibliography of Essex" (*Antiq. Mag. and Bibliogr.*, i. 72—8; February, 1882); in fact, there are very few references to it in the usual channels of information. This must be corrected.

The author of this *History* was fifty-three years of age when its publication commenced, and there is very little doubt that its preparation had been in hand for some years. Mr. Coller was a journalist with considerable literary qualifiations, and whenever he had to record a new departure, or a fresh undertaking, he seldom neglected to say something on the historic past; we could republish many interesting instances. Apart also from his journalistic attainments. which were considerable, he loved literature and literary characters; nothing delighted him more than a new book of whose author or subject he knew something, unless it was to meet "the lion" himself. If you met him as a comparative stranger, he would be sure to tell you—and he was a man of few words—of his meeting at Chelmsford with Thomas Hood, or Charles Dickens.

Mr. Duffield William Coller (he was baptised Duffield William Augustine) was a native of the county, and as far as I have been able to learn, never left it except for its immediate borders. He was born at Ingatestone on February 26th, 1805. His godmother, a Roman Catholic refugee nun (Sister Duffield) living at Ingatestone Hall, took considerable interest in young Coller, her intention being to have him educated for a priest. He received an excellent classical education at Ingatestone Hall, by Canon Last's predecessor (I regret that I cannot give his name), but Sister Duffield's death probably interfered with the lad's prospects, and he was apprenticed to a tailor in Ingatestone. From this uncongenial employment he ran away, and in 1821 was again apprenticed, for three years only, to a shoemaker at Rayleigh, but was unable to last out even this short time, and again deserted. While at Ingatestone he frequently sent to papers snatches of poetry, those printed comprising "June," "The Age of Tutors," "The Vagrant," and others. His first printed communication on the "Magnetism of a Newspaper" we may be excused for reproducing:—

MAGNETISM OF A NEWSPAPER

Come, gentle Muse, let's touch a spring
To chase the gloom of care away;
A spark of humour hither bring,
To burnish up an idle lay.

Come, let's the "mighty magic' doff
Full naked to the public eye,
Which forms the very basis of
Newspaper popularity.

Hold—there's no magic in the case;
Newspapers are a looking glass,
Where ev'ry one can see their face,
And their beloved subject pass.

There we can solitary sit,
And see the medley of the world,
By ev'ry passion's frantic fit,
"Turn'd topsy-turvy, crisp'd, and curl'd."

Most readers have a theme apart
For private curiosity;
A subject penn'd upon the heart,
That only that can gratify.

The tender virgin tasks her brains,
To learn what lady of sixteen
Is bound in Hymen's golden chains,
By stolen "trip to Gretna Green."

The widow—she whose youthful bloom
Some twenty years ago was shed,
Leaves weeping o'er her husband's tomb,
To see what neighbour's wife is dead.

The politician marks the flames
That rising laid a city low;
Then points his finger, and exclaims,
"I always said it would be so."

The "fancy gemman" roareth out
How Pander in the battle bled;
And proves, beyond a single doubt,
His heart is harder than his head.

In short, all classes, high and low,
Peruse its columns with delight;
At least they did some time ago,
Ere poverty engender'd spite.

But now they read it with a curse—
The cause I'm quite afraid to quote;
But dip your fingers in your purse,
You'll find it dubb'd—"a country *note*."

The newspaper then (there were only two in the county, and he saw their increase to over thirty) had doubtless touched a string in young Coller. Whether Mr. Chalk senior, sent for Coller, or he went to Mr. Chalk, is not on record, but we do know that, although he would stick to neither tailoring or shoemaking, he did stick to journalism, and so well that he became the editor of two of the leading county newspapers.

We have it on the excellent authority of his own children that he acknowledged his error in running away from, and breaking, two apprenticeships, by his absolute insistence upon being apprenticed to Mr. George Meggy and Mr. Thomas Chalk in February, 1827. This necessitated his going for seven years through the routine of every department in the printing office, though all the time he was a valuable contributor. He learned the art of stenography from a book given to him by Mr. Nelson, and so became efficient to take the office of principal reporter. His tales as to this period of his life are best left unrecorded, the independence of the Press, or at least the local Press, was hardly assured, and the threats, offers, and presents that he had, may be best preserved in the memories of our informant, although in many respects they are interesting. The story of one incident cannot, however, do harm. Coller was reporting the case of the Boreham murder of Sir John Tyrell's gamekeeper by five poachers, upon March 1st, 1856, when news was brought to his wife that the Shire Hall had fallen in, and her husband was killed. She ran down London Road without shawl or bonnet, and met him coming up, purposely to assure her of his safety. The case had been tried upstairs in the old Petty Session room; and owing to the heavy pressure of the crowd, the central stone staircase gave way, causing the death of one person, and injuries to many.

Mr. Coller was twice married: (1) to a daughter of Mr. Turnedge, a builder of Ingatestone; she lies buried in Fryerning churchyard, and there are some verses of his own composition on her tombstone; (2) to a daughter of Samuel Akerman, a solicitor, of London. He had a numerous family. The eldest son Edwin was an accomplished journalist, of good sound literary and poetical attainments. His *War Scenes; and other verses* (cr. 8vo., Chelmsford); *Homespun Yarns* (8vo. Chelmsford; 2nd ed. 8vo., London [1884]), containing five Essex topics; *Dorcas*

Grimes, an Essex Legend (reprinted from the *Essex Weekly News*, 4to [Chelmsford 1880?]), were all published separately. He was author of *That Wife of Mine*, which formed the first volume of Durrant's County Library.

Soon after the formation of New London Road, Chelmsford, Mr. Coller bought a plot of newly laid out ground, and built the house in which he died. It is still occupied by his two daughters who, for some time past, have been schoolmistresses of the Roman Catholic Day and Infant Schools. Miss Coller is also organist of the church. Coller was confined to his house by paralysis during his later years, and for some months to his bed. The end came at last, on May 18th, 1884. His long and honourable life of nearly eighty years was throughout identified with the Essex Press. His connection with the *Chelmsford Chronicle* lasted for more than forty years, terminating in 1869; during the latter half of that period he held the position of editor, discharging the duties with admirable conscientiousness and care. He subsequently became editor of the *Essex Weekly News*, from which position he retired only when completely broken down, about three years previous to his death. Upon his retirement he was presented with a handsome testimonial subscribed to by the leading men of all parties and creeds in the county.

In addition to his journalistic work, Mr. D. W. Coller edited the *Essex Literary Journal*, a twelve-page 4to. mid-monthly magazine (price fourpence), issued from the Chelmsford Chronicle office from June 1838 to May 1839. This "Monthly Repository of Literature, and the Arts and Sciences connected with the county," was a very interesting publication, containing many valuable articles and notes. Mr. John Gosling possesses Mr. Coller's own copy, in which, to each communciation, the author's name is added. The greater part of its varied contents was from Coller's own pen. He wrote all the leaders, many letters and notes, poetry and articles, and was responsible for the five series entitled the Essex Bar, Essex Worthies, Historical Sketches, Homes of the Essex Nobility and Gentry, and Superstitions of Essex. In the preface issued with the twelfth number, Coller says:—"The other literary engagements which press upon the Editor render it impossible for him to continue the *Journal* without the sacrifice of health—a circumstance which has latterly prevented his rendering this periodical what he conceives it

ought to be, and what he originally intended to make it. Therefore he reluctantly, but respectfully, bids his readers farewell."

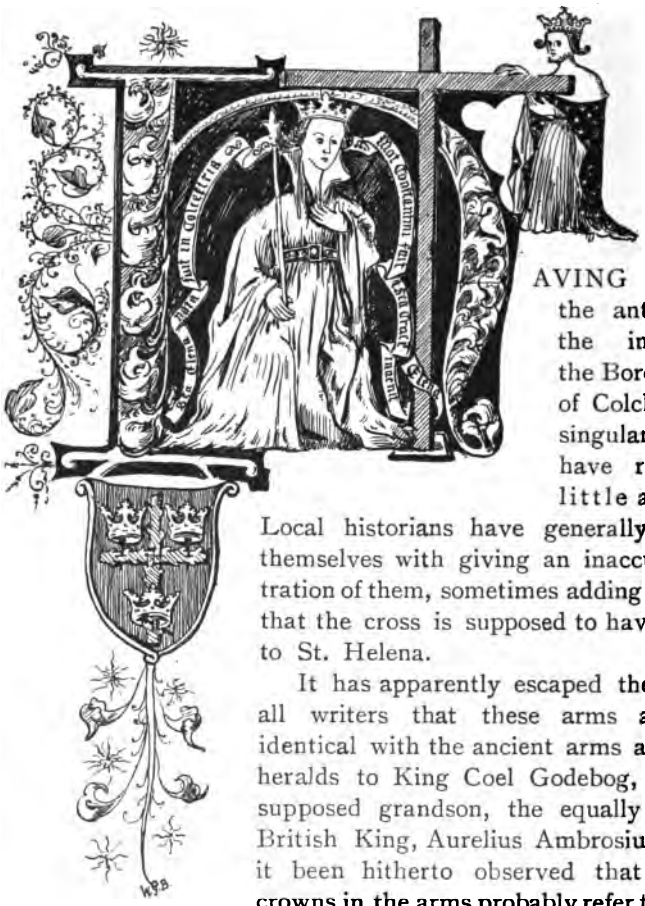
He also edited the *Essex Magazine*, a sixteen-page 8vo. monthly (price twopence), also issued from the Chelmsford Chronicle office from April 1862. I have only seen the first six numbers, No. 6 being dated September, 1862. Each contained a twelve page supplement, called Essex Railway Guide, a reprint of E.C.R. time-table. In the first two numbers, under the title "Commercial History of Essex," were two of his articles, one on wool, the other on shipping. Doubtless these were originally intended to be used in our author's *People's History*. I have No. 1 of *The Albert Magazine* (September 1865) which was printed by Mr. Dutton, Chelmsford, 8vo, price one penny. I am not sure if Mr. Coller was the editor, but from its likeness to the defunct *Essex Magazine*, it seems probable.

Apart from his *History*, the only separate work by D. W. Coller is a clever and smart little poem that obtained considerable notice when published in 1831, and called for a second edition. This was *The Battle of Oblivion; or Criticism and Quackery. A satirical Poem in three cantos*, 12mo. Chelmsford, [1831]. 2nd edition, to which is added *Shadows of Rhymes*, 8vo., London, 1832. This latter is not in the British Museum. Both Coller and his son Edwin undoubtedly possessed some poetical gifts; the two-page Preface to the *Battle of Oblivion* is a curiosity. *Facts and Fancies*, principally drawn from village life, was announced in 1839 as preparing for publication in a post 8vo. volume, but I cannot find that it ever appeared.

The *Poetical Epistle to Mr. D. W. Coller, of Chelmsford*, by Discipulus, 1 p., cr. 8vo., Totham, 1828, was by Mr. Charles Clark. A complimentary little poem of twenty-two lines, signed W., Chelmsford, published in the "Chelmsford Chronicle" and "Essex Herald" for December, 1832, was addressed "to D. W. Coller, author of *The Battle of Oblivion*, on the Publication of the Second Edition."

ANCIENT LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH THE ARMS OF COLCHESTER.

BY W. GURNEY BENHAM.



INITIAL LETTER OF HENRY V.'S CHARTER TO COLCHESTER (1412).

HAVING regard to the antiquity and the interest of the Borough Arms of Colchester, it is singular that they have received so little attention. Local historians have generally contented themselves with giving an inaccurate illustration of them, sometimes adding the remark that the cross is supposed to have reference to St. Helena.

It has apparently escaped the notice of all writers that these arms are almost identical with the ancient arms assigned by heralds to King Coel Godebog, and to his supposed grandson, the equally legendary British King, Aurelius Ambrosius; nor has it been hitherto observed that the three crowns in the arms probably refer to the three Magi (whose remains, according to legend, were found by St. Helena), and that they perhaps curiously link the ancient Colonia of England with the equally ancient Cologne of Germany. Nor has anyone apparently noticed that the arms of Colchester help to elucidate

that quaint old nursery story known sometimes as "The Three Heads of the Well," but more anciently as "The Three Kings of Colchester."

EARLIEST CORPORATE SEAL OF COLCHESTER

(SUPPOSED TO DATE FROM ABOUT 1200).

The Obverse bears the figure of the Empress Helena, with inscription stating that she was born at Colchester.

I do not profess that these hitherto unconsidered trifles have any great historical importance. But the historian cannot

afford to despise any scraps of evidence connected with antiquity. Although the practical value of these odds and ends may seem slight at present, the future may bring further facts or information to light, which, in combination with former evidence, may give some fresh insight into the history, superstitions, manners, or customs of the past.

The earliest Borough Seal of Colchester dates from the commencement of the thirteenth century. By the kindness of Mr. Horace Round, there is a sulphur cast of this rare seal in the Colchester Museum. It bears a representation of St. Helena holding in one hand the Cross, and in the other the three Holy Nails, with the legend: QUAM CRUX INSIGNIT

ANCIENT SEAL OF THE BAILIFFS OF COLCHESTER
(With representation of St. Helena).

HELENAM COLCESTRIA GIGNIT.—"*Colchester gives birth to Helen whom the Cross makes glorious.*"

The ancient "Bailiffs' Seal," probably of the 14th century, also bears an image of Helena. Neither of these seals contains any armorial bearings.

The ancient seal which was in use up to a few years ago as the Common Seal of the Borough, dates evidently from the early part of the 15th century. Here are seen the arms beneath the figure of Helena, who is again holding the cross and the three Holy Nails. The horizontal raguly staff of

the cross in the arms appears to have two nails in it beneath the two crowns, which are in chief.

In the Charter of Henry V., dated 1412, and therefore of about the same date as this seal, is an illuminated initial letter showing the arms of the town beneath the figure of St. Helena. Upon a scroll surrounding the figure of Helena are the words: "Sancta Elena nata fuit in Colcestria. Mater Constantini fuit. Sanctam Crucem invenit Elena."

COMMON SEAL OF THE BOROUGH OF COLCHESTER.

—"Saint Helena was born in Colchester. She was the mother of Constantine. Helena discovered the Holy Cross."

In each of the two crowns in chief is a representation of a nail which vertically pierces the horizontal staff below. Beneath the third crown is a third nail which pierces, in an oblique direction, the vertical staff. (See illustration.) The two portions of the cross are dovetailed together in a curious way,

leading to the theory that the artist intended to introduce that rare heraldic charge, a fylfot. But it is more likely that he was merely exercising his ingenuity. The probabilty is that he was a monk, rather than a herald, and that he thought it was an improvement to dove-tail the two portions of the cross, rather than to super-impose one portion upon the other.

A very important affair, to the pious people of Europe, was this alleged discovery of the true cross by the Holy Empress Helena. Whether Helena was really born at Colchester or not, cannot now be proved and does not very much signify. It was a matter almost of religion, in the middle ages, with the people of Colchester, and with the people of England generally, to believe that she was born in England, and that she gave birth to Constantine at Colchester. Every ancient historian of England confidently relates these facts. The ancient poets refer to them with pride. The old Oath Book of the Colchester Town Council contains a carefully written entry, in the hand-writing of the earlier part of the 14th century, telling us all about these things, with dates and circumstantial details. Helena was born in Colchester, according to this chronicle, in the year 242. She was the daughter of Coel, and was married in 264 to Constantius, Roman General, and afterwards Roman Emperor. She gave birth to Constantine the Great, at Colchester, in the year 265.

This belief in St. Helena's connection with Colchester must have originated at a very early period. St. Helen's Chapel, situated near to Colchester Castle, was in existence before Norman times. According to the chronicles of St. John's Abbey, it was restored, prior to 1096, by Eudo Dapifer. It became, apparently, the private chapel of the royal demesne in Colchester, a fact brought to light by Mr. Horace Round, whose argument on the subject is clear and convincing.

Subsequently the chief religious guild or fraternity of Colchester—founded in 1401-2—was named the Guild of St. Helen. Its head-quarters were the chapel of the Holy Cross, situated in the west end of the town.

This is not the place to narrate in full the fantastic monastic stories of St. Helena's great achievement, the Discovery of the True Cross. The chroniclers are many. On some minor points they differ, but they all agree in stating that Helena went to the

Holy Land, in search of the true cross, in obedience to the commands of her son, Constantine the Great. She took with her an army, and frightened the Jews into giving up the secret of the hiding place of the cross. Three crosses were unearthed, and there was a difficulty in deciding which was the "true cross," and which were the crosses of the two thieves. An experiment was tried with a corpse. It was placed without effect upon two of the crosses, but at once came to life when placed on the third, the true cross of Christ. One version of the story I cannot refrain from mentioning, because it contains the germ of the story of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." Helena had with her at Jerusalem a Christian goldsmith who owed money to a Jew, and had agreed in default of payment to forfeit its weight in his own flesh. He failed to pay, and the Jew demanded his bond. Constantine's messengers arrived in Jerusalem, and were called upon to give judgment. They decided that the Jew might take the flesh but that he must not spill a drop of blood in so doing.

Then said that Jew, "By saint driztine*
"Me think the wers part is mine;
"To take the flesshe if I assay
"Then the blode will ryn away

* * * * * *
"Maugrefe† therfore mote ye have
"Alle that suche a dome me gave."

The Judges replied that they were determined to do right, and they further condemned the Jew to forfeit his goods to the Empress Helena, and to lose his tongue. On this the Jew offered to show where the True Cross was, if he might be released from the penalty :—

Said Elaine, "Certis but thou it finde
"Of both thine eien thou sal be blinde."

Encouraged by this dismal prospect of losing his property, tongue, and eyes, the Jew revealed the hiding-place of the Cross.

This is a very ancient version of the story, and is found in a West Midland MS. in the Bodleian Library, but the author adds that other writers state that the Cross was revealed by a Jew named Judas, who afterwards became St. Cyriac. This latter story, though even more full of absurdities than the Shylock version, is the usual and generally-received account.

The feasts of "The Invention of the Cross"—May 3—and "The

* By Holy Lord. † A curse.

Exaltation of the Holy Cross"—Sept. 14—are still retained in the calendar of the Church of England, showing that they were regarded as important feasts in this country. The latter festival commemorates the exaltation of the relic on Sept. 14, A.D. 335, in a magnificent church built by Constantine the Great at Constantinople.

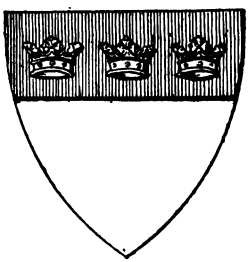
Helena, according to tradition, was a great collector of relics. She found the hay in which the infant Christ was laid; she found the swaddling clothes in which He was wrapped; she found "our lady's smock"; she found the three Holy Nails.

But next to the Discovery of the Cross her most renowned exploit was the finding of the bodies of the Three Holy Kings—Melchior, Balthasar, and Jaspar. The so-called "Three Kings" were the wise men of the east. The Scriptures do not mention their number, nor say that they were kings. The fact that they presented gold, frankincense, and myrrh led to their being put down as three. David's prophecy about "kings offering gifts" was held to refer to them, and so they were regarded as royalties. From a very early period they are alluded to as "the three Kings," and are so represented in very ancient illuminations and sculptures.

Their story, embellished with curious monkish additions, was very popular. "Of these worschipefull kynges," says one mediæval chronicler, "all the worlde from the risyng of the sonne to his downe-goynge ys full of preisyng."

When Helena had collected all the relics worth collecting in the Holy Land, we are told that she began to "think greatly" about these kings. The story concerning them was that being converted (after the crucifixion) by St. Thomas, they had become archbishops, and had died at an advanced age in India, where they had been buried in one tomb. Helena therefore went to "the londys of Ynde." There she "preched Goddis woord," and "destroyed all the synagoges and fals Mawmetys." The people, when they heard of the miracles which Christ had wrought by this "worshipful Queen," and of the finding of the cross, the nails, the swaddling clothes, and our lady's smock, forsook their false law, and took them to the law of gold. After much travail Helena obtained from the Patriarch Thomas (successor of the Apostle), and Prester John (that other mysterious Eastern

ecclesiastic), the bodies of Balthasar and Melchior. The body of Jaspar, she secured from the Nestorines, who had removed it to the "Isle of Egrisoulla." Then she put these three Kings together in one chest, and arrayed it with great splendour, and brought them to Constantinople with all joy and reverence. There, in a magnificent shrine, they were honoured until after the death of Constantine. The Greek schism followed, and the bodies of the kings were neglected. Therefore, we are told, God delivered those countries into the hands of the Saracens, till the Emperor Mauricius, with the help of the Milanese, secured the holy relics, and conveyed them to Milan. When Milan was taken by Frederic (in 1158), he had the help of the Archbishop of Cologne, and the bodies were solemnly translated to Cologne. There they performed various miracles, and gradually "the three Kings of Cologne" became the most



ARMS OF COLOGNE.

popular saints in Christendom. Their festival, the feast of Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, was solemnised with "uncommon mirth and splendour." Their history was dramatised, and the sacred plays performed in their honour in the churches were highly popular. The numerous English versions of the history of "The Three Kings of Cologne" show that in this country they were held in considerable reverence.

The following facts are at any rate believed to be historical. On June 11, 1164, the Archbishop of Cologne set forth from Milan with the supposed remains of the three kings. On July 23 he brought them safely to Cologne. Between 1167 and 1191, his successor, Philipp von Heinsberg, founded, at Cologne, the magnificent shrine in which the relics are still deposited.

The advent of the three kings seems to have helped materially

to establish the reputation and prosperity of Cologne, and the burghers subsequently adopted, as the arms of their town, a shield with three crowns in chief.

Before further considering the association of the three kings with the three crowns in the armorial bearings of Colchester, let us turn to the old nursery tale of "The Three Heads of the Well," given by J. O. Halliwell, in his collection of ancient nursery stories.

This tale is abridged from the old chap-book of "The Three Kings of Colchester," and it is to the following effect.

Long before Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, there reigned in the eastern part of England a king, who kept his court at Colchester, He was "witty, strong, and valiant," by which means "he subdued his enemies abroad, and secured peace among his subjects at home." In the midst of his glory his queen died, leaving behind her an only daughter, about fifteen years of age. This princess, for her courtly carriage, beauty, and affability, was the wonder of all that knew her.

The King of Colchester, hearing of a lady of wealth, married her, although she was "old, ugly, hook-nosed, and hump-backed." This unpleasant widow had a daughter, who was a "yellow dowdy, full of envy and evil nature." The new queen and her daughter set the king against his own beautiful daughter, who became so unhappy that she desired her father to grant her a small subsistence, and leave to go to seek her fortune. The king consented, and desired the queen to make provision for the princess. The queen gave her a canvas bag of bread and hard cheese, with a bottle of beer. The amiable princess thanked her step-mother, and set forth on her journey, "through groves, woods, and valleys."

At length she saw an old man sitting on a stone at the mouth of a cave.

"Good morrow, fair maiden," said he. "Whither away so fast?"

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"What hast thou in thy bag and bottle?"

"Bread and cheese and good small beer. Will you please to partake of either?"

"With all my heart," said the old man.

After partaking of her provisions, he said:—"There is a thick

thorny hedge before you, which will appear impassable. Take this wand, strike three times, and say, 'Pray hedge, let me come through,' and it will open at once. A little further you will find a well. Sit on the brink and up will come three Golden Heads, which will speak. Pray do whatever they require."

It happened as the old man said. The hedge divided at her request, and no sooner had she sat down by the well than a Golden Head came up, singing :—

Wash me, and comb me,
And lay me down softly,
And lay me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When somebody comes by.

The princess did as she was bid, combing the Head with a silver comb, and placing it on a primrose bank.

Then up came a second and a third Head, making the same request, with which she complied.

Then she pulled out the remains of her provisions and ate her dinner.

Meanwhile the Heads consulted, saying, "What shall we do for this lady who hath used us so kindly ?"

The first said: "I will cause such an addition to her beauty as shall charm the most powerful prince in the world."

The second said: "I will endow her with such perfume, both in body and breath, as shall far exceed the sweetest flowers."

The third said: "My gift shall be none of the least, for as she is a king's daughter, I will make her so fortunate that she shall become queen to the greatest prince that reigns."

Then, at the request of the Heads, the princess let them down again into the well, and proceeded on her journey,

Soon she saw a king hunting in a park with his nobles. She would have avoided him, but he was so powerfully smitten with her beauty and perfumed breath that he commenced his courtship immediately. He gained her love, brought her to his palace, caused her to be magnificently apparelled, and on finding that she was the King of Colchester's daughter, ordered chariots to be prepared that he might pay the king a visit. Great was the King's astonishment, and great his joy, and that of all the court—excepting the wicked grandmother and her "club-footed daughter," who "were ready to burst with

malice, and envied her happiness because she was now above them all."

After a few days the happy princess left with her husband.

Then the deformed daughter, thinking she would also like to try her fortune, obtained her mother's consent. She was richly clothed, and furnished with sweetmeats, sugar, almonds, etc., and a large bottle of Malaga sack.

She came to the old man at the cave's mouth.

"Young woman," said he, "whither away so fast?"

"What is that to you?" said she.

"What have you in your bag and bottle?"

"Good things which you shall not be troubled with."

"Won't you give me some?"

"Not a bit nor a drop, unless it would choke you."

"Evil fortune attend thee," said the old man, frowning.

On reaching the hedge, and trying to pass through, the thorns ran into her flesh, and she extricated herself with difficulty.

Looking for water to wash herself she saw the well. Up came one of the Heads, singing:

Wash me, and comb me,
And lay me down softly,
And lay me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When somebody comes by.

But she banged the Head with her bottle, saying, "Take this for your washing." She treated the second and third Heads in like manner.

Thereupon the Heads consulted.

"Let her be struck with leprosy in the face," said the first Head.

"Let an additional smell be added to her breath," said the second.

"Let her marry a poor country cobbler," said the third.

She went on until she came to a town. It was market day, and the people all fled from her evil-looking face, excepting a poor cobbler. He had not long before mended the shoes of a poor hermit, who, having no money, gave him a box of ointment for the cure of leprosy, and a bottle of spirits for foul breath.

"Who are you?" said the cobbler.

"I am the King of Colchester's step-daughter."

"If I restore you to your natural complexion, and cure your face and breath, will you take me for a husband?"

"With all my heart," said she.

So the cobbler applied the remedies and she was cured in a few weeks. Then they were married and set out for Colchester. But the queen, we are told, hanged herself through vexation on discovering that her daughter was married to a cobbler.

This was not a source of sorrow to the King, who had only married her for her fortune. He gave the cobbler a hundred pounds to take the step-daughter to a remote part of the kingdom. There they lived many years, he mending shoes, while his wife assisted the housekeeping by spinning, and selling the results of her labours at the country market.

Such is the story. The title—"The Three Kings of Colchester"—is significant. "The Three Kings of Cologne" was the familiar title of the various English versions of the story of the Magi. It is possible that the tale was originally suggested in part by the legends of the Three Kings of Cologne. It is probably a fanciful variant of gradually corrupted versions of the monkish legend, combined with the local stories concerning Coel and Helena.

Helena, like the Princess, was famed for her beauty. All the chroniclers are emphatic on this point. Spenser, in the "Faerie Queene" (Canto x), tells us:

> The Romanes . . . hether sent
> Constantins, a man of mickle might
> With whome King Coyll made an agreement,
> And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
> Faire Helena, the fairest living wight,
> Who in all godly thewes* and goodly praise
> Did far excell.

She was "a lady of unrivalled beauty," says another old chronicler.

As for her father Coel, described by the chroniclers as King of Colchester, he was "witty, strong, and valiant," like the King of Colchester in the story, and he also had an only daughter:

> Coel ruled the Realme in law and peace full well,
> That for his wyt and vertuositie
> Able he was, as chronicles could tell,
> To have rule of the Emperalyte,
> For ryght wesnesse, manhode, and moralyte.
> A daughter had he, *and none other heyre*,
> *Elyne*, that hyght farre passing good and feyre.
>
> [Hardyng's *Annals* (circa 1430), c. 59.]

*Qualiti

Coel obtained his kingdom by conquering and slaying Asclepiodotus—so say the chronicles—and his prowess was such that the Romans sent Constantius to subdue him. He "secured peace among his subjects" at home by the diplomatic way in which he dealt with Constantius. There is no tradition that Coel made a second matrimonial venture. The real facts seem to be that Helena had trouble with her husband, the Emperor Constantius, who dissolved his marriage with her in order to contract a second alliance with a pagan lady named Theodora. It is not surprising that this episode should have been transformed in the nursery legend, for the sake of introducing the inevitable step-mother.

The rhyme of the Three Heads, and their treatment by the princess, are oddly suggestive of the way in which Helena "putte these three Kyngis togider in one cheste, and arayd it with great riches . . . and putte them in a faire chirche," not exactly

> That they might look pretty
> When somebody came by,

but "that all the pepil of the contrey about" might come and visit them, and "offer to them with great devocioun."

As for the rest of the nursery tale, it is only, in a dreamy sort of way, like the story of Helena. She married the Emperor Constantius, and was the mother of Constantine, either of whom might perhaps be described as "the most powerful prince in the world."

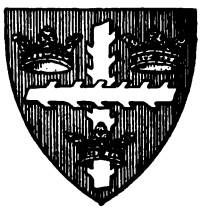
The gifts bestowed by the three Heads—Beauty, Sweetness of breath, Regal wealth and position—are plainly reminiscent of the gifts of the three Kings—the preservative myrrh, the sweetening frankincense, and gold—symbolical of royalty.

The fate of the ugly step-sister is put into the nursery rhyme by way of contrast, and to point the moral. Some may be inclined to fancy that her misadventures allude allegorically to the evil fate which befel the heretical Greeks, and the Greek church for neglecting the remains of the three holy Kings. I do not think it is necessary to assume that the natural contrast between the good daughter's good fortune, and the bad daughter's evil fortune contains any such hidden meaning. But the "curses" of the three Heads are interesting, as emphasising again the meaning of the gifts which had been bestowed as

blessings on the good princess. The curses were leprosy, evil breath, and poverty. These again are suggestive, "contrairy ways," as Clara Peggotty used to say, of the mystic gifts of myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

I do not know that any importance is to be attached to the mention of a well in the story. The superstitious reverence attached to wells is known to all who have studied the manners and customs of the past. In the earliest of the Borough Records of Colchester—that is in the "Oath Book," already referred to —there is frequent mention of the "puteum Sanctæ Helenæ," —"St Helen's well."

Before leaving the nursery story, it should be mentioned that an incident in George Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," (1590) is evidently founded upon it. In this play, two girls go to a well in



ARMS OF COLCHESTER
(As confirmed and registered at Heralds' College, August 26, 1558).

ARMS OF NOTTINGHAM
(As recorded at the Visitation of Nottingham 1614).

search of a husband. A Head comes up, from whose locks one of the girls combs gold. The Head sings :—

Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell bread.
Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.

Each of the girls secures a husband, one match being satisfactory, and the other the reverse. The allusion is interesting as further evidence of the antiquity of the story of "The Three Heads of the Well."

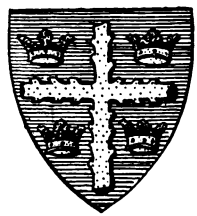
The arms of the town of Nottingham are the same as those of Colchester, with the exception that the two staves are "vert" (green) intead of "argent" (white). This difference does not amount to much, for in the arms of Colchester, as emblazoned beneath the initial letter in the charter of 1412, the staves are

also green. Possibly, therefore, the arms of the two towns were, at one period, identical in colouring. The wonder is not that the arms of Colchester were altered to their present tinctures, but that the heralds allowed the arms of Nottingham to remain unaltered. For it is one of the chief rules in heraldry that colour upon colour, or metal upon metal, cannot be permitted. The green cross on the red ground is therefore heraldically an offence. But in spite of this enormity the Nottingham arms were formally confirmed by the authorities of the College of Arms.

There are two ancient traditions which connect Nottingham with Coel and Helena. One of these, mentioned by Deering in his *History of Nottingham*, states that the British King

ARMS OF COILUS [COEL] KING OF THE BRIGANTES.

From a Manuscript of the 17th Century in the Harleian Collection (No. 1977 fo. 12).
Description: "Azure, a cross humetty raguly between 3 crowns or."



ARMS OF "AMBROSIUS OR EMRYS, SECOND SON OF CONSTANTINE OF ARMEN."

From a Manuscript Volume of the 17th Century in the Harleian Collection (No. 6870 folio 15b.)
This Volume contains part of the collections of "Mr. Hugh Thomas, for his intended genealogies and history of the nobility and gentry of Wales."

Coilus was buried at Nottingham. The other tradition is given in Leland's *Collectanea*, and is copied "From a certain chronicle by an unknown author who appears to have written an epitome of Galfredus, and has frequently interpolated many things, whether true I know not, that are not to be found in Galfredus." This author, under mention of the reign of Lud, states:

> Post hunc successit in regnum Cassibelaunus frater suus, qui fecit civitates, s. Excestriam, Colcestriam, Oxenfordiam, et Norvicum. Iste Lucius fieri fecit quatuor villas, Notyngham, Erford, Salesbury, et Huntingdun.
>
> Hujus mater Helena, quæ sancta, dicitur, Britanniæ nobilis alumna, Londonias muro, qui adhunc superest, cinxisse fertur, et Colcestriam mœnibus adornasse.

(After him, Cassibelaunus, his brother, succeeded to the throne, who founded cities, namely Exeter, Colchester, Oxford, and Norwich.

Lucius caused four towns to be formed, Nottingham, Hereford (?), Salisbury, and Huntingdon.

His mother Helena, who is called saint, an illustrious child of Britain, is said to have surrounded London with the wall which yet remains, and to have enriched Colchester with fortifications.)

Henry of Huntingdon and other chroniclers tell the same thing of Helena. But this "unknown author," like some other ancient historians, has badly confused the King Coel (Godebog), who was the father of Helena, with the earlier King Coel, who is reported to have been the father of the renowned, but possibly fabulous, King Lucius.

Nevertheless, these legends connecting Coilus, Helena, and Lucius with Nottingham, are sufficient to account for the similarity between the Colchester and Nottingham arms. The heralds were credulous in these matters, and did not inquire too curiously into them. The illustrations which I give of armorial bearings assigned by the heralds to Coel, and to his supposed grandson Aurelius Ambrosius, show that they identified the arms of Colchester with the legends attaching to Helena and Coel. The idea that any armorial bearings existed in England before the Norman Conquest is probably absurd, but the heralds in forming genealogies considered it their duty to assign distinctive coats of arms to ancient kings. There is a well-known pedigree at Heralds' College showing the descent of Coel from Noah, without a single break, and continuing the genealogy to James I. Thus, according to this pedigree, Queen Victoria can be shown to be descended from Noah, through Coel and Helena. For the sake of providing quarterings for families reputed to be descended from Coel, arms had to be devised for that monarch. Several Welsh families still proudly quarter the arms of Coel, with the authority of Heralds' College for so doing.

Whether the arms of Colchester are older or younger than the reputed arms of Coel, cannot be stated with absolute certainty. The arms may have been originally devised to fit the town, or the king. In either case, the heralds doubtless consulted the old chronicles, and invented arms which seemed appropriate to the birthplace—or parent—of such a renowned saint as the Empress Helena. A cross was selected as appropriate to the finder of the true cross. The raguly, that is, notched form

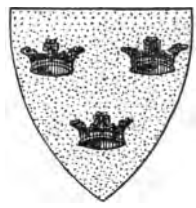
of cross, was a very usual heraldic form of the true cross in the early days of heraldry. The three crowns, one encircling the place where the Saviour's feet were pierced, and the others placed over the cross-bar, where the hands would be, have led to various surmises. These theories in explanation of the three crowns may be summarised thus :—

(1) That the crowns are derived from the traditional arms of the mythical British King, Beli Mawr (or Belinus), from whom Coel Godebog is said to have derived descent. But there are so many contradictory pedigrees of Coel, and the supposed arms are so obviously fanciful inventions of later heralds, that little importance can be attached to this theory.

(2) That the arms of Coel I. (circâ A.D. 150), were three crowns. These arms are also quite untrustworthy, and there is

ARMS OF BELI MAWR. (As supplied by Heralds' College).

ARMS OF COEL I. (As supplied by Heralds' College).



ARMS OF ST. OSYTH PRIORY.

such confusion as to this mythical monarch, that no serious attention need be paid to his alleged armorial bearings.

(3) That like the arms of St. Osyth Priory (founded by St. Osyth, daughter of a King of East Anglia), the three crowns allude to " the arms of the Kingdom of the East Angles." But these arms are also imaginary, and the armorial bearings of St. Osyth Priory are probably not so ancient as the arms of Colchester.

(4) That the three crowns were intended to commemorate a " tradition " that Colchester gave birth to King Lucius, the Empress Helena, and the Emperor Constantine, This theory was favoured by Mr. R. D. Duffield who, in 1842, wrote a learned and ingenious article in the *Essex Standard* respecting the arms of Colchester.

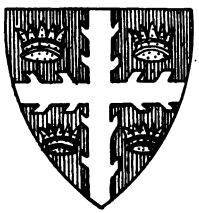
(5) That the sovereign possessed considerable demesnes in Colchester, and that the crowns were introduced to show the royal importance of the borough.

(6) That the crowns refer to St. Edmund "the patron saint of East Anglia." Against this theory, as against No. 3, there is the fact that Essex never formed part of East Anglia.

(7) That the three crowns were a sacred emblem indicating the Trinity.

Of these theories, No. 4 seems the most likely, for the early heralds were very attentive to "traditions." But though there is a tradition (obviously absurd) that Lucius was a son of Helena, it is nowhere alleged that he was born in Colchester, whilst nearly all the chronicles assign his birth to a period some 150 years before Helena existed. On the whole, therefore, this interpretation of the three crowns does not seem satisfactory.

It is, I think much more probable that the three crowns are symbolical of the three Kings of Cologne, whose translation to



ANCIENT VARIANT OF ARMS OF COLCHESTER.

As recorded at Heralds' College. These Arms, with the alteration of the field from gules (red) to azure (blue). are given in MSS. of about the year 1620, now amongst the Harleian Collection [1977 fo. 37; 6831, fo. 338b] as being the arms of "Coel Godeboc."

Constantinople by St. Helena, is recorded as a scarcely less wonderful performance than her Discovery of the Cross. The three crowns in the arms of Cologne are an example of the meaning attached to three crowns by the heralds, and the not uncommon sign of the Three Crowns in England, was used, as authorities on the subject tell us, by tradesmen and others, as having symbolical reference to the Magi or "Three Kings."

There is only one thing against this conclusion. In some of the old descriptions of the arms of Coel, and in one fairly ancient drawing of the arms of Colchester, four crowns are shown instead of three. But these variations are all modern as compared with the old Borough seal of Colchester. All the oldest and best authorities are in favour of the three crowns as the correct number. The duly-signed and apparently carefully authenticated entry of the arms of Colchester, still preserved at Heralds' College, and dated August 26, 1558, mentions only

three crowns. The arms of Nottingham, as far as I have been able to discover, have invariably included three crowns only.

On the whole, therefore, I think that we may assume that the arms of Colchester, as of Nottingham, were meant to tell the story of Saint Helena; that the cross alludes to her discovery of the Holy Rood; that the three crowns symbolise the Magi; and that their position was, in all probability, intended to remind men of the third specially important discovery attributed to her, the discovery of the three Holy Nails.

LIFE ON AN ESSEX FARM SIXTY YEARS AGO.

AS in the olden time, another generation arose who knew not Joseph, his ways nor his doings, so to-day few persons survive who can remember the ways of the last generation of farmers, which were so different from those of to-day.

Now, the busy binder cuts the corn close to the ground, ties it up, and as it travels round and round the field, shoots the sheaves off its platform at precisely the right distance for each trave to stand. Sixty years ago, the wheat was reaped with sickles, eighteen inches or more from its roots. The sheaves were tied with twisted straw bands fastened cunningly by a quick turn of the wrist, and tossed aside in line for the two "setters up" to handle in their turn. These bands were sometimes made by women and children, who went into the field to help the reapers by twisting the straw bands with which the sheaves were fastened. After harvest, the fields were chopped over, and the haulm was carted home to make walls round the yards, or, may be, to be piled up on the flat roofs of sheds.

Those were the days of the smock frock—a worn and shabby one for every day, a better one, of a soft greenish hue, for Sundays. This, in its time, descended to the week-day wear, and very likely to another and a third generation. The smock was a comprehensive garment that reached below the knees, the farm labourer's lower extremities being cased on Sundays in short brown leather buskins, which met the hem of the smock. To work in, he wore cord or fustian breeches, hitched up in the

legs to the point of comfort, by a leather strap worn garter-wise just below the knee.

The wives of these sturdy men appeared on Sundays in large circular cloaks that enveloped their spare figures. At the time of which I am writing scarlet ones were getting few and far between, but the little bit of colour seen across the Common, under the ancient lime trees, was a most picturesque sight. The more fashionable dames appeared in green homespun, or camlet cloaks of the same pattern. But before very long the railways and other facilities for moving about the country brought the rural districts so much nearer the towns, that similarity in dress as in all other things was the inevitable result.

The Eastern Counties' Railway from London to Chelmsford was opened in 1840. In its construction, great difficulties had to be contended with, and large sums of money spent in engineering the soft springy soil of Brentwood Hill. About two years later, the line was continued to Colchester.

I remember travelling from Witham to Chelmsford in 1843, in an open railway carriage, that is, with no roof, sides, or windows, and with seats for the passengers resembling forms built on the floor of the truck. This line, now the Great Eastern Railway, was unique in running fifty miles from London without a tunnel. The branch line crossing it at Witham, and running from Braintree to Maldon, was opened in 1847, but it had very little patronage at first. Upon one occasion, I was the only passenger from Braintree to Witham.

Very few of the Essex parishes possessed any school, save a dame school. Our village owned one, built by the squire's daughter in 1836. It was a pretty little one-storied cottage, thatched with reeds which were especially brought from the Cambridgeshire fens. The School house adjoined the churchyard, and in out-of-school hours the children played merrily about the green graves, while the lesser ones clambered up and down the broad wooden steps which scaled the churchyard palings, for the gate was locked except on Sunday.

The squire's daughter was a very zealous churchwoman, as befitted a future Dean's wife, and I remember her coming round to the farmers to ask them to encourage their men to go to church on Good Friday, by paying them for a day off. Some of the farmers did not see with this at all, but our men were told

to leave their work whatever it might be, and go to hear the parson in the morning, returning after dinner to their several employments. Quite a number of them did so, causing the clergyman to remark that some who had helped to swell his large congregation on Good Friday, were never seen inside the church on any other occasion. They were conspicuous objects, of course, because they went in their working-clothes.

Implements were then very scarce upon the farms. Hardly any of the farmers had even drills of their own. To possess a drill, or more than one, and to take it round the neighbourhood, or let it out to the farmers, was a trade in itself. Horse-power chaff-cutters were just beginning to come into use, and soon there was one fixed in a "round-house," opening on to our road, opposite the big horse-pond, where we children loved to spend idle hours seated on the spindle bar, and revolving round and round after the horse. This was the only round-house in the neighbourhood for a long time, for labour was so superabundant and so cheap, that hand chaff-cutters continued to be employed.

All the wheat was thrashed by a flail upon the barn-floors, and comfortable warm work it was during the long cold winter. The flop-flop of the flails is still as fresh as possible in my memory. Also the bent figures of the two men, one on one side of the threshing-floor, and one on the other, alternately swinging the queer disjointed flails with a regular mechanical motion, the one up, and the other down. Stolid, taciturn, and slow of speech were the farm labourers of those days, whatever the spread of education has made them to-day.

Those who only have to pay a penny for their letters to any part of the United Kingdom, or the Colonies, would perhaps have grudged the five-pence necessary to frank a letter from Braintree to Chelmsford. Three times only in the week did letters find their way to our village, from which year after year a weather-beaten old dame travelled on foot to the town and back, laden with many things besides letters. Soon, however, the number of communications increased so fast, as the postage decreased, that she had to trudge there through all weathers, winter and summer, every day.

A sturdy old woman she was, with a great round basket on each arm (one of those that you had to stoop down to look inside, because the handle only allowed the lid to open a very

little way), and nondescript articles of every size and shape hanging around her neck. Her arrival was as welcome as the things she brought, whether these were medicines for the sick, tea and groceries for the hearty, or news of the outer world for the curious.

Often we wondered how she managed to plod through the rain and the snow, or keep her footing on the slippery frosty roads; particularly after we heard one wintry morning of a poor woman being frozen to death in the deep snowdrifts of the Water Lane, only a stone's-throw from where dame Shelley had passed by.

No one came to claim or inquire after the poor waif, and no one ever discovered either the name or history of the occupant of the lonely grave dug in the unkempt grass of the unconsecrated corner of the village churchyard. This grave of hers was a never ceasing-puzzle to us children, for we could no-how understand why, because no one knew whether she had been baptised or not, she might not have been allowed to lie among the other inmates of the burial ground.

The parish constable had not been replaced by Sir Robert Peel's well-drilled men in blue, and there was much lawlessness abroad. Incendiary fires and robberies of lonely farm houses were common. To look out at night, and "see if there was a fire," was a customary thing before going upstairs to bed. There were many men out of work, especially through the long cold winters, the wages, when they had anything to do, were so cruelly low—eight or nine shillings a week—that it was no wonder some of the younger and less apathetic became desperate. They were prevented from going away from their own parish to seek for work, by the law which decreed that if they fell ill or needed help, they were to be sent back again for their own parish to support as paupers.

If this occurred a second time, a man could be imprisoned, solely for making his family chargeable to the parish. This did not apply to the short period of haying or harvest, when many of the men used to move about in the county as the corn ripened. Before the introduction of artificial and chemical foods for the soil, which has largely equalised the entire county, the north Essex men from the clay soils had plenty of time to go south to "the Hundreds," earn a harvest's wages there, and return in

time for their own, which would not be till a full fortnight later. They were accommodated, for a sleeping place, in the barns or out-houses, no great penalty on a warm night in July, or August.

If there were many children in a family, the very little wheaten flour they could afford to buy, was made into bread for the bread-winner, whilst the mother and her children fed as they could on toppings, potatoes, and such other vegetables as their garden would produce. Butcher's meat was hardly ever seen in the cottages, perhaps only once a year, at Christmas time, when the farmers gave each man a piece of beef. The smoking joints of the harvest suppers of those days were therefore really appreciated.

Before sickle or scythe was put to the corn, there was the "letting supper," when all the men sat down in the chaise-house to boiled pork and broad beans. Then the wheat harvest began, and when that was over, there was another supper of baked plum pudding. When barley, and beans, and all other harvest work, was concluded, came the "settling supper" of boiled beef and boiled plum pudding.

Although, as we have seen, the poverty of the large families was very great, the making of straw-plait for bonnets was a considerable help to them. The process of this now obsolete homely industry was an interesting one.

The straw of the reaped sheaves, having been prepared upon the great barn-floor, and the heads removed, it was purchased by the women, who carried the large unwieldy bundles home, tied round in their check aprons. When it was got home to the cottage, it was cut into lengths at each joint, and then split down with cunning little "engines," which divide the straws into three, four, or more strips, according to the fineness of the plait to be made. The strips were then steeped in water to make them less brittle, and more pliable. Wherever you went into a cottage, you saw a bowl or pail of water standing, in which these little yellow strips were steeped, and the smell of the straw, to which a dash of brimstone also was added, pervaded all the humble dwelling.

As you walked about the lanes, you scarcely met a woman or child over five years old, whose fingers were not busily plaiting, the bristling roll of finished plait under one arm, the bunch of split straws under the other, and frequently a selection

from these carried in the mouth, where most of them were moistened before they found their way into the piece.

Even the old men, too feeble to work in the field, or bent double, as many of them were, with continual thrashing with the flail, would sit and slowly turn out wheel after wheel of the coarser and cheaper kind of plait. But theirs had no fancy whip-cord edge such as the more nimble-fingered women could skilfully accomplish. The prices received for their handiwork varied from threepence to tenpence a score yards, and they could then dispose of almost any quantity, to be used for the very large straw hats and bonnets then in vogue. In many of the villages was to be found a rudimentary milliner, skilful enough to make up, and block and stiffen, new head-gear of a more useful than fashionable shape, and to clean and whiten innumerable times, such as had seen a summer's wear.

There was no putting out of washing in those days, but every farm-house had its grand washing days, when the women started work at four o'clock in the morning, indeed some of them came over-night. Strange as it may seem now, they would stand all day at the wash-tub or copper, rubbing and wringing (there were no wringing machines), and would go home at night well satisfied with receiving something under a shilling, and their meals.

Although, as I have said, farm wages were then extremely low, yet the men *earned* them in those days. There was no going home to breakfast and dinner, and spending an hour over it, as in these days of doubled wages. They, and their smock frocks, sat down under a hedge if far away from the house; if near it, there was, amongst the outbuildings, a room called "the cottage," devoted to their use. As long as there was any small beer in the cask there, left after the brewing, they could help themselves to it. This cottage was a forbidden spot to us children when the men were taking their meals, and therefore it was invested with a special interest.

The brewing, which happened about once in every six weeks, was a vast delight to us. We would climb up the ladder to look into the mysterious decoction in the great vat, and I think we should have been entirely happy, if we had been allowed to sit up, only for one night, with the foreman to whom the business was intrusted. The red firelight from the great copper stoke-hole,

which lit up the dim rafters of the brew-house, and cast strange shadows about its gabled roof, made it a most alluring place on winter evenings.

In harvest time, as soon as dressed, we scampered down before breakfast, to help fill the wooden beer bottles with their well-worn leather handles, which had been left overnight by the men outside the garden door. The struggles with some of the men's bottles when the vent-peg would not come out easily, or the bubbling frothy liquid would not run through the big funnel, were all amusement to us. Six pints a day were allowed for each man, and no money payment in lieu. How much better is the new way of paying harvest wages, when the men may spend the money on clothes, furniture, or improvements at home, instead of drinking so much of it up.

In those days, very few of the men could either read or write, but they were close observers of nature, and of animal life, and, notwithstanding their great disadvantages, were a good, honest, trustworthy race of men. In other things beside parish chargeability, the laws were unjustly severe. Transportation for sheep-stealing, and many other crimes, was the rule. The father of a man now at work on our farm, was transported for stealing his master's land-ditching tools. The transported culprits were, in all probability, never heard of again, for they were unable to write letters, even if allowed to do so. Speaking of land-ditching reminds me of the winter work on the farm—land-draining with wood or straw, or sometimes only "scuds of straw" laid in the trench after it had been dug. The newly invented drain-pipes were introduced in Essex, by Mr. Mechi, in 1840. Then the spring ditches were dug, and the bottoms of them filled in with picked stones, to gather which off the wheat and barley etches used to be the occupation of a large proportion of the female part of the village population. Thus they added considerably to the family income, but it was at very great expenditure of shoe-leather and clothing generally, to say nothing of the neglect of home cleanliness and comfort; while the exposure to weather and fatigue cannot have been without its effect upon the next generation. It is rarely now that women in the country villages engage in field labour of any sort, although we all know how eager they are to spend long days in the fields at gleaning time.

The digging of great holes, or clay pits, was another lengthy and important operation, providing work for the men in the winter. The clay dug out was used to cover the fields instead of manure, for in those days there were no super-phosphates, or nitrates, to improve the next year's crop.

The game on our farm was carefully preserved by the landlord, whose visits we children highly appreciated, for the sake of the brand new shillings or sixpences which the old banker brought in his pocket from Lombard Street. At the same time, however, we were somewhat awed at the sight of the keen, satirical old face, and the sharp eyes that seemed to look through us. He was invariably dressed in a tight short jacket reaching only to the waist, and worn outside his coat. This garment was called a spencer, after Earl Spencer, who, as Lord Althorp, had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1830. He had set the fashion, and men, women and children immediately followed suit. But it was a fashion that did not last long, and it has never been revived.

If the old landlord came in his whiskey,* we were more than delighted, especially if he drove in it the horse that had such an appropriate name. How this horse had been acquired, we often heard told. Brought to his stables one day, when he was in his most decisive mood, he had scarcely cast eyes upon it before rapping out in his abrupt way: "What's the price?" "Fifty guineas," said the owner promptly. "I'll have it," came as quickly in reply, and the animal was forthwith named "Moment." His coachman at the same time was one Moses, and the old squire's order "Tell Moses to put Moment into the whiskey," which we children heard repeated, seemed to us of almost biblical importance.

These are only a few rambling reminiscences of sixty years ago, but yet perhaps enough to show the rising generation in what a different age from that of our childhood, they have opened their eyes.

*For the information of the reader it may be explained that a whiskey was a light two-wheeled conveyance for one horse, made for quick travelling, hence its name. It was sometimes called a tim-whiskey.—ED.

IN MEMORIAM.

EDMUND DURRANT.

IT is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Edmund Durrant, the founder and managing director of *The Essex Review*. Mr. Durrant died, after a lingering illness of some months, on August 30th. Born February

19th, 1843, at Chelmsford, where his family had been settled for generations (*cf E.R.* ix. 109), he was the son of George Hill Durrant, actuary of the old Chelmsford and Dengie Hundred Savings' Bank, and his wife Emily Francis. He was educated at the Grammar School at Chelmsford, and after some years spent in London, at the well-known publishing house of Messrs. Hatchards, and elsewhere, and in business as a bookseller in

Walworth, he succeeded the late Mr. D. Burrell, at 90, High Street, Chelmsford, where a bookselling business, which had always held the first position in the county town, had been established for upwards of a hundred years. Mr. Durrant's energy combined with his literary tastes added a new department, by the publication of many works of local interest. These are so well known to subscribers to, and readers of, the *Essex Review*, that further reference to them seems unnecessary.

It is now nearly ten years since he started this *Review*. His interest in it had not abated to the last, as the contributions from his pen in the present volume, and to the very last number, show. He held it an axiom that every person of intelligence should strive to obtain a full knowledge of the history and literature of the county in which he resides. Towards that end, he established this journal, whose aim is to give a complete record of the county history of the period, and to amplify as far as possible that of bygone days.

Mr. Durrant threw himself with characteristic ardour into every movement for the intellectual improvement of his native town. He worked hard for the preservation of the Chelmsford Museum (*cf E.R.* ii.-113-8), acting for many years as secretary; lately he attempted its re-organisation, and was an energetic promoter of the Free Library scheme, both alas! at present unsuccessful. In January, 1888, he founded a literary Society under the title of the "Chelmsford Odde Volumes." Consisting of forty-nine members, to which fifteen "large paper" copies have been added, the meetings, in which he vastly delighted, were held at Mr. Durrant's house. Most interesting and instructive papers have been read at the familiar gatherings, and many lively discussions have followed. The absence of Vol. I. with his genial, courteous hospitality and keen enthusiasm, will long be regretted. The loss is, indeed, almost irreparable, but we trust that his "child" may long survive—the memories of many very pleasant evenings and delightful excursions should alone almost serve to sustain it. For intellectual fellowship is none too common in our county. The familiar Proceedings, with an excellent index, to the end of this year, have been received as usual, although the moving spirit of the Society has passed away.

The same large room in which it gathered at Mr. Durrant's

house was the meeting-place of a small company for theological discussion, promoted by the late Rev. Stanley T. Gibson, whose death was followed by that of the society, much to the regret of its select few members. Our lost friend was particularly strong on many ecclesiastical matters; local church affairs, or local literature, were the only subjects that ever excited him. Mr. Durrant was a good and active churchman, a synodsman of the parish church, an active member of the Ruridecanal Conference, and, for the last few years, one of the lay representatives of the Chelmsford deanery at the Diocesan Conference. He was one of the managers of the Victoria Schools, and helped to found the present Church of England Institute, which has its rooms in Crane Court. His shop was the depôt of the S.P.C.K., and other church societies. His manner, style and appearance were, whether unintentionally or not, so clerical as to cause him to be frequently mistaken for a clergyman. He always thoroughly enjoyed narrating, with all the kindly humour that was one of his chief characteristics, these amusing episodes.

Mr. Durrant's only out-door hobby was bee-keeping, at which he was an adept. He took a prominent part in forming and carrying on the Essex Bee-keepers' Association, and was well known throughout the county as the lecturer on apiculture under that Association, and under the Technical Instruction Committee of the Essex County Council.

It was Mr. Durrant who, for the last few years, arranged the Cambridge University lectures at Chelmsford, which have been so successful, and for which he was the energetic local secretary. He was a Fellow of the Society of Arts, and an active member of the Essex Archæological Society, and of the Essex Field Club, and was always anxious to help these county Societies, whose objects were so congenial to his tastes. During his long connection with the county, and always with leading London and provincial bookbuyers, he had formed a large and valuable local collection of prints and books. In fact, everything in any way connected with Essex, he carefully treasured. Disappointed at not seeing the Essex Field Club Museum and Library in the county town, and at the rejection, for the present, of the public library scheme, he has left these in trust for future disposal for the benefit of his townsmen.

Respected and revered by all classes, Chelmsford has lost in

him a familiar figure; Essex has lost a literary character who loved his native county, and always helped forward and rejoiced in its advancement. How very many will miss a kind friend and courteous tradesman may be guaged from the respect shown at the quiet funeral in the Chelmsford Borough cemetery on September 4th, when remains were laid to rest of one who was essentially an Essex man, although never so prominent as he might have been had his modesty been less. He leaves a widow, but no family. May it be long before his memory is forgotten; he should be remembered in his works.

THE CURSE OF THE CROOKED CROSS:

A LEGEND OF ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY, COLCHESTER.

BY ALFRED P. WIRE.

[*My Father, the late William Wire, took great interest in the History and Antiquities of our old Town, and for 25 years previous to his death, in 1857, was such a well-known authority and dealer in all kinds of curiosities that not a piece of Roman pottery, coin, old books or MS. was found, but it passed through his hands by purchase or he was allowed to see it by favour of the owner. In lately looking over some old papers of his, and in connection with them remembering tales aud ditties he told me of the old town, I have pieced together the following Legend.*]

IT was an autumn morning, about five hundred years ago when Brother Francis, of St. Botolph's Priory, went to the market to get some fish for the mid-day meal. Being Friday, it was especially necessary to have some of the best for the Prior's dinner. As usual, Brother Francis fell a disputing about the price with dame Alice, the old fish-wife. Now she was a well known character of whom many of the townspeople were afraid, for was it not very well known that dame Alice told fortunes, blessed and banned, that she dealt a little in the black art, and in fine was called by some people a witch?

Witch or not, good fish could generally be bought at her stall, and thither Brother Francis went, for woe betide him if he did not procure the very fattest and freshest for the Prior. But in making the purchase, whether he or the old lady was first in the wrong, history does not record, but certain it is that high words rose between them.

Brother Francis was not always choice in his epithets, and having, after much altercation, settled the price, he called out:—

"Go to, you old baggage; you are no better than a witch."

The old dame flared up immediately, and replied with warmth:—

"If I am a witch let the curse of the crooked cross light on your bald pate."

"A fig for your curses," retorted the monk, and wending his way back to the Priory, he handed his fish over to the kitchen, where it was daintily cooked, and, in due time, partaken of by the Prior. Brother Francis, gossiping with his brother monks, deridingly told them of the old lady, of her temper, and the curse. Some laughed, but one venerable Monk was very serious, and said though he hoped no curse would light on Brother Francis, he feared the threat was not an empty one. He had known curses to operate very seriously, and he quite believed that Dame Alice had derived supernatural powers from her dealings with the Prince of Darkness.

"Brother," said he, "pay attention to your devotions to-day, confess carefully. Were I you, I would ask the reverend father, the Prior, for permission to touch the piece of our Saviour's Cross that is kept in the reliquary under the golden cross on the High Altar in the Priory Chapel." The evident seriousness with which the old man made these remarks stopped the levity of the party, and all were silent. Shortly after they broke up, each one going to attend to his own particular business.

The day passed off as usual. At the hour of the commencement of Vespers, the Monk had not felt any effect of the curse. Really he had to brave it out, and make believe he did not trouble about the old woman's words, yet he was smitten with inward fear and trembling lest something terrible would happen. The uncertainty as to what form the curse would take added to his horror. The words "crooked cross" resounded in his ears again and again, and he could not get rid of them. What they might possibly mean, he could not imagine. However, he kept his thoughts to himself, and went about his work as usual. All went well till near sundown, when strange marks began to appear on his shaven crown, or as the beldame called it his "bald pate." Two crooked dark lines reaching, one from side

DAME ALICE AND THE MONK.

to side, the other from back to front, and crossing at the top of his head, were growing darker and darker. Of course he could not see them, but one of the boys said, suddenly :—

"Francis what aileth thy head?" Instinctively Francis put up his hand, and felt the crooked cross. Two bands of rough and hard hair had suddenly grown, each band being about half an inch wide. The fraternity now closed around Brother Francis. Looking closely at his head, they saw at once that the curse of the crooked cross had truly commenced to operate, appearing even within the precincts of the sacred Priory.

The October day was fading away in a lovely warm Autumn evening, and the wind whispered peacefully among the trees in the Prior's private garden. Vespers were just over, and the rays of the setting sun in the western sky threw the colours of the rose window in long lines on the Chancel floor of the grand old Priory chapel. Softly fell the foot-falls of the black canons as they filed from their stalls, and a holy peace seemed to rest over the whole monastery, when a serving monk sought, with agitated face and perturbed mien, the presence of the reverend Prior. The Prior had just entered his garden, perhaps to meditate and pray, perhaps to enjoy the glories of the sunset. The messenger, when he found his superior, was gently reprimanded for disturbing his repose. He humbly apologised on the ground the necessity was great; and implored the Prior to come immediately, for the "curse of the crooked cross" was on Brother Francis, and what to do with him no one could tell.

"The Curse of the crooked cross," said the Prior, "what mean you by such jargon?"

"Alack, 'tis no jargon. Come, holy father, and see; we fear much that Brother Francis will go demented; for he hath the evil cross on his head."

Astounded and puzzled, the good man rose and came into the refectory, where Francis, with perceptible agitation, told his tale. The crooked cross was now plain enough on his crown, and the Prior looked alarmed. He ordered Brother Francis to have his head shaved immediately, and holy water to be used both for making the lather and for washing the head afterwards.

"Will not heating the holy water drive away the virtue of the blessing?" began one monk, but a frown from the Prior extinguished him, and he could say no more.

If the reverend Prior had hoped that after this operation the hair of the crooked cross would grow no more, he was doomed to disappointment. As fast as the razor cut away the growth, it reappeared, and whilst the operation was proceeding, one brother even declared he smelt a faint odour of brimstone. The Prior was a meek, yet wise old man. As a rule, he paid little attention to stories of witchcraft. He had, in fact, in several instances prevented old women—so-called witches—from being tortured. For he had learning enough to consider that the suffer-

ings of those supposed to be bewitched were really the symptoms of disease. Yet here was the curse operating under his very nose.

Night was now coming on ; the Priory doors were all closed, yet no one wished to retire to rest. Poor Brother Francis was suffering acutely, not from bodily pain, but mental anguish. Much he regretted his rash words to the old witch. To be the sport of the powers of darkness was surely an awful punishment. He implored the Prior for help. He confessed, and desired absolution. Penance was appointed, and he knelt before the altar, but in his state the Prior dared only let him gaze on the relic of the Holy Cross. Two monks were appointed

to watch with him all night, whilst the Prior, with the remainder of the fraternity, retired to rest. Few, however, went to sleep, and among the wakeful ones was the Prior himself. Early next morning, he arose, and gave orders that none of the brethren should visit the town. The fearful news must not be bruited abroad among the citizens. He sent for Brother Francis, who came, looking dejected and sad. The crooked hairy cross was more conspicuous than ever on his shaven crown, for the hair had grown about one inch in length during the night.

The two monks reported that they had watched all night and had observed nothing, except that in the dim light of the chapel lamps and candles, they thought they beheld, now and then, scintillations of blue light to sparkle in the crooked cross.

Puzzled and perturbed, the good old Prior gave orders for Brother Francis to be shaved again, and announced that before partaking of the morning meal, he would perform the rite of "Exorcism," the brothers likewise fasting meanwhile. Preparations were immediately made in the chapel, and Brother Francis knelt before the altar with a clean-shaven crown. The rite proceeded, but alas! exorcism was of no avail. Before the service was half over, the ugly sign re-appeared, and the witch's curse was proved to be so potent as to resist the Prior's incantations.

What was next to be done? The sufferer had become an object of dread to the monks, who did not dare approach him lest the crooked cross should prove to be contagious. The brethren went to the refectory to breakfast that morning, and partook of the meal in utter silence. By the Prior's orders, the cross-marked brother had his morning meal alone in his cell.

During the morning, the Prior sent for one of the chief Magistrates of the town. After examining Brother Francis and consulting together carefully, both authorities decided that dame Alice must be arrested on a charge of witchcraft. The news soon spread from house to house, and curious persons went to the Priory hoping to gain admittance to see the marvel. But no one was allowed to enter the monastery gates. The matter was all the talk of the citizens, and soon the grossest exaggerations floated in the air. The story grew and grew, until it was credulously believed that crooked fiery crosses were to be seen on every monk, and in every cell in the Priory

The old woman was arrested and carried to the Castle, where she was confined. A stout old dame, she gloried in the result of her imprecations, and said "Serve the psalm-singing, foul-mouthed old monk right." She even went so far as to add that she would curse the Prior in the same way. This was terrible, and only resulted in increasing, if possible, the belief in her wickedness. Her guilt was clearly established, and after a short formal trial the old lady was condemned to be burnt, and ordered to be in the meantime carefully guarded in the Castle dungeon.

The excitement of the townsfolk was at its height. Some even ventured to rate the whole tale for an invention of the monks to ruin the old dame. When, however, they heard that her victim had been produced in court, and that witnesses had deposed on oath to the appearance of the crooked cross on the day the curse was uttered, the people had no more to say, and went away completely satisfied.

The affair was the talk of tavern and market-place, and the majority of the townspeople looked upon the coming execution as a righteous judgment. Many now remembered cases where both children and grown-up people, as well as animals, had undoubtedly been bewitched by the fish-wife.

As for the old woman herself, it took some time for her to realize her position, and to understand the real purport of the sentence. When she did realize these things, nearly all her bravery departed. She became sullen, refused food, and, worse than all, would neither submit to Holy Church, nor talk to the godly Confessor sent by the Prior to save her soul before her body was burnt. When besought to remove the curse from the stricken monk, her only answer was "Let it bide." So, on the monk's crown, the crooked cross remained, in spite of anathema, exorcism, bell, book, holy water, relic of Holy Cross, and ardent prayers of the Prior.

Dame Alice did not after all expiate her crime at the stake. All other means having failed to induce the old woman to recant and come into a better state of mind, the Prior sent another Confessor to make a last attempt, on the night previous to the execution. It was now that a remarkable occurrence took place in his very presence. The witch was taken in a fit; her convulsions and screams were horrible to

be seen and heard, but, when the paroxysms of the fit were over, suddenly her muscles relaxed, and she was dead.

The Father Confessor, in reporting this to the Prior and magistrates, said that the woman must have been possessed with a very terrible devil, for he would not come out without horrible rendings and noise, reminding him of the case in the Holy Gospel, where the evil spirit could not depart without tearing his victim. The dead body of the witch was treated with the usual contempt. Holy Church would not allow it to be buried in sanctified ground, so it was cast out and hastily interred at night outside the city walls.

As for the smitten monk, next day he was shaved again. After this, the crooked cross grew no more, for the spell was broken by the departure of the devil.

In after years, many a person who visited the Priory was curious to see the once-afflicted monk. Brother Francis took the lesson to heart. He never used hard words again. It was not long before he prevailed on the Prior to release him from the unwelcome duty of going to market. He became more devout and holy, dreading to give way to any laxity, lest the crooked cross might grow again. He grew grey in the service of the monastery, died peaceably, and was buried in the Priory graveyard. For many years a simple oaken cross marked his resting-place. It had the letters R.I.P. carved plainly at the top, and underneath the simple inscription:—"Here lieth Brother Francis, at one time the victim of the Curse of the Crooked Cross."

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

An Essex Museum.

The proposal for a County Museum for Essex dates back so far as 1880, when, with the establishment of the Essex Field Club, it was suggested that a permanent collection of specimens of the flora and fauna of the county should be established. The nucleus of such an institution was soon founded by the members of the Club, but a permanent home for them was not found until recently. Through the generosity of Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, a handsome building, adjoining the Municipal Technical Institute, has now been erected at West Ham, and was publicly opened by the Countess of

Warwick on 19th October. At the same time, the Institute, which it will be remembered was destroyed by fire during last October, and has since been rebuilt, was also opened. Both buildings now become municipal property, and the museum, at least, is to be opened on Sundays. The work of the Technical classes is already in full swing again, and the number of students enrolled is 1,630, this being 130 in excess of last year.

Parliamentary Election.

The returns from the Essex constituencies, at the General Election, with the number of votes polled, together with those at the last, are given below. It will be observed that three new members have been returned to Parliament in the County:—

			1900.		1892
Chelmsford	Division	Major F. C. Rasch	4,978	(Usborne)	4,168
Epping	"	Colonel Lockwood (C)	unopposed		—
					1895.
Harwich	"	James Round (C)	unopposed		4,566
Maldon	"	Hon. C. H. Strutt (C)	4,649		4,618
					1897.
Romford	"	Louis Sinclair (C)	10,450		8,156
					1895.
Saffron Walden	"	Hon. Armine Wodehouse (L)	3,247	(Gold)	3,806
South East Essex	"	Col. Edward Tuffnell (C)	5,815	(Rasch)	5,460
					1897.
Walthamstow	"	D. J. Morgan	9,807	(Woods)	6,518
					1895.
Colchester	Borough	Sir Weetman Pearson	2,548		2,475
West Ham (North)	"	Ernest Gray	6,613		5,635
West Ham (South)	"	Major G. E. Banes	5,615		4,750

Among Essex men returned for other constituencies are:—

Mr. J. A. H. Majendie for Portsmouth, Mr. T. C. Courtenay Warner for the Lichfield division of Staffordshire.

The total number of Essex Parliamentary electors is:—

Chelmsford	10,341	Romford	29,316
Epping	10,129	Saffron Walden	8,556
Harwich	12,185	South East Essex	15,169
Maldon	10,018	Walthamstow	24,187

The Borough of Colchester has 5,663
The Borough of West Ham (North) 15,844
The Borough of West Ham (South) 19,631

Obituary.

Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAM KEMSLEY, the well known auctioneer at London, Woodford, and Romford, who represented Woodford on the Essex County Council, died very suddenly, from cerebral hœmorrhage, on August 28th at Rothbury, Northumberland, where he was spending a holiday with his family. He was the second son of the late Mr. Joseph

Kemsley, and was born at Greensted, near Ongar, in December, 1843. In early life, he was largely engaged in farming, and for the last twenty-five years has conducted an important and increasing business as land-agent, auctioneer, and valuer. He had resided practically all his life in Woodford, where he took a keen and active interest in local affairs. He was a member of the Woodford Local Board from its formation in August, 1873, until he resigned in May, 1884; was a member of the Woodford School Board from 1875, and its Chairman from 1878, until he retired in 1898. For many years he was a member of the West Ham Board of Guardians, and a useful member of the Assessment Committee. In 1894 he was returned unopposed to the Essex County Council, in the place of the late Mr. Robert Letchford (*E.R.* iii. 9). His sound practical opinions soon made themselves felt in that position, and at his death he was serving on the County Rate, Technical Instruction, and Local Government Committees; of the latter he was vice-chairman, and was a valuable and trusted member of all.

For upwards of twenty-five years he was superintendent of the Sunday School connected with Woodford Union Church, of which he was a prominent member, and there a funeral service was held on September 1st, previous to the interment at Ilford Cemetery. He leaves a widow, one son and daughter. All local institutions, in which generally Mr. Kemsley took a warm interest and the county as a whole, which he so well knew, have experienced a sad loss by the comparatively early death—he was only 56 years of age—of this highly popular and much esteemed Essex public man.

Alderman JOHN GRANGER SADD, of Maldon, died on August 30th, after a long illness, and again we deeply regret the loss of an old and valuable public servant. The son of Mr. John Sadd, the head of the well-known firm of timber merchants, a business which by his sons was greatly developed. Alderman Sadd was born at Maldon on February 8th, 1828. He was educated at Mill Hill School, and subsequently spent the whole of his life in his native town, which he served well, and in whose prosperity he took such a warm and active interest. During his busy life he held many offices in the borough. It suffices to say he was a member of the Town Council for upwards of forty-five years, the oldest member of the Corpora-

tion, was elected an Alderman in 1876, and five times Mayor, 1871, 1875, 1880, 1884, and 1886.

After a spirited contest Mr. Sadd was elected to represent Maldon on the first County Council, and of that body he proved a very useful member, specially on the Lunatic Asylum Committee, to which he had been a visiting justice for many years. He was elected as an alderman in April, 1892, but, unfortunately, just missed being re-elected by a very small minority in March, 1895.

In 1860 Mr. Sadd married Miss Mary Ann Price, and quite recently the 40th anniversary of this event was celebrated on a large scale by a family party and by the numerous employees of his firm. He is survived by his widow, five sons, and five daughters. His funeral was the most marked demonstration of respect that probably has ever been shown in the ancient borough. This was at the Congregational Church, where the deceased and his family were most regular attendants, and with which he had been officially connected for fifty years, ultimately as senior deacon.

The Rev. HAMMOND ROBERSON BAILEY, rector of Great Warley, died on 7th October, at the Rectory, after a short illness. Born on 2nd November, 1830, he was a distinguished scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was also Fellow and tutor. He was appointed by his college to Great Warley in 1866. After a short memorial service on 12th October, at the chapel of ease there, the interment of the rector took place at North Leverton, Nottinghamshire, where his father, who was formerly the vicar, and his mother are buried.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Col. Rich's Commandeered Horses in 1643.—The following acknowledgment of horses surrendered "for the service of the king and parliament" in the little town of Newport, by Colonel Nathaniel Rich is of some interest, as referring probably to the time when he raised his troop of horse in the county for the parliament. Colonel Rich was cousin of the Earl of Warwick, and nephew and heir of Sir Nathaniel Rich, of Stondon. He commanded at Newark, Naseby, and in many campaigns. When friction arose between the army and the parliament, he was suspected of stirring up disaffection in

the men under his command, and was thrown into prison. The Long Parliament in 1659 restored him to his regiment, but after the Restoration he was again in Portsmouth gaol. The document is in Vol. iv., of the Barrington Correspondence, Egerton MS., 2643-51, in the British Museum :—

March 6, 1642. I did take out of the stable of Ambrose Andrewes, of Newport, one horse for the service of the King and Parliament wch said horse I valew at 5li price being a roaned bald, for the acknowledgment whereof I hereunto subscribe my hand.

Thomas T. Chapman vnder the comand of Colonell Cromwell, these being to satisfy all that may here after come, requireing them to forbeare to take any other horse.

Att the Bell at Walden. Also taken from the said Ambrose Andrewes one sadle with the furniture wch is at the value of 4li.

Aprill the 26th, 1643. Taken from Mr. Ambrose Andrewes, of Newport, in the County of Essex, one browne bay horse and one gray horse for the service of the King and Parlyment.

I say received per me, Willm. Lewes, Quarter mr.. 2 horses.

Taken from mee, Ambrose Andrewes, of Newport, in the County of Essex, one gray stone horse for the service of King and Parlyament. I say received by mee, Thomas Wright and Thomas Aldridge, the 20th of June, 1643.

Vnder the comand of Captaine Nathaniel Rich.

Hoppit (*E.R.* iii., 143, 211, 212, 274, 275).—When I asked as to the use of the word Hoppit, in the sense of a small enclosure or field, few of my friends appeared to recollect the term in the way described. In this town, there were Axe Street Hoppit, Cook's Hoppit, Butterfield's Hoppit, and the Hoppit adjoining the Ropewalk. But Mr. W. C. Waller, M.A. in his researches among field names has been most successful in fairly establishing the common use of the designation to a much greater extent than I anticipated. He reports it as occurring in the parishes of Downham, Doddinghurst, Hawkwell, Paglesham, Rawreth, Rayleigh, Rochford, North Shoebury, Great Stambridge, Althorne, Bradwell-juxta-mare, Cold Norton, Creeksea, Dengie, South Fambridge, Hazeleigh, Mayland, Mundon, Purleigh, St. Lawrence Newland, Southminster, Stow Maries, Tillingham, Woodham Walter, Langford, Great Totham, Wickham Bishops, etc., etc., which seems fair evidence of its use in most of the Hundreds in the south and south east of the county. At all events the word Hoppit has gained a settlement in Essex, and may safely be recognised as a lawful and useful resident, with an indefeasible birthright among us. Mr. Waller says that "in 'Lands Hope,' we seem to have a

rare instance of the survival of the word, to which the common word 'Hoppit' probably owes its origin." This brings in Mr. Waller as an authority, for he speaks of Hoppit as a common, and doubtless an Essex, word.

W. W. GLENNY, Barking.

Destruction of John Ray's house at Black Notley.—As the house which John Ray built for himself at Dewlands was a memorial of his life, and an ancient building of great local interest, it seems a duty to make in the *Essex Review* some more permanent record of its destruction, than the passing newspaper notices. This house, of "John Ray's own building," to use the words of his biographer, Canon Derham, was the settled home of the last twenty-five years of his life, and the place from which his wide correspondence with the religious and scientific world was carried on. It was the place where he received the visits of his numerous friends, whose names are still well-known to the lovers of nature, as the greatest naturalists of the latter half of the XVII. and beginning of the XVIII. centuries. The following account of the disastrous fire may remain as a record.

On Wednesday, the 19th September, at three in the afternoon, a cry of fire was passed through the neighbouring village, which soon reached the neighbouring town of Braintree; and anxious enquires were made on every hand respecting the exact place of residence, and the nature of the calamity. Some of the flying reports made it to be a stack-yard on fire; others said it was a farm house, and, sad to relate, it turned out to be the house of Mr. Charles Turner, the owner and occupier of Ray's house, at Dewlands. His account of the first appearance of the fire leaves its origin in uncertainty. He says there was no person in the house at the time it broke out, the usual inmates being temporarily absent, and, he himself at work in the back field, or garden. The work of destruction was so rapid, that after the first few moments of his arrested attention, the whole of the upper and lower stories and roofs were in the power of the devouring flames. The nature of the buildings, and the long dry summer weather, easily lent aid to the spread of the flames. Nothing could be saved, or next to nothing, of the contents of the house. The Braintree fire brigade arrived only in time to quench the smouldering ruins, and to prevent the live stock and out-houses from being consumed. It is sad to relate that this precious

memorial of so great and learned a naturalist as Ray has perished in the flames. By Thursday morning, nothing of the fabric remained but the two chimney stacks of brickwork at opposite ends of the building, as they are shown in the picture of "Dewlands House," engraved with the naturalist's portrait accompaning his life. It was only in June of last year, that the Essex Field Club visited this venerable site, with much admiration of the rural and picturesque landscape, its woodland scenery, and the still remaining valleys and streams which supplied this early observer of nature with so many specimens of plants and insects, as is fully recorded in *Ray's Journal*, and in frequent letters to his friends.

It may not be out of place here to recall once more the intimate chain of interesting events that happened during the last twenty-five years of Ray's busy life, as connected with his house at Dewlands. Many particulars of this place are given in the *Select Remains of the learned John Ray, M.A. and F.R.S.*, by William Derham, D.D. Canon of Windsor, and F.R.S. (London, 1760.) Ray was born in Black Notley, 1628, and died there in 1705. His mother, Mrs Elizabeth Ray, died, we learn from himself, at her house at Dewlands, in 1678. "That year her son, John Ray, was living at *Falborne* Hall not far from his native place," says Derham; and in June, 1679, he continues :— "Mr. Ray removed with his family to Black Notley, where, saith he, in his remark upon that removal, 'I intend, God willing, to settle for the short pittance of time I have yet to live in this world,' and accordingly he made his words good." It is interesting to note these words of Canon Derham, viz. :—"He died at Black Notley (in an house of his own building), January the 17th, 1705." John Ray was in the fifty-first year of his age when he settled at Black Notley, and he lived to be seventy-seven years old. Thus, a quarter of a century was spent by him at Dewlands House, which was "of his own building." It was also at Dewlands that his mother died. Ray says :—"she died in her house on Dewlands, in the hall chamber, aged seventy-eight, on March, 1678." His mother was, it would seem, a person of property, and the fact of his father being a blacksmith may not place him in the rank of unpropertied and uncultured individuals, which is the general idea of those who in more modern times have spoken

and written about the great naturalist's parentage. It is more probable that Roger Ray, his father, was a man of property, and a master-man in iron-work. It is the opinion of some that Roger Ray, the so-called blacksmith, combined the callings of a farrier, and a farmer of his own freehold at Black Notley. Ray himself writes that his widowed mother was a person greatly esteemed by her neighbours, and very useful to the sick, and helpful to the poor. From the learned friends of Ray, who resided in the neighbourhood, and from the proximity of Felsted School with its classical master, John Wallis, D.D.; of Benjamin Allen, and Samuel Dale, at Braintree; Mr. Adamson, rector of Great Leez; John Cardell, A.M., Robert Middleton, A.M., Nathaniel Gerard, A.M., vicars of Braintree, and intimate friends of Allen and Dale; Francis Porter, curate of Black Notley, and schoolmaster of Braintree, we may well conclude that there were local schools of learned men, and philosophers in Essex at that time. John Ray, therefore, was one among many others of the like kind of thinkers. Cook, also, the translator of Hesiod, was a contemporary of Ray, and lived at Braintree. We may say, in brief, the house of John Ray which has been so completely destroyed by the recent fire, was an object of great interest to the whole literary and scientific world, and its destruction is much to be deplored. The writer of these lines, by way of record, particularly mourns the loss, for its close proximity to his daily life-interests often and often decided where a walk of interest and rural beauty might be taken. It is sad that this historical landmark should now be no more.

J. W. KENWORTHY, Braintree.

Historians of Essex; The non-inclusion of William White (*E R.* ix.-129).—Many readers of the *Essex Review* who take an interest in the archæological associations of the County will doubtless be sorry to see in the last issue, that the series of articles on its several historians will soon be concluded. The reader of any book is, either consciously or unconsciously, led to give some thought to its author, whether his identity be disclosed or not, and to the attentive student of history this is emphatically so. For as absolute accuracy, as far as it can be ascertained, and unbiassed descriptive matter are, I take it, the two leading conditions on the part of the writer, some knowledge of the man himself will at all times be an advantage. On this ground, many

of us have taken a deal of interest in reading the biographies of our county historians that have appeared. By some readers, however, the exclusion of White, the author of a *History and Directory of Essex* (1848), may be regarded as somewhat singular; but the present writer quite thinks that to elevate him to the level of those who have already been dealt with in this series, would be a mistake, and that Mr. Fitch has exercised a wise discretion in not doing so. How far the book may be relied upon generally for the truthfulness of the little original information it gives, I cannot say; but as a typical instance of White's fidelity to fact, or otherwise, I give a few figures in reference to Upminster, a parish with which I am necessarily more familiar than any other. And if this is a fair specimen of the book as a whole, Mr. White cannot be complimented on the production of a work of much additional or permanent value to the historical records of this peculiarly interesting county. In White's *History of Essex*, "Upminster" will be found on pp. 206-7, and although—omitting the Directory—the descriptive text does not exceed the length of one page, there are, in this small space, no fewer than eight absolutely inaccurate statements, besides others which, though perhaps not seriously wrong, are so unfortunately worded that they fail to convey to the mind of the reader, unfamiliar with the locality, a clear idea of the facts to which they refer. The subjoined table will show some of these errors :—

Page 206	Line 1	from top	for western	read eastern
,,	,, 8	,,	,, brick	,, timber
,,	,, 9	,,	,, south	,, north
,,	,, 5	from bottom	,, 350	,, 150
,,	,, 9	,,	,, latter	,, former
,,	,, 10	,,	,, Nave and Chancel	,, N. Aisle and Chapel
Page 207	,, 3	from top	,, G. Clayton	,, G. Kettle
,,	,, 6 & 7	,,	,, N. Ockendon	,, Upminster

In the Directory, which contains the names of 68 of the principal householders in 1848, there is, I am glad to say, little ground for complaint, and students of Essex mortality and change of residence may be interested in knowing that there are now (August, 1900) four of these living, one of whom, the youngest, is still resident here. Their ages range from eighty-one to ninety-three. THOS. L. WILSON, Upminster.

Seven Kings, Ilford.—(*E.R.*, ix., 56, 119, 120.)—Seven Kings Watering, parish of Barking, recently made Ilford by

statute, has been a notable place from time immemorial. The name has been transmitted orally from father to son for many, many generations. I heard it fifty years ago, as my father, grandfather, and great grandfather had it before then, and the tradition was that seven Saxon Kings watered their horses at the stream. In the Heptarchy, probably seven kings met on some festive or political occasion ; to witness a marriage, to sign a treaty, to participate in a tournament, to join in a hunting expedition—of which history tells nothing. No more than it tells when Barking was divided into four wards, for highway purposes, or rate collection. Indisputable evidence exists that on February, 22nd, 1704, Richard Claridge, the Quaker, who resided in the Quaker's house at Barking, was summoned for his rates, before the Justices assembled at the Session at Ilford, he having refused previously to pay his poor rate because it included church expenses, which he termed a Steeple House rate. He then alleged that Barking parish was divided into four wards, named respectively Barking, Ilford, Chadwell, and Rippleside wards. He disapproved of what he called the intermixture of rates, he would willingly have paid his poor rate, but disliked other expenditure being collected under a false heading. He admits that the poor rate was equal in all the wards, showing the division was mainly for highway purposes. Probably this is the earliest distinct account of the ward division of Barking. The division at one place, north of the great road between Ilford and Chadwell wards, was the brook coming down from the Forest; and near where the main road to Chelmsford, Colchester, Harwich, and the Continent crossed the road, the spot was called *Seven Kings Watering*. In the manuscript of the tithe of the Vicar of Barking, better known later as Thomas Cartwright, D.D., Bishop of Chester, may be seen the description " Seven Kings watering"; this was in 1681; he mentions also the names of some fields adjoining as " Crackbones," or " Cracklands." My friend, Walter Crouch, Esq., F.Z.S., an antiquary of no mean note, asserts that Richard Clark, the tenant in the time of Charles II., was a butcher, consequently " Crackbones " was most appropriate—as in Barking ward there is Tanner Street, where Nicholas Mead carried on his business as a tanner. Before the

era of railways, kings, noblemen, and their retainers often frequented the Forest with great delight and zest; they left the cares of state behind to follow sport in the Forest of Waltham. Sir Robert Heath says, in the reign of Charles I., Waltham Forest was "a very fertile and fruitfull soyle, and being full of most pleasant and delightful playnes and lawnes, most useful and commodious for hunting and chasing of the game of redd and falowe deare," and as having been "alwaies especiallie and above all theire other fforests, prized and esteemed by the King's Majestie and his said noble progenitors the Kings and Quenes of this Realme of England, as well for his and theire own pleasure disport and recreation from those pressing cares for the publique weale and safetie which are inseparablie incident to their kinglie office, as for the enterteynment of foreyne Princes and Embassadors thereby to show unto them the magnificence of the Kings and Queenes of this Realme." This quotation, from "Exchequer Bills and Answers" (in 1628), shows what was thought of the Forest so lately as the reign of Charles I.; if so in that time, how much more was it appreciated by royalty at an earlier date. The tradition handed down to us by our ancestors was a tradition in 1681, as it remains in 1900, and there appears good ground for believing that in earlier days seven kings may have met in peaceable pleasure near to the magnificent forest of Waltham, which included in those days a considerable portion of the large county of Essex. W. W. GLENNY, Barking.

Manor of Great Parndon—Symonde Addam (A.D. 1551).—Can any reader of the *Essex Review* assist me in searching for the sixteenth century and earlier Court Rolls of the Manor Great Parndon? I am endeavouring to trace the ancestry of Symonde Addam, who held property there in 1551, as shown by his will, proved in 1555. He left conjointly to his two sons, Robert and Symon, his "teute called Sompners, with all the appurtenances lienge in Paringdon in the countie of Essex," and in 1558 Robert and Symon together presented to the Church of Great Parndon. Morant's *History of Essex* (ii. 493) gives particulars of the manors. Excepting the rolls of "Canons," going back only to 1730, and one of "Gerons," of 1534, deposited at the Record Office, I have been unable to discover any of the Manorial Documents. H. C. A.

Essex Whale in 1677. — The four-page pamphlet (7 × 10½ ins.), of which the following is a copy, came into my possession not long since. A. CUNNINGTON, Braintree.

WONDERS

From the Deep

OR A

True and Exact Account and Description

OF THE

Monstrous Whale,

Lately taken near

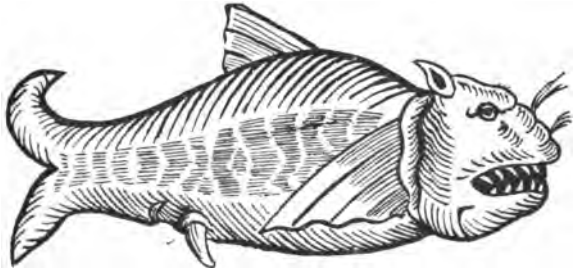
COLECHESTER,

Being two and forty Foot in Length, and of Bigness Proportionable.

With the manner of its coming, and being Kill'd on *Thursday* the *9th* of *April*.

Being so rare and strange a sight that multitudes of People from all parts dayly go to see it as thick as to a Market or Fair.

Licensed *April* 27. *Roger L'Estrange.*



London Printed for *E. W.* in the Year 1677.

(3)

Wonders from the Deep, or a true and exact Account, and Description of the Monstrous Whale, lately taken near Colchester, &c.

WHen the Breath of Omnipotency gave by his Divine word a being to the universe, as he beautified the Chambers of the Firmament, with glittering Stars, the Earth with Beasts, Herbs, and Flowers, so he also endued the Waters with a prolifick quallity, and Stockt the Sea with such a Strange Variety of its own preductions, that 'tis affirmed by some of the Learned, that the Land cannot boast any sort of Animal, but the Ocean can show somewhat Analogous or resemblant.

But amongst all the wonders of the Deep, that which most Summons our Admiration, Is *the Whale*, that floating Castle, or Natural ship, of so vast a Bulk as would make an Ignorant marriner mistake it for an Island ; True it is these Princes of the Watry Realm, but I know not what kind of instinct, delight chiefly to keep their Court near the North-Pole, and rarely Wonder far from the Artick Circle ; very seldome, scarce once in diverse Ages have have one of them been known in our Seas, whence some superstitious People would make it a Prodigy, but since neighther Scripture nor Phylosophy, Reason nor Sense, Countenance such a Conceit, I must (with their pardon) call all their pretended Experiences, Dotages of Meloncholy, and abuses, *Non causa Pro causa*, no more to be heeded than the Salts falling or a Hares Crossing our of the way, and the like reverend observations of my *Grannum*; but waving this, perhaps to some disrelishing discouse that our Brittish Channel has lately been honoured with one of these stranger guests, for on *Thursday* the 19. of this Instant *April*, between *Tuesey* and *VVotton*, two small places about four miles from each other in the County of *Essex*, and about a dozen or fourteen miles from *Colchester*, the winds having blown hard for several days before, A *VVhale* was brought up with the Tide, but being got into a kind of narrow Creek when the Water fell, he could not get out again but remained there upon the shallows, beating himself all that Ebb, and till the next full Sea, but had before so weakned and disabled himself, that he could not then neither get off. In this time, being just on the shore, he was seen by divers Country people with no small Admiration, having never before seen a Creature of so vast a Bulk, on the second day it was alive, being driven near a Rock or at least a stony Bank, the violence of its Agitation and striving in short time Kill'd it, and prevented the Tryumph,some Fishermen thereabout promised themselves, who immagined no less Glory by murthering of it, then St. *George* did by the destruction of the Dragon.

(4)

After it was dead, the Tyde being out, the Dimensions of it were taken, and tis Certainly found to be in length two and forty foot, and in Bigness every way answerable, with fastning Ropes to it, and with several Teems the Country-men hald it to shore, where it now remains the grand wonder and discourse of all those parts, People comming every day to see it in multitudes as if they were going to a Market or Fair.

Near twenty Years ago, about the same place, was discovered and taken, an Extroardinary *Fish*, not only for its bigness but also its shape, which was so prodigious and unusual that none that were never so much accustomed to the Sea could tell its name, or remember to have seen the like.

Those that would see a description of this wonderful Creature, called a *Whale* and its nature, may find it incomparably drawn by a divine pencill in the one and fortieth *Chapter* of *Job*, under the Name of *Leviathan*, to which I refer the pious Reader, and therewith conclude with this Relations of the truth whereof, if any be dissatisfied, the *Colchester* Carriers at the *King's Arms* in *Leaden-Hall-street*, and the *Cross-Keys* in *Gracious-street*, can and will be ready fully to inform them.

FINIS.

Author Wanted (*E.R.*, ix. 118).—*Man's Age in the World according to Holy Scripture and Science.* By an Essex Rector. Pp. viii. 264, dy. 8vo., London (Lovell Reeve & Co.), 1865. This was written by the Rev. William Hill Tucker, who was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge; B.A. 1825, M.A. 1829; Curate of St. Matthew, Brixton, then Rector of Dunton (Dunton-Waylett), near Brentwood, from 1845 to 1892, and has since been resident at Brighton. Mr Tucker is also the author of *Scriptural Studies, The Creation, The Christian Scheme, The Inner Sense*, 1838. *The Psalmist*, etc., with notes, 1840. *Sermons preached at the church of St. Matthew, Brixton, London*, 2 vols. 1840 and 1843. *Eton of old, or eighty years since*, 1811-1822. By an old Colleger, 1892. *Hereafter and Judgment, The Satan of the Old Testament, The Satan of the New*, 1894. In his very interesting and well illustrated *Eton of Old*, published by Griffith, Farran, & Co., 244 pp., 8vo., our author tells us that in the spring of 1811 when he entered Eton he was eight and a half years old; he is still hale and hearty at Hove. His *Man's Age in the World* has long been out of print.

EDWARD A. FITCH, Maldon.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Cunning Murrell. By ARTHUR MORRISON. Pp. 310, post 8vo. London: Methuen & Co. Price 6s.

Not since the publication of the Rev. S. B. Baring Gould's *Mahalah*, has the County of Essex figured so largely in any novel as in this charming study of a little-known portion of our coast, and of the ways of our slow-speaking Essex rustics. In the opening paragraph of the book, the reader is imported straight into the Essex landscape, and its peculiarly distinguishing features. To the native, wherever it is read, this description could not fail to bring all the charm of home. And when a few pages farther on, the quaint cumbersome dialect, like no other in England, breaks upon the ear, the spell is complete. Mr. Morrison's literary art is perfect of its kind, and peculiarly adapted to these gentle rural comedies. We must hasten to give our readers some of the pleasure we experienced when the beginning of Chapter I. first fell open in our hands.

"The sun was low in the haze that hid the hills about Tilbury Fort, ten miles up the Hope. Here, at the Thames mouth, where there was no more river, but salt sea, green marshes made the shore, and Canvey Island lay broad, and flat, and low, like a duller, thicker water rather than land, marked off from the shore by the Ray, pale gold in the reddening light. Deep in coarse grasses and salt sedge, with purple thistles between, Casey Marsh lay low and level for half-a-mile inland. Thence the ground rose, gently at first, then more steeply, to the irregular green ridge that backed the marshes far as eye could see.

Stately and grey on the boldest hill rose the ruined towers of Hadleigh Castle, mighty still in their decay, and imposing even because of their rent flanks and the vast thickness of wall. . . From the ruins the view was wide. Two miles along the marshes below, toward the east and the open sea, stood the fishing village of Leigh, its jumble of red roofs seeming to rest on the broad water itself, thick trees clothing the hill behind it, and its grey church tower standing high over all. Across the estuary, five mile away at its nearest, lay the Kent shore, now growing misty, and the quiet smooth water between was dotted with the Leigh boats, like gnats on a pond."

Cunning Murrell was a real personage, who died at Hadleigh in 1860. Mr. Morrison's book is therefore a real contribution to our history. In it, he is the wise man of the district, able to charm away warts, to lay evil spirits, and to drive out of a poor hysterical girl the witch said to possess her, by the use of a remarkable decoction of dried leaves, horse nails, pins and needles, and what not, all enclosed in an iron bottle and thrown into a huge brick oven on a baking day.

Em Banham, the carrier's daughter, was very unwell, in the Hadleigh vocabulary, she was "took comical." This word was "generally useful to express anything beyond the speaker's power of explanation, and implied nothing at all of comedy, often indeed telling of something much nearer tragedy."

The Banham household assembled to watch with awe the exorcising of the spirit which was supposed to possess her. Like Banham himself, each member is vividly realised.

"Banham pulled the door wider and said with a vague cordiality:—'O, come yow in, Steve, come yow in. 'Tare rare fanteegs we're in; but the missis she—she—' and the sentence tailed away to nothing, as was the way of many of the unimportant Banham's sentences.

"Lingood stepped straight into the keeping-room and into the presence of the Banham family, of which the majority, as to number, was ranged up the staircase at a corner of the room; those of ten or eleven on the lower stairs, and the rest in order of juniority, on those above; the smallest and last of the babies signifying his presence on the upper landing by loud wails."

The mother is promising to poor Em that Master Murrell shall cure her, when

"Even as she spoke the latch lifted, and Cunning Murrell was at the door, umbrella and frail basket on shoulder. At this there was trouble on the stairs. For the long train of little Banhams in all stages of undress, the whole proceedings were matter of intense interest and diversion. But while those behind pushed forward rebelliously against their seniors, these latter, though holding to the foremost places, were most disposed to push back; partly in awe of the wise man whom half the country held in fear, but more in terror of the mother's vigorous hand, which had already driven back the reconnaisance twice in the course of the evening. So that instant on Murrell's appearance a riot arose on the stairs, a scuffle and a tumble, and amid a chorus of small yells, little Jimmy, all ends up, came bursting through the advance guard, and sprawled on the floor with his shirt about his neck.

"Ow!" he cried. "Ow! Bobby shoved me downstairs!" And with that Mrs. Banham, seizing Jimmy by a leg and an arm, drove back the column in panic, and shut the stair-foot door."

The saying is still heard in Essex, that there will be witches in Leigh for a hundred years, three in Hadleigh for ever, and nine in Canewdon. Fifty years ago the popular belief in bewitchings lingered among all the Essex villages, and the suspicion with which Mrs. Martin and her niece Dorrily Thorn are regarded is by no means over-drawn. Poor Dorrily, with her lover fighting in the Baltic, news of whom came only through a rare copy of the *Chelmsford Chronicle*, or a rarer letter, her aunt gradually losing her senses as she became more and more shunned and suspected, finds a true friend in the old

coastguardsman, with the wooden leg, whose haunt is the ruined Castle, from the loophole of which his brass telescope is always to be seen protruding. Mr. Morrison must not be credited with inventing his quaint appellation, which is a triumph of nomenclature. To have invented such a rough, genuine, warm-hearted, humourous old sailor is, however, much.

The coastguard was named after a real character, one Roboshobery Dove, a parson on Foulness Island, who was turned out of his living by the Committee for inquiring into Scandalous Ministers in the time of the civil war. Dove was a conformist, loyal to the king, and to the rules of the church, which characteristics are quaintly brought out in a conversation between his namesake and the frequenters of the Castle Inn at Hadleigh, upon the evening of fair day.

"Master Dove be a Foulness man," Banham went on, as one proclaiming an undeniable quality in his hero."

"A Foulness man as be well knowed."

"Ay, sarten to say," assented Prentice.

There was a silence, and the obscure man began again—"When the bahloon fell at Barl'n' in eighteen-twe"—But here Jobson, of Wickford, whose head had been slowly inclining toward his knees for some time, so that he seemed like to pitch forward out of his chair, suddenly sat up and demanded :—

"An what's the wuss of a man if he be a Foulness chap? Eh? That ar'nt no sense of a argument. What's the wuss if he be?"

"Ah, sarten to say," murmured two or three, soothingly.

"Ar'nt a Foulness man good as a Hadleigh man, or a Bemflit man, or a Rochford man, or—or what not?

"Course he be." Prentice grunted pacifically.

Jobson, of Wickford, looked at his friend for several seconds. Then he said, "Arl right then, arl right!" let his pipe fall, and began to nod again.

"There ha' bin many fine men o' Foulness," said Lingood. "There were the seven Allens, and Jack Bennewith, that fought the London prize-fighter."

"Ah," Banhan struck in, and "twere a Roboshobery Dove, Foulness, as fit King Charles, and got his head chopped off."

"No," objected Lingood, "twere King Charles that lost his head, I do read."

"An Roboshobery Dove," Prentice corrected, "he fit *for* King Charles, bein a parson, and were hulled out o' chuch therefor. Arent that so, Bosh?"

"Ay 'tare," Roboshobery confirmed, basking in the general homage. "An' I were christened such arter him by special recommendation o' Master Ellwood, the parson. 'Tis arl a possibility,' he says to my father, 'that yow be descendants, an' anyhow,' he says, 'tis a fine handsome name.'"

"That it be," assented Banham, "I hoad a pound there are'nt anoather man with hafe sich a name, not in arl Essex."

"An so he christened me," Dove concluded. "Ah, he was a parson of th' oad sort, were Master Ellwood. Wore silver buckles on his breeches, an' slep' in his wig; and his walkin' stick were five foot long."

Roboshobery, simple as he was, proved more than a match for Cunning Murrell. The latter gentleman, under cover of the mystery and detachment that he cultivated as an aid to his profession, was able to do a bit of smuggling. And the bargain that the old coast-guard's man drove was that if no more was said about Dorrily's aunt being a witch, the tubs of spirit should remain safe behind their bundles of herbs in Cunning Murrell's closet. But when Murrell found that his old power was deserting him, that his spells and arts did no longer succeed, he made up his mind to let the tubs go, and forthwith "Ann Pett," his daughter, and he, carried them all out of the cottage, and cast them into an out-of-the-way ditch. "Silen' my hand with such unbeseemin' traffic hev done injury to my lawful arts—arts that need clean hands above arl things," as he informs Dove, when the latter finds him thus oocupied.

Old Murrell is a curious mixture of cunning and simplicity, of generosity and greed. The secrets of every man and woman in the neighbourhood became his property, either by his own divining, or by their imparting. When the old man lies on his death-bed, he is disturbed by little, save the noise of the "new London railway train." Composedly he informs his daughter that he has been "called."

"He who hev given me my cunnin' and my larnin' and hev putt me in dominion over arl evil things, hev sent for me, an' I shall go to-morrow, at one o'clock. Ann, yow've been a good darter to me, though dull of unnerstandin'. It grieve me I ha'nt much to leave 'ee. Yow have little money in hand I know; but yow shall have a good gown for once in your life, to wear at the funeral. Look yow in the box under the stairs an' take a sovereign. Get the best frock it will buy, an' if one sovereign be'nt enough, yow'll find another. An' now leave me, Ann, I shall go, as I tell 'ee, to-morrow, at one o'clock."

And he did, to the minute."

Thus ends a book which cannot fail to interest every person in Essex to whom the study and history of that county ranks as important. Mr. Morrison has succeeded remarkably well on the whole in reproducing the dialect, although with his rendering of some of the commonest words we may feel inclined to quarrel. The spelling is, of course, intended to be phonetic, and we should say the Essex native's pronunciation of "all" and "called" is not best represented by "arl" and "carled," but by the broader sounding "awl" and "cawled." In always, as another instance, the a becomes o, as "ollers," which, by the way, Mr. Morrison gives as "ollis." "Are'nt" and "ben't" should certainly